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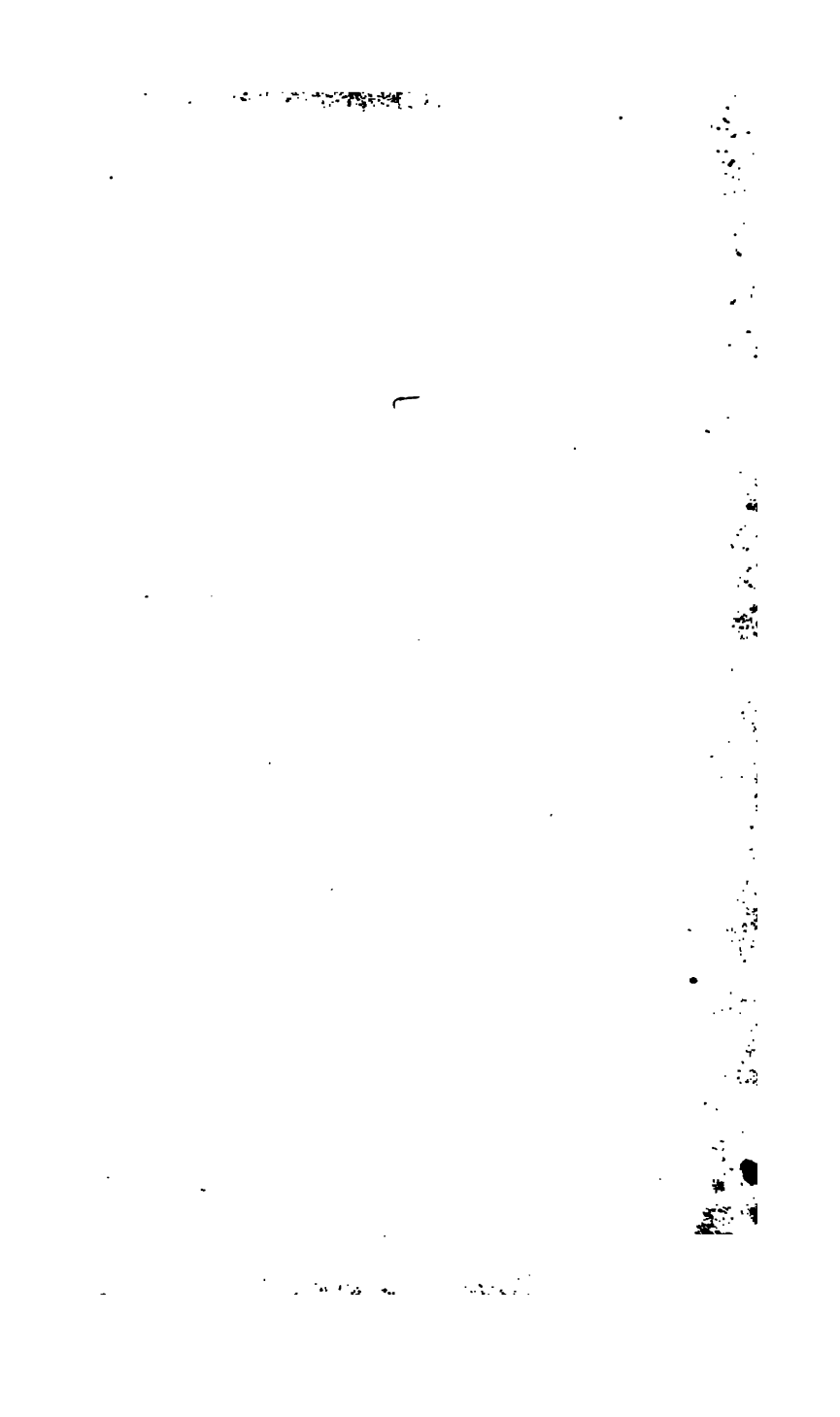


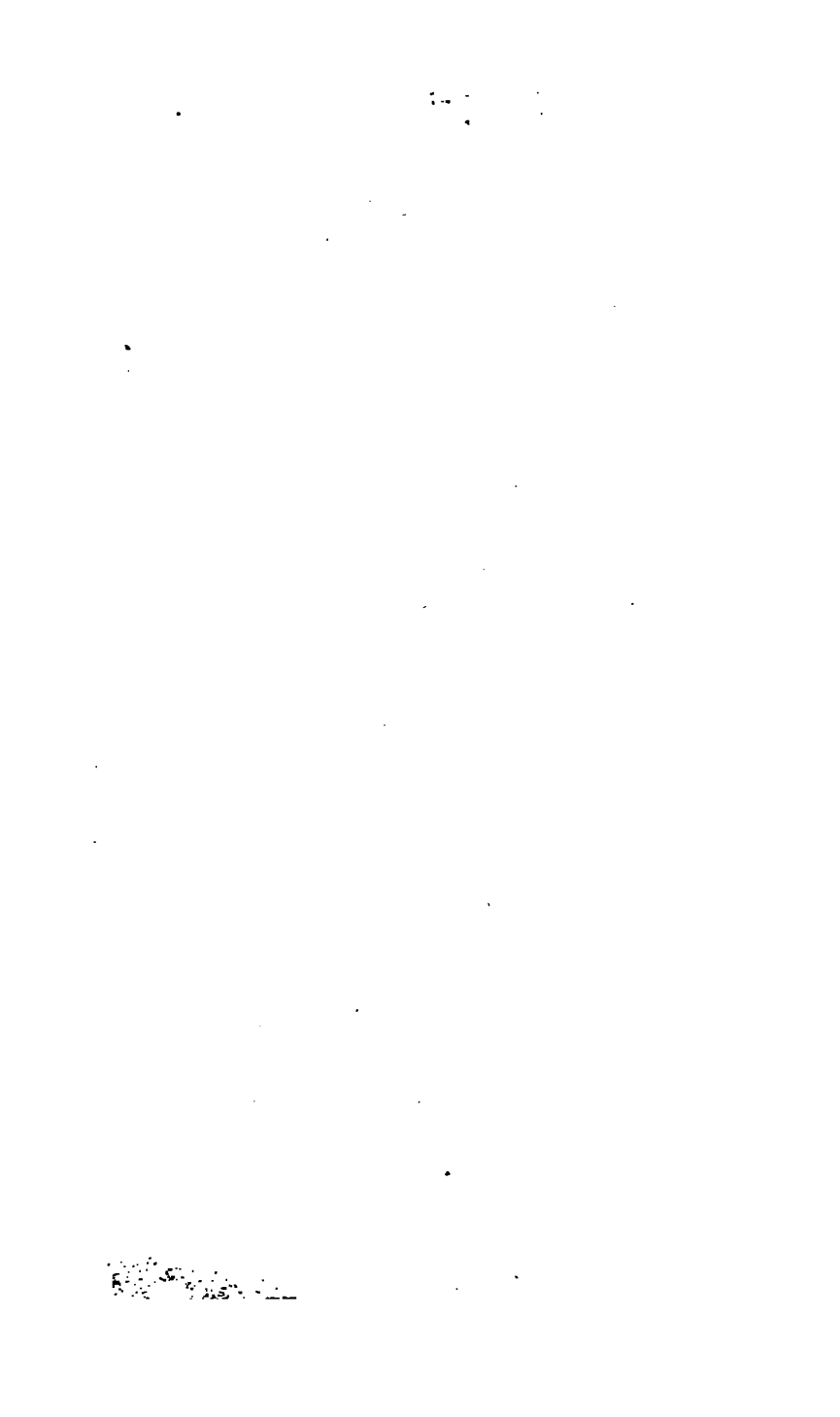
ABAD

PRENEAU

Co.







POEMS

WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED DURING THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR,

AND NOW

REPUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS;

INTERSPERSED

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANCIENTS,
AND OTHER PIECES NOT HERETOFORE IN
PRINT.

BY *PHILIP FRENEAU.*

—Justly to record the deeds of fame,
A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame;
Some powerful spirit in superior lays
Should tell the conflicts of the stormy days.

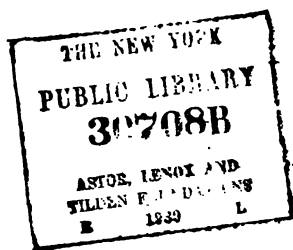
THE THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE PRESS OF LYDIA R. BAILEY, NO. 10,
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.....
1809.



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BOOK III.

CONTAINING ORIGINAL POEMS, WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED AT DIFFERENT PERIODS, DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

TO THE
AMERICANS OF THE UNITED STATES.

First published November, 1797.

MEN of this passing age !—whose noble deeds
HONOUR will bear above the *scum* of Time :
Ere this eventful century expire,
Once more we greet you with our humble rhyme :
Pleased, if we meet your smiles, but—if denied,
Yet, with YOUR sentence, we are satisfied.

Catching our subjects from the varying scene
Of human things ; a mingled work we draw,
Chequered with fancies odd, and figures strange,
Such, as no *courtly* poet ever saw ;
Who writ, beneath some GREAT MAN'S cieling placed ;
Travelled no lands, nor roved the watery waste.

To seize some *features* from the faithless past ;
Be this our care—before the century close :
The colours strong !—for, if we deem aright,
The *coming age will be an age of prose* :
When *sordid cares* will break the muses' dream,
AND COMMON SENSE be ranked in seat supreme.

VOL. II.

B

WQ R 19 FEB 36

Go, now, dear book ; once more expand your wings :
 Still to the cause of MAN *severely true* :
 Untaught to *flatter pride*, or fawn on kings ;—
 Trojan, or Tyrian,*—*give them both their due*.—
When they are right, the cause of both we plead,
And both will please us well,—if both will read.

BARNEY'S INVITATION.

COME, all ye lads who know no fear,
 To wealth and honour with me steer
 In the HYDER ALI privateer,
 Commanded by brave BARNEY.

She's new and true, and tight and sound,
 Well rigged aloft, and all well found—
 Come away and be with laurel crowned,
 Away—and leave your lasses.

Accept our terms without delay,
 And make your fortunes while you may,
 Such offers are not every day
 In the power of the jolly sailor.

Success and fame attend the brave,
 But death the coward and the slave,
 Who fears to plough the Atlantic wave,
 To seek the bold invaders.

Come, then, and take a cruising bout,
 Our ship sails well, there is no doubt,
 She *has* been tried both in and out,
 And answers expectation.

Let no proud foes whom Europe bore
 Distress our trade, insult our shore—
 Teach them to know their reign is o'er,
 Bold Philadelphia sailors !

* *Tros, Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

Virg.



We'll teach them how to sail so near,
Or to venture on the Delaware,
When we in warlike trim appear,
And cruise without Henlopen.

Who cannot wounds and battles dare
Shall never clasp the blooming fair ;
The brave alone their charms should share,
The brave are their protectors.

With hand and heart united all,
Prepared to conquer or to fall,
Attend, my lads, to honours call,
Embark in our Hyder Ali.

From an eastern prince she takes her name,
Who, smit with freedom's sacred flame,
Usurping Britons brought to shame,
His country's wrongs avenging ;

See, on her stern the waving stars—
Inured to blood, inured to wars,
Come, enter quick, my jolly tars,
To scourge these warlike Britons.

Here's grog enough—then drink about,
I know your hearts are firm and stout ;
American blood will never give out,
And often we have proved it.

Though stormy oceans round us roll,
We'll keep a firm undaunted soul,
Befriended by the cheering bowl,
Sworn foes to melancholy :

While timorous landmen lurk on shore,
'Tis ours to go where cannons roar—
On a coasting cruise we'll go once more,
Despisers of all danger ;

And Fortune still, who crowns the brave
Shall guard us over the gloomy wave
A fearful heart betrays a knave ;
Success to the Hyder Ali.

SONG,

ON CAPTAIN BARNEY'S VICTORY OVER THE SHIP
GENERAL MONK.

April 26, 1782.

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,
Long the General Monk had reigned ;
All subduing, all reducing,
None her lawless rage restrained :
Many a brave and hearty fellow
Yielding to this warlike foe,
When her guns began to bellow
Struck his humbled colours low.

But grown bold with long successes,
Leaving the wide watery way,
She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within Cape May ;
" Now we soon (said captain Rogers)
" Shall their men of commerce meet ;
" In our hold we'll have them lodgers,
" We shall capture half their fleet.

" Lo! I see their van appearing—
" Back our topsails to the mast—
" They toward us full are steering
" With a gentle western—blast ;
" I've a list of all their cargoes,
" All their guns, and all their men :
" I am sure these modern Argo's
" Can't escape us one in ten :

" Yonder comes the charming Sally
" Sailing with the General Greene—
" First we'll fight the HYDER ALI,
" Taking her is taking them ;
" She intends to give us battle,
" Bearing down with all her sail—
" Now, boys, let our cannon rattle !
" To take her we cannot fail.

" Our eighteen guns, each a nine pounder,

" Soon shall terrify this foe ;

" We shall maul her, we shall wound her,

" Bringing rebel colours low."—

While he thus anticipated

Conquests that he could not gain,

He in the Cape May channel waited

For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,

Thus addressed his gallant crew—

" Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,

" Let your hearts be firm and true ;

" This is a proud English cruiser,

" Roving up and down the main,

" We must fight her—must reduce her,

" Though our decks be strewed with slain.

" Let who will be the survivor,

" We must conquer or must die,

" We must take her up the river,

" Whate'er comes of you or I :

" Though she shews most formidable

" With her eighteen pointed nines,

" And her quarters clad in sable,

" Let us baulk her proud designs.

" With four nine pounders, and twelve sixes

" We will face that daring band ;

" Let no dangers damp your courage,

" Nothing can the brave withstand.

" Fighting for your country's honour,

" Now to gallant deeds aspire ;

" Helsman, bear us down upon her,

" Gunner, give the word to fire !"

Then yard arm and yard arm meeting,

Strait began the dismal fray,

Cannon mouths, each other greeting,

Belched their smoky flames away :

Soon the langrage, grape and chain shot,

That from Barney's cannons flew,

Swept the Monk, and cleared each round top,

Killed and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally :
But they from their quarters fled,
While the roaring Hyder Ali
Covered o'er his decks with dead.
When from *their* tops their dead men tumbled,
And the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave *inferior* foe.
All aghast, and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarters call.
Then the Monk's proud flag descended,
And her cannon ceased to roar ;
By her crew no more defended,
She confessed the contest o'er.
Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,
You have humbled one proud foe,
No brave action this surpasses ;
Fame shall tell the nations so—
Thus be Britain's woes completed,
Thus abridged her cruel reign,
'Till she ever, thus defeated,
Yields the sceptre of the main.

THE CROWS AND THE CARRION:

A MEDICAL STORY.

IF Ephraim on his bed complains
Of feverish pulse and boiling veins,
And throbs and pulses in his brains,
Then round him flock a ghastly crew
Of doctors old and doctors new,
And doctors, some—the Lord knows who.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

9

Hoping the men had learned their trade,
Poor Ephraim begs them for their aid,
And *promises* they shall be paid.

Each quotes some book, by way of sham,
Or reads some text from *Sydenham*,
Which some approve, and some condemn.

At once he hears a barbarous noise,
Like that from herds of butchers' boys,
That every hope of life destroys.

He promises all bills to pay,
But they proceed in angry fray—
Poor Ephraim frets—and well he may.

Each looks at each with vengeful eyes,
As if contending for a prize
He wants to *share*—when Ephraim dies.

One talks of cure by CALOMEL ;
But his wise brother, Sydrophel,
Swears, 'tis the readiest way to hell.

While one the lancet recommends,
Another for a blister sends,
And each his every cure defends.

Weary of all they have to say,
At last the patient faints away :
Poor Ephraim swoons—and well he may.

In Fancy's dreams, he thinks he roams
In realms where doctor Satan foams,
With Sydrophels and CURRY-combs.

Revived at length, he begs release,
And whines, " Do let your quarrels cease,
Do, doctors, let me die in peace.

" Oh ! had I sent for doctress NAN,
Or any thing but cruel man,
To put me on my legs again :

SHE, with her cooling tamarind tea,
At least would not have murdered me—
Come !—if you love me, do agree.

" She would have held my dizzy head—
 She would have something to me read—
 Or would have somewhat cheering said.

" Good heavens ! you cannot all be right—
 O do not scratch !—O do not bite !—
 Good doctors, do not, do not fight !"—

Here they began a louder fray—
 Oh! Ephraim's dead !—to them all play—
 Poor Ephraim dies !—and well he may.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A VERY SMALL GARDEN.

A LITTLE garden, six feet square,
 A little parsley planted there ;
 A cabbage that shall have no head ;
 Nine inches long, a spinnage bed.
 Some little shrubs, a little tree,
 Four little sprigs of rosemary ;
 A little sage, a little rue,
 Some heads of sallad, very few ;
 Three bean hills ranging in a line ;
 Five little tulips, very fine :
 A carrott head, with scarce a root,
 A gooseberry bush that bears no fruit :
 Here cabbages look very sad,
 And sickly coleworts, near as bad—
 The marrow-fats and other peas
 Are almost dying with disease :
 Potatoes, here, may find a grave
 But resurrection will not have :
 Of radishes, a dismal crop
 Are ready for the devil's shop.
 All these are planted in the shade,
 And in a little time will fade.

All these do in this garden grow,
And little more we want to know,
Except that they, who hence would eat
Shall have—a very little treat.

TO A DEMOCRATIC EDITOR.

NO easy task that press assumes
Which takes the lead in Freedom's band,
And scatters in nocturnal glooms
The blaze of Reason through our land :
Each *empty bellows* would, no doubt,
Rise, and *aspire* to put it out.

Blamed though you are, pursue your way;
Night evermore precedes the sun ;
Whate'er some angry king's-men say,
You play a game that must be won :
The bliss of man—is the great prize
That yet at stake with tyrants lies.

When first a mean, designing few
Their poisonous dregs by HERALD spread ;
An antidote, by such as you,
Was at the root of mischief laid ;
With a simple herb from Reason's plains
You kept all right in Freedom's veins.

Now hostile views, and low design
Are busy to annoy your page,
Controul its strength, its fires confine,
And war with sense and reason wage :
They hope, with fogs to quench the sun,
They hope your useful race is run.

But, though some narrow hearts contrive
To shove you from your mounted car ;
Right pleasantly we see you drive,
And hardly heed their little war :

Like insects, creeping in the dirt,
They merely serve to make you sport.

Who looks at Kings, a court, a queen,
With childish pomp, and borrowed fame,
But wonders from what genius mean
Their chaos of confusion came—
Yet those on little things depend,
And every reptile is their friend.

GEORGE THE THIRD'S *SOLILOQUY.*

WHAT mean these dreams, and hideous forms that
rise
Night after night, tormenting to my eyes—
No real foes these horrid shapes can be,
But thrice as much they vex and torture me.

How cursed is he,—how doubly cursed am I—
Who lives in pain, and yet who dares not die;
To him no joy this world of Nature brings,
In vain the wild rose blooms, the daisy springs.
Is this a prelude to some new disgrace,
Some baleful omen to my name and race !—
It may be so—ere mighty Cesar died
Presaging Nature felt his doom, and sighed ;
A bellowing voice through midnight groves was heard,
And threatening ghosts at dusk of eve appeared—
Ere Brutus fell, to adverse fates a prey,
His evil genius met him on the way,
And so may mine !—but who would yield so soon
A prize, some luckier hour may make my own ?
Shame seize my crown, ere such a deed be mine—
No—to the last my squadrons shall combine,
And slay my foes, while foes remain to slay,
Or *heaven* shall grant me one successful day.

Is there a robber close in Newgate hemmed,
Is there a cut-throat, fettered and condemned ?
Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard come,
Attend his lectures when you hear the drum ;
Your chains I break—for better days prepare,
Come out, my friends, from prison and from care,
Far to the west I plan your desperate sway,
There, 'tis no sin to ravage, burn, and slay
There, without fear, your bloody aims pursue,
And shew mankind what English thieves can do.

That day, when first I mounted to the throne,
I swore to let all foreign foes alone.
Through love of peace to terms did I advance,
And made, they say, a shameful league with France.
But different scenes rise horrid to my view,
I charged my hosts to plunder and subdue—
At first, indeed, I thought short wars to wage
And sent some jail-birds to be led by *Gage*.
For 'twas but right, that those we marked for slaves
Should be reduced by cowards, fools, and knaves ;
Awhile, directed by his feeble hand,
Those *troops* were kicked and pelted through the
land,

Or starved in Boston, cursed the unlucky hour
They left their dungeons for that fatal shore.

France aids them now, a desperate game I play,
And hostile Spain will do the same, they say ;
My armies vanquished, and my heroes fled,
My people murmuring, and my commerce dead,
My shattered navy pelted, bruised, and clubbed,
By Dutchmen bullied, and by Frenchmen drubbed,
My name abhorred, my nation in disgrace,
How should I act in such a mournful case !
My hopes and joys are vanished with my coin,
My ruined army, and my lost Burgoyne !
What shall I do—confess my labours vain,
Or whet my tusks, and to the charge again !
But where's my force—my choicest troops are fled,
Some thousands crippled, and a myriad dead—
If I were owned the boldest of mankind,
And hell with all her flames inspired my mind,

Could I at once with Spain and France contend,
 And fight the *rebels*, on the world's green end?—
 The pangs of *parting* I can ne'er endure,
 Yet *part* we must; and part to meet no more!
 Oh, blast this *Congress*, blast each upstart STATE,
 On whose commands ten thousand captains wait;
 From various climes that dire *Assembly* came,
 True to their trust, as hostile to my fame;
 'Tis these, ah these, have ruined half my sway,
 Disgraced my arms, and led my slaves astray—
 Cursed be the day, when first I saw the sun,
 Cursed be the hour, when I these wars begun:
 The fiends of darkness then possessed my mind,
 And powers unfriendly to the human kind.
 To wasting grief, and sullen rage a prey,
 To *Scotland's* utmost verge I'll take my way,
 There with eternal storms due concert keep,
 And while the billows rage, as fiercely weep—
 Ye highland lads, my rugged fate bemoan,
 Assist me with one sympathizing groan;
 For late I find the nations are my foes,
 I must submit, and that with bloody nose,
 Or, like our James, fly basely from the state,
 Or share, what still is worse—old *Charles's* fate.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

GEORGE AND FOX.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE PASSED ABOUT THE TIME OF
 THE APPROACH OF THE COMBINED FLEETS OF
 FRANCE AND SPAIN TO THE BRITISH COASTS.

August, 1779.

GOOD CHARLEY FOX, your counsel I implore,
 Still GEORGE the third, but potent George no more.
 By NORTH conducted to the brink of fate,
 I mourn my folly and my pride, too late:

The promises he made, when once we met
 In Kew's gay shades, I never shall forget ;
 That at my feet the western world should fall,
 And bow to me, the potent lord of all—
 Curse on his hopes, his councils and his schemes,
 His plans of conquest, and his golden dreams,
 These have allured me to the jaws of hell ;
 By Satan tempted thus Iscariot fell :
 Divested of majestic pomp, I come,
 My royal robes and pride I've left at home.
 Speak freely, friend, whate'er you choose to say,
 Suppose me equal with yourself to-day :
 How shall I shun the mischiefs that impend ?
 How shall I make Columbia, yet, my friend ?
 I dread the power of each revolted State,
 The trembling east hangs balanced with their weight.
 How shall I dare the rage of France and Spain,
 And lost dominion o'er the waves regain ?
 Advise me quick, for doubtful while we stand,
 Destruction gathers o'er this wretched land :
 These hostile squadrons, to my ruin led,
 These gulfic thunders fill my soul with dread :
 If these should triumph—Britain thou must fall,
 And bend, a province to the conquering Gaul :
 If this must be—thou earth, expanding wide,
 Unlucky George in thy dark entrails hide—
 Ye oceans, wrap me in your dark embrace—
 Ye mountains, shroud me to your lowest base—
 Fall on my head, ye everlasting rocks—
 But why so pensive, my good Charley Fox ?

Fox.

While in the arms of power and peace you lay,
 Ambition led your restless soul astray.
 Possess of lands, extending far and wide,
 And more than Rome could boast in all her pride,
 Yet, not contented with that mighty store,
 Like some base miser, still you sought for more ;
 And, all in raptures for a tyrant's reign,
 You strove your subjects' dearest rights to chain.
 Those ruffian hosts, beyond the ocean sent,
 By your command, on blood and murder bent,

With cruel hand the form of man defaced,
 And laid the toils of art and nature waste.
 (For crimes like these imperial Britain bends,
 For crimes like these her ancient glory ends.)
 Those lands, once truest to your name and race,
 Which the wide ocean's utmost waves embrace,
 Your just protection basely you denied,
 Their towns you plundered, and you burnt beside.
 Virginia's slaves, without one blush of shame,
 Against their cause you armed with sword and flame
 At every port your ships of war you laid,
 And strove to ruin and distress their trade ;
 Yet here, even here, your mighty projects failed ;
 For then from creeks their hardy seamen sailed,
 In slender barques they crossed a stormy main,
 And trafficked for the wealth of France and Spain ;
 'Cross either tropic and the line they passed,
 And, deeply laden, safe returned at last :
 Nor think they yet had bowed to Britain's sway,
 Though distant nations had not joined the fray,
 Alone they fought your armies and your fleet,
 And made your Clinton's and your Howe's retreat,
 And yet while France stood doubting if to join,
 Your ships they captured, and they took Burgoyne !

How vain is Britain's strength, her armies now
 Before Columbia's bolder veterans bow ;
 Her gallant veterans all her force despise,
 Though late from ruin we beheld them rise ;
 Before their arms our strongest bulwarks fall,
 They storm the rampart and they scale the wall ;
 With equal dread, on either service sent,
 They seize a fortress, or they strike a tent.

But should we bow beneath a foreign yoke,
 And potent France atchieve the humbling stroke,
 Yet, every power, and even ourselves, must say,
 " Just is the vengeance of the skies to-day :"
 For crimes like our's dire sufferings must atone ;
 Forbear your fasts, and let the gods alone—
 By cruel kings, in fierce Britannia bred,
 Such seas of blood have, first and last, been shed.
 That now, distress for each inhuman deed,
 Our turn is come—our turn is come to bleed :

Forbear your groans ; for war and death array,
 March to the foe, and give the fates their way.
 Can we behold without one dying groan,
 The fleets of France superior to our own?
 Can we behold, without one poignant pang,
 The foreign conquests of the brave D'Estaing?
 NORTH is your friend, and now destruction knocks,
 Still take his counsel, and regard not Fox.

George.

Ah ! speak not thus—your words will burst my heart.
 Some softer counsel to my ears impart.
 How can I march to meet the insulting foe,
 Who never yet to hostile plains did go?
 When was I versed in battles or in blood?
 When have I fought upon the faithless flood?
 Much better could I at my palace door
 Recline, and hear the distant cannons roar.
 Generals and admirals Britain yet can boast,
 Some fight on land, and some defend the coast ;
 The fame of these throughout the globe resounds,
 To these I leave the glory and the wounds ;——
 But since this honour for no blood atones,
 I must and will—be careful of my bones.

What pleasure to your monarch would it be,
 If Lords and Commons could at last agree ;
 Could *North* with *Fox* in firm alliance stand,
 And *Burke* with *Sandwich* shake the social hand,
 Then should we bring the rebels to our feet,
 And France and Spain ingloriously retreat,
 Her ancient glories to this isle return,
 And we no more for lost Columbia mourn.

Fox.

Alliance !—what !—my master must be mad :
 Say, what alliance can with these be had ?
 Can lambs and wolves in social bands ally?——
 When these prove friendly, then will North and I.
 Alliance ! no——I curse the abject thought ;
 Ally with those their country's ruin sought !

Who to perdition sold their native land,
 Leagued with the foe, a close connected band—
 Ally with these !—I speak it to your face—
 Alliance here, is ruin and disgrace.
 Angels and devils in such bonds unite,
 So hell is allied to the realms of light—
 Let *North* or *Sackville* still my prayers deride,
 Let turn-coat *Johnstone* take the courtly side,
 Even *Pitt*, if living, might with these agree ;
 But no alliance shall they have with me.

But since no shame forbids your tongue to own :
 A royal coward fills Britannia's throne ;
 Since our best chiefs must fight your mad campaigns,
 And be disgraced, at last, by him who reigns,
 No wonder, heaven ! such ill success attends !
 No wonder *North* and *Mansfield* are your friends !
 Take my advice, with them to battle go,
 These book-learned heroes may confront the foe—
 Those first who led us towards the brink of fate,
 Should still be foremost, when at *Pluto's* gate ;
 Let them, grown desperate by our weight of woes,
 Collect new fury from this host of foes,
 And allied with themselves, to ruin steer,
 The just conclusion of their mad career.

George.

No comfort in these cruel words I find—
 Ungrateful words to my tormented mind !
 With me alone, both *France* and *Spain* contend,
 And not one nation can be called my friend :
 Unpitying now the *Dutchman* sees me fall,
 The *Russian* leaves me to the thundering *Gaul*,
 The *German*, grown as careless as the *Dane*,
 Consigns my carcase to the jaws of *Spain*.
 Where are the hosts they promised me of yore,
 When rich and great they heard my thunders roar,
 While yet confessed the master of the sea,
 The *Germans* drained their wide domain for me,
 And, aiding *Britain* with a friendly hand,
 Helped to subdue the rebels and their land ?
 Ah ! rebels, rebels ! insolent and mad ;
 Our *Scottish* rebels were not half so bad—

They soon submitted to superior sway;
 But these grow stronger as my hosts decay :
 What crowds have perished on their hostile shore !
 They went for conquest, but returned no more.
 Columbia, thou a friend in better times !
 Lost are to me thy pleasurable climes :
 You wish me buried in eternal night,
 You curse the day when first I saw the light—
 Our commerce vanished, hostile nations share,
 And thus you leave us naked, poor, and bare ;
 Despised by those who should our cause defend,
 And helpless left, without one pitying friend.
 These dire afflictions shake my changeful throne,
 And turn my brain—a very idiot grown :
 Of all the isles, the realms with which I part,
 Columbia sits the weightiest at my heart,
 She, she provokes the deepest, heaviest sigh,
 And makes me doubly wretched, ere I die.

Some dreary convent's unfrequented gloom .
 (Like Charles of Spain) had better be my doom :
 There while in absence from my crown I sigh,
 George, Prince of Wales, these ills may rectify;
 A happier fortune may his crown await,
 • He yet, perhaps, may save this sinking state :
 I'll to my prayers, my bishops, and my beads,
 And beg God's pardon for my heinous deeds ;
 Those streams of blood, that spilt by my command,
 Call out for vengeance on this guilty land.

Pox.

In one short sentence take my whole advice,
 (It is no time to flatter and be nice)
 With all your soul for instant peace contend,
 Thus shall you be your country's truest friend—
 Peace, instant peace, may stay your tottering throne,
 But wars, and death, and blood can profit none,
 To *Catharine* send, in humble garb arrayed,
 And beg her intercession, not her aid :

Withdraw your armies from the Americ' shore,
 And vex her oceans with your fleets no more ;
 Vain are their conquests, past experience shews,
 For what this hour they gain, the next they lose.

Implore the friendship of those injured States ;
 No longer strive against the stubborn fates.
 Since heaven has doomed *Columbia* to be free,
 What is her commerce and her wealth to thee ?
 Since heaven that land of promise has denied,
 Regain by cunning what you lost by pride :
 Immediate ruin each delay attends,
 Imperial Britain scarce her coast defends ;
 Hibernia sees the threatening foes advance,
 And feels an ague at the thoughts of France ;
 Jamaica mourns her half-protected state,
 Barbadoes soon may share Grenada's fate,
 And every isle that owns your reign to-day,
 May bow to-morrow to the Frenchman's sway,
 Yes—while I speak, your empire, great before,
 Contracts its limits, and is great no more.
 Unhappy prince ! what madness has possess'd,
 What worse than madness seized your vengeful breast,
 When white-robed peace before your portal stood,
 To drive her hence, and stain the world with blood !
 For this destruction threatens from the skies ;
 See hostile navies to our ruin rise ;
 Our fleets inglorious shun the force of Spain,
 And France, triumphant, stems the subject main.
(*Anno*, 1779.)

TO CRISPIN O'CONNER,

A BACK-WOODSMAN.

[SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HEZEKIAH SALEM.]

WISE was your plan when twenty years ago
 From *Patrick's isle* you first resolved to stray,
 Where lords and knights, as thick as rushes grow,
 And vulgar folks are in each other's way ;
 Where mother-country acts the step-dame's part,
 Cuts off, by aid of hemp, each petty sinner,
 And twice or thrice in every score of years
 Hatches sad wars to make her brood the thinner.

How few aspire to quit the ungrateful soil
That starves the plant it had the strength to bear :
How many stay, to grieve, and fret, and toil,
And view the plenty that they must not share.

This you beheld, and westward set your nose,
Like some bold prow, that ploughs the Atlantic foam,
—And left less venturous weights, like famished
crows,

To feed on hog-peas, hips, and haws, at home.

Safe landed here, not long the coast detained
Your wary steps :—but wandering on, you found
Far in the west, a paltry spot of land,
That no man envied, and that no man owned.

A woody hill, beside a dismal bog—

This was your choice ; nor were you much to blame :
And here, responsive to the croaking frog,
You grubbed, and stubbed, and feared no landlord's
claim.

An axe, an adze, a hammer, and a saw ;
These were the tools, that built your humble shed :
A cock, a hen, a mastiff, and a cow ;
These were your *subjects*, to this desert led.

Now times are changed—and labour's nervous hand
Bids harvests rise where briars and bushes grew ;
The dismal bog, by lengthy sluices drained,
Supports no more hoarse captain Bull Frog's crew.—

Prosper your toil !—but, friend, had you remained
In lands, where starred and gartered nobles shine,
When you had, thus, to sixty years attained,
What different fate, 'Squire Crispin had been thine !

Nine pence a day, coarse fare, a bed of boards,
The midnight loom, high rents, and excised beer ;
Slave to dull squires, kings' brats, and huffish lords,
(Thanks be to Heaven) not yet in fashion here !

CRISPIN'S ANSWER.

MUCH pleased am I, that you approve
 Freedom's blest cause that brought me here :
 Ireland I loved—but there they strove
 To make me bend to KING and PEER.

I could not bow to noble knaves,
 Who EQUAL RIGHTS to men deny :
 Scornful, I left a land of slaves,
 And *hither* came, my axe to ply:

The axe has well repaid my toil—
 No king, no priest, I yet espy
 To tythe my hogs, to tax my soil,
 And suck my whiskey bottle dry.

In foreign lands what snares are laid !
 There royal rights all right defeat ;
 They taxed my sun, they taxed my shade,
 They taxed the offal that I eat.

They taxed my hat, they taxed my shoes,
 Fresh taxes still on taxes grew ;
 They would have taxed my very nose,
 Had I not fled, dear friends, to you.

A SATIRE

IN ANSWER TO A HOSTILE ATTACK.

[First written, and published 1775.]

LONG have I sate on this disastrous shore,
 And, sighing, sought to gain a passage o'er
 To Europe's towns, where, as our travellers say,
 Poets may flourish, or, perhaps they may;
 But such abuse has from your coarse pen fell
 I think I may defer my voyage as well,

Why should I far in search of honour roam,
And dunces leave to triumph here at home ?

Great Jove in wrath a spark of genius gave,
And bade me drink the mad Pierian wave,
Hence came those rhymes, with truth ascribed to me,
That urge your little soul to cruelty :
If thus, tormented at these slighty lays,
You strive to blast what ne'er was meant for praise,
How will you bear the more exalted rhyme
By labour polished, and matured by time ?

Devoted madman ! what inspired your rage,
Who bade your foolish muse with us engage ?
Against a wind-mill would you try your might,
Against a castle would a pigmy fight ?
What could your slanderous pen with malice arm
To injure those, who never meant you harm ?
Have we from you been seeking to attain
The mean ideas of your barren brain ?
Have I been seen in borrowed clothes to shine,
And, when detected, *swear by Jove they are mine*
O miscreant, hostile to your own repose,
From your own malice your destruction flows !

Blessed be our western world—its scenes conspire
To raise a poet's fancy and his fire,
Lo, blue-topt mountains to the skies ascend !
Lo, shady forests to the breezes bend !
See mighty streams meandering to the main !
See lambs and lambkins sport on every plain !
The spotted herds in flowery meadows see !
But what, ungenerous wight, are these to thee ?—
You find no charms in all that nature yields,
Then leave to me the grottoes and the fields :
We interfere not with your vast design—
Pursue your studies, and I'll follow mine,
Pursue well pleased your theologic schemes,
Attend professors, and correct your themes,
Still some dull nonsense, low-bred wit invent,
Or prove from scripture what it never meant,
Or far through law, that land of scoundrels, stray,
And truth disguise through all your mazy way,
Wealth you may gain, your clients you may squeeze,
And by long cheating, learn to live at ease ;

The heaviest arms the muse can give, I wield,
 To stretch a green goose floundering on the field,
 Scribbler, who, aided by some spurious muse,
 But bellows nonsense, and but writes abuse,
 Insect ! immortal and unfading grown,
 But by no deeds or merits of *its* own—
 So, when some hateful monster sees the day,
 In spirits we preserve it from decay,
 But for what end, it is not hard to guess—
 Not for its value, but its *ugliness*.

Now, by the winds which shake your rubric mop,
 (That nest of witches, or that barber's shop)
 Great Satirist hear—Be wise in times to come,
 A dunce by nature, let your muse be dumb,
 Lest you, devoted to the infernal skies,
 Descend, like Lucifer, no more to rise——

Sick of all feuds, to reason we appeal
 From wars of *paper*, and from wars of *steel*,
 Let others *here* their hopes and wishes end,
 We to the sea with weary steps descend,
 Quit the mean conquest that such swine might yield,
 And leave *one poet* to enjoy the field.
 In distant isles some happier scene we choose,
 And court in softer shades the unwilling muse,
 Thrice happy there, through peaceful plains to rove,
 Or the cool verdure of the Orange grove,
 Safe from the miscreants that our peace molest,
 Miscreants, with dullness and with rage oppress



TO MYRTALIS,

ON HER LIGHTNING WIRES, OR CONDUCTORS*.

HOW bold this project, to defy
The artillery of a summer sky :
Round you, unmoved, the lightning plays,
While others perish in the blaze.

The fluid fire, in deafening peals,
Along the warm conductor steals ;
And thence directed to the ground,
It glances off without a wound !

Thus guarded, while the heavens are bowed,
You, fearless, see the passing cloud ;
And Jove's red bolts unheeded fall,
Near you, who slight, or scorn them all.

The beaver on your sacred scull,
(Secure as *Salamander's* wool)
Assists to keep from your rigg'd head
The flash that strikes us, wretches, dead.

But while the sulphur of the skies,
Disarmed, from this fair lady flies ;
Or while the warm electric fire
In flashes darts along her spire,

She, not so merciful or kind,
(Or we, not guarded to her mind)
By Cupid's darts, procures our fall,
By Cupid's arrows kills us all.

* See Brydone's Letters from Sicily to Becksford, alderman of London. In one of these he seems, rather seriously, to argue, that any one, by being armed with a *conductor*, in a thunder squall, may probably be secure from danger of lightning.—It is said the plan has been carried into practice in Scotland.

NEREUS AND THETIS.

*"She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 "But a lubber might scratch her where'er she did it;
 Shakespeare's Temp*

THETIS a partner, early took,
 Not for his virtues, or his look ;
 Whose business was, the seas to roam—
 She could not bear a spouse at home.

He sometimes sailed the Atlantic seas,
 Him, Greenland's ice did sometimes squeeze ;
 And once he steered old ocean round,
 And *cat-skins* brought from *Nootka* sound.

Poor wight !—though frequently distressed,
 Thetis supposed it *for the best* ;
 And when some sad mishap befel,
 She wondered "*he came off so well.*"

This creature of amphibious kind ;
 This *husband* to her whims resigned,
 Though toiling for her, many a mile,
 Returning, rarely met a smile :—

When at her feet his gains he threw,
 MADAM received *the tribute due*—
 "I thought you were *demerged*, my dear !
 "La ! Nereus, what ! already here !"

Now just at home a month—no more,
 She wished the ocean had no shore ;
 Wondered the anchor was not weighed,
 And fretted at the stay he made.

His porcelain ware, or India lace,
 Could hardly purchase one embrace.
 "These *sattinets* and diamond rings !—
 "You should have brought me better things !"

While he was silent as a mouse
She quarrelled with the Custom House ;

Did little else but scold and pout,
 " Because they did not *clear him out*."

If he, in port, rode commodore,
 She tweaked his nose when he came on shore ;——
 Though he knew how to point great guns,
 She made him strike to *squibs* and *funns*.

When he at *pride* began to fret,
 And swore it would be " his ruin yet ;"
 When he *rebuked* her freaks and whims,
 She wished him swampt in " southern *clime**."

When he some fault began to find,
 And said, " as how," that " love is blind,
 With poisoned joys, embittered sweets"——
 She bade him mind his " tacks and sheets."

Ah Thetis ! why so hard a fate !
 Such cruel conduct to your mate ?——
 Like *Carey's chickens*†, would you have
 Him always rambling on the wave ?——

Wild ganders, travelling with the wind,
 Returning, meet their *Madams* kind——
 When he returns from his next cruise,
 For *Heaven's* sake, make him not—a goose.

* *Climates*, or *Climes*.

† A small aquatic Bird that is rarely, or never seen in rivers, or very near land. There are multitudes of them in the gulph stream, and to the eastward. They are easily caught with a small hook and bait ; and will follow vessels many leagues, to feed on any offal that may happen to be thrown overboard.

MEGARA AND ALTAVOLA.

TO A FEMALE SATIRIST (AN ENGLISH ACTRESS) ON
RECEIVING FROM HER NO. I. OF A VERY SATIRICAL
AND BITING ATTACK*.

"In the rag, in the rag—whewgh!—"

"O well flown dart!"—————

Shakespeare's King Lear.

A SATIRE is arrived this day,
And it must be repelled this night:
Ye Powers! assist us what to say,
For, from ourselves, we nothing write.

We could have laughed at all you *said*,
But when you *writ*—it struck us dead!—
MEGARA!—do forbear to write,
Or rage with less malignant spite.

Leave it to men to snap and snarl—
Be you the sweet engaging girl—
Great in your smiles—weak in your arm—
All vengeance, with no power to harm.

I'll borrow from a scribbling set
A Raven's feather, black as jet,
And with the vengeance of the pen
Create confusion in your DEN.

This, from an impulse all unknown,
Shall temper down your heart of stone,
Turn storms of hail to showers of rain,
And bring your happy smiles again.

But still, unwilling to resent
What *folly* for a SATIRE meant,
Peruse a fable that may blast,
And your number one—make number last.

* Six copies only, of this little Poem were printed and sent to the
satirist—here the correspondence ended, 1797.

In ancient times, no matter when,
A lady, in some ancient reign
(Perhaps in Greece, perhaps in Rome,
Perhaps in countries nearer home.)

This lady, rather fond of fun,
Had put a suit of armour on :
With bow and arrows, and her fan
She conquered many an honest man.

One day she met, in a desert waste
A wight unseemly to her taste ;
His brow, she thought, had too much frown ;
Thought she, " I'll fetch the fellow down."

And strait she bends her twanging bow,
And to his breast the arrows go !
They tore a passage through his vest,
But bounded from his solid chest.

Another dart she aimed, and missed,
Then boarded him, and bit his fist—
Her grinders left a trifling mark—
They were not grinders of a shark.

She scampered then, and, as she flew,
Another feeble arrow threw,
Which though intended for *one spot*,
It glanced aside, and *touched* him not.

Enraged, he threw his mantle off,
And said, *She shall be plagued enough !*
Then, swift as fate, her pace defied,
Outwent her trot, and joined her side.—

Megara was in such a glow !——
When thus the ruffian hailed her, " Hoa !——
What, Madam, are your spirits low ?——
Heave to !—you are my prisoner now !"——

Megara saw that all was gone !——
She saw, her teeth would now be drawn :
She saw her weapons were his prize,
She saw it, and with flowing eyes,

And with a feeble squeak or two,
She faintly bawled out, WHO ARE YOU !

Altavola.

" From whence I came, or what I am,
" Perhaps I may inform you, Ma'am :
" I come from lands of PURE DELIGHT,
" Where female warriors do not BITE.

" You view me with an eye of scorn !—
" When I was old you were unborn :
" When I aspired on eagle's wings
" You were among unthought of things.

" And did you hope to escape my rage,
" You toy-shop on a strolling stage !
" You insect of a puny race,
" You baggage formed of gauze and lace !
" The proudest strength you can assume,
" Shakes not one feather from my plume.

" My lot is in the æther cast,
" I sail upon the northern blast ;
" Am mostly seen when whirlwinds rise,
" And love the storm that rends the skies.

" When thunders roar and lightnings flash,
" Then is my time *to cut a dash* :
" The clouds of hell alarm me less
" Than you, some sad *old fashioned dress*.

" And, if to answer some great end,
" I to this wrangling world descend,
" With force unknown, and pinions strong,
" I travel quick and stay not long.

" My spear is like a weaver's beam,
" And pointed well at each extreme ;
" It flies with a tremendous force,
" And rivals lightning in its course.

" Of all things that are seen or known,
" I hate a CALM—and say, Begone
" Stagnation from this rolling ball,
" Or slumbers in this DREADFUL ALL !

- " I rise upon the drift of snow—
 " In polar frosts my spirits glow—
 " In the torrid zone, I temperate keep,
 " And wake !——when you, Megara, sleep.
 " I come from ghosts, that dreary brood,
 " Whose aspect would congeal your blood !
 " A people on the infernal coast,
 " Who know me well, and love me most.
 " I courted there, and found her kind,
 " A ghostess, suited to my mind ;
 " Her wedding gown was flounced with soot,
 " And near her nose hung *snuff and smut* :
 " She pointed to her father's gate,
 (A grave-yard was his whole estate)
 " The *bars* were weak, the *boards* were thin,
 " She sung a psalm——and took me in.
 " Of shadowy stuff my parents were,
 " Composed of fogs, or framed of air :
 " ~~HE~~ sold his brimstone to the skies,
 " While nitre kindled in ~~HER~~ eyes.
 " They feasted on the vapours blue,
 " Their glass of wine was evening dew ;
 " On Etna's top they made their bed,
 " And there was I, their devil, bred.
 " My prowess is almost adored,
 " I blunt the edge of ORION'S SWORD ;
 " I seize AQUARIUS by the throat,
 " Nor care for LIBRA, or the GOAT.
 " My word is, when I meet my foes,
 " ~~HERE'S TO THE LUCKY WIND THAT BLOWS !~~
 " And, instant, all is sighs and groans,
 " And battered heads, and broken bones.
 " I now reward you for your spite—
 " I draw my weapon—see, how bright !
 " My last exploit in war I crown,
 " And thus—and thus—I throw you down !!
 " Ah, ~~miscreant~~ ! why that scream of death ?
 " I only ~~meant~~ to—draw your teeth !——

" Oh no !—I scorn to take your life—
 " Go, Madam,—be a *frudent wife*.
 " But, lady, I would have you know
 " You lose your arrows and your bow :
 " They are indeed of *slender make*,
 " And, in *your hands*, might kill a rake :
 " So, to prevent such *fatal harms*,
 " I leave you destitute of arms—
 " I now must go !"——he, laughing, said,
 And vanished to the Stygian shade.

This contest with MEGARA done,
 Thou dear, defeated Amazon ! ! .—
 As happy, now, as man can be,
 I hang my pen on yonder tree :

It only asks one day of rest,
 It yields to every changing blast—
 Yes—let it stay suspended there,
 And strike MY COLOURS—if you dare !

ON THE

DEATH OF A MASTER BUILDER,

OR

FREE MASON OF HIGH RANK.

[WRITTEN BY REQUEST.]

ASSEMBLED this day on occasion of grief,
 We mourn the occasion, the loss of our chief ;
 A Mason, our master, that built up a pile
 By the compass and square in the masonic style,
 At the word of the Builder, who built ALL at first,
 Turned chaos to order, and darkness dispersed,
 Our architect leaves us, that mason so skilled,
 The fabric of virtue and freedom to build.

As far as this nature, called human, can go,
A pattern he was of perfection below ;
By the line and the plummet he built up a wall,
As firm as old time, and, we trust, not to fall.

By science enlightened, a friend to mankind,
He came, for the purpose exactly designed ;
Like the BAPTIST of old, in the annals of fate,
Precursor of all that is noble and great.

He thought it an honour the *trowel* to hold,
And to be with the craft, as a brother enrolled :
To the practice of virtue he knew they were bound.
Wherever a lodge or a mason is found.

Designed as he was, to excel and transcend,
Yet he courted the titles of *brother* and *friend* ;
And these in the fabric of masons are more
Than monarchs can give,—and which tyrants abhor.

With a patron like this, we are proud to prepare
The stone and the mortar, our building to rear,
And copy, from HIM, who can make it endure,
Who raised the first building, and keeps all secure.

In such a grand master all masons were blessed ;
The world and all masons his merits confessed ;
But now he is gone in new orbits to move
And join the first builder of all things above.



THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP :

A POEM,

WRITTEN TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF 1780, AND FIRST
PUBLISHED BY MR. FRANCIS BAILEY, PHILADEL-
PHIA, EARLY IN THE YEAR 1781.

*Amid these ills no tyrant dared refuse
My right to pen, the dictates of the muse,
To paint the terrors of the infernal place,
And fiends from Europe, insolent as base.*

CANTO I. *The Capture.*

ASSIST me, CLIO ! while in verse I tell
The dire misfortunes, that a ship befell,
Which outward bound, to St. Eustatia's shore,
Death and disaster through the billows bore.

From Philadelphia's happy port she came ;
(And there the builder planned her lofty frame,)
With wondrous skill, and excellence of art,
He formed, disposed, and ordered every part,
With joy, beheld the stately fabrick rise
To a stout bulwark, of stupendous size,
Till launched at last, capacious of the freight,
He left her to the pilots, and her fate.

First, from her depths the tapering masts ascend,
On whose tall bulk the transverse yards depend,
By shrouds and stays secured from side to side
Trees grew on trees, suspended o'er the tide :
Firm to the yards extended, broad and vast,
They hung the sails, susceptible of the blast,
Far o'er the prow the lengthy bowsprit lay,
Supporting on the extreme the taut fore-stay,
Twice ten six pounders, at their port holes placed,
And ranged in rows, stood hostile in the waist :
Thus all prepared, impatient for the seas,
She left her station with an adverse breeze,

This her first outset from her native shore,
To seas a stranger, and untried before.

From the fine radiance, that his glories spread,
Ere from the east gay Phœbus lifts his head,
From the bright morn, a kindred name she won,
AURORA called, the daughter of the sun,
Whose form, projecting, the broad prow displays,
Far glittering o'er the wave, a mimic blaze.

THE gay ship now, in all her pomp and pride,
With sails expanded, flew along the tide ;
'Twas thy deep stream, O Delaware, that bore
This pile intended for a southern shore,
Bound to those isles where endless summer reigns,
Fair fruits, gay blossoms, and enamelled plains ;
Where sloping lawns the roving swain invite ;
And the cool morn succeeds the breezy night,
Where each glad day a heaven unclouded brings
And sky-topt mountains teem with golden springs.

From cape HENLOPEN, urged by favouring gales,
When morn emerged we sea-ward spread our sails,
Then east-south-east, explored the briny way,
Close to the wind departing from the bay :
No longer seen the hoarse resounding strand,
With hearts elate we hurried from the land,
Escaped the dangers of that shelving ground,
To sailors fatal, and for wrecks renowned——

The gale increases as we plough the main,
Now scarce the hills their sky-blue mist retain :
At last they sink beneath the rolling wave,
That seems their summits, as they sink, to lave.
Aft the beam the freshening breezes play,
No mists advancing, to deform the day,
No tempests rising on the splendid scene,
A sea unruffled, and a heaven serene.

Now *Sol's* bright lamp, the heaven-born source of
light,
Had passed the line of his meridian height,
And westward hung—retreating from the view
Shores disappeared, and every hill withdrew ;
When, still suspicious of some neighbouring foe,
Aloft the master bade a seaman go,

To mark if, from the mast's aspiring height,
Through all the round, a vessel came in sight.

Too soon the seaman's glance extending wide,
Far distant in the east a ship espied,
Her lofty masts stood bending to the gale,
Close to the wind was braced each shivering sail ;
Next from the deck we saw the approaching foe,
Her spangled bottom seemed in flames to glow
When to the winds she bowed in dreadful haste,
And her lee-guns lay deluged in the waist ;
From her top-gallant waved an *English Jack* ;——
With all her might she strove to gain our tack,
Nor strove in vain—with pride and power elate,
Winged on by winds, she drove us to our fate,
No stop, no stay her bloody crew intends,
(So flies a comet with its host of fiends)
Nor oaths, nor prayers arrest her swift career,
Death in her front, and ruin in her rear.

Struck at the sight, the master gave command
To change our course, and steer toward the land—
Straight to the task the ready sailors run,
And while the word was uttered, half was done ;
As, from the south, the fiercer breezes rise
Swift from her foe alarmed AURORA flies,
With every sail extended to the wind
She fled the unequal foe that chaced behind.——
Along her decks, disposed in close array,
Each at its port, the grim artillery lay,
Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar ;
But, small their size, and narrow was their bore ;
Yet, faithful, they their destined station keep
To guard the barque that wafts them o'er the deep,
Who now must bend to steer a homeward course
And trust her swiftness rather than her force.
Unfit to combat with a powerful foe ;
Her decks too open, and her *waist* too low.

While o'er the wave, with foaming prow, she flies,
Once more emerging, distant landscapes rise ;
High in the air, the *starry* streamer plays,
And every sail its various tribute pays.
To gain the land, we bore the weighty blast ;
And now the wished for *cape* appeared at last ;

But the vext foe, impatient of delay,
 Prepared for ruin, pressed upon his prey ;
 Near, and more near, in awful grandeur came
 The frigate IRIS, not unknown to fame ;
 IRIS her name,—but HANCOCK once she bore,
 Framed and completed on NEW ALBION's shore,
 By MANLEY lost, the swiftest of the train
 That fly with wings of canvas o'er the main.

Then, while for combat some with zeal prepare,
 Thus to the heavens the boatswain sent his prayer ;
 " List' all ye powers that rule the skies and seas !
 " Shower down perdition on such thieves as these,
 " Winds, daunt their hearts with terror and dismay,
 " And sprinkle on their powder salt sea-spray !
 " May bursting cannon, while his aim he tries,
 " Distract the gunner, and confound his eyes—
 " The chief that awes the quarter-deck, may he
 " Tripped from his stand, be tumbled in the sea.
 " May they who rule the *round top's* giddy height
 " Be canted headlong to perpetual night ;
 " May fiends torment them on a leeward coast,
 " And help forsake them when they want it most—
 " From their wheeled engines torn be every gun—
 " And now, to sum up every curse in one,
 " May latent flames, to save us, intervene,
 " And hell-ward drive them from their magazine !"—

The frigate, now, had every sail unfurled,
 And rushed tremendous o'er the watery world ;
 (Thus fierce *Pelides* eager to destroy,
 Chaced the proud Trojan to the gates of Troy—)
 Swift o'er the waves, while hostile they pursue,
 As swiftly from their fangs AURORA flew,
 At length HENLOPEN's cape we gained once more,
 And vainly strove to force the ship ashore ;
 Stern fate forbade the barren shore to gain,
 Denial sad, and source of future pain !
 For then the inspiring breezes ceased to blow,
 Lost were they all, and smoothed the seas below ;
 By the broad cape becalmed, our lifeless sails
 No longer swelled their bosoms to the gales ;

The ship, unable to pursue her way,
Tumbling about, at her own guidance lay,
No more the helm its wonted influence lends,
No oars assist us, and no breeze befriends ;
Mean time the foe, advancing from the sea,
Ranged her black cannon, pointed on our lee,
Then up she *luffed*, and blazed her entrails dire,
Bearing destruction, terror, death, and fire.

Vext at our fate, we primed a piece, and then
Returned the shot, to shew them we were men.

Dull night at length her dusky pinions spread,
And every hope to 'scape the foe was fled,
Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we pressed,
We could not gain thy desert, dreary breast ;
Though ruined trees beshroud thy barren shore
With mounds of sand half hid, or covered o'er,
Though ruffian winds disturb thy summit bare,
Yet every hope and every wish was there :
In vain we sought to reach the joyless strand,
Fate stood between, and barred us from the land.

All dead becalmed, and helpless as we lay,
The ebbing current forced us back to sea,
While vengeful *IXIS*, thirsting for our blood,
Flashed her red lightnings o'er the trembling flood ;
At every flash a storm of ruin came
'Till our shocked vessel shook through all her frame.
—Mad for revenge, our breasts with fury glow
To wreak returns of vengeance on the foe ;
Full at his hull our pointed guns we raised,
His hull resounded as the cannons blazed ;
Through his broad sails while some a passage tore,
His sides re-echoed to the dreadful roar,
Alternate fires dispelled the shades of night—
But how unequal was this daring fight !
Our stoutest guns threw but a six-pound ball,
Twelve pounders from the foe our sides did maul ;
And, while no power to save him intervenes,
A bullet struck our captain of marines ;
Fierce, though he bid defiance to the foe
He felt his death and ruin in the blow,
Headlong he fell, distracted with the wound,
The deck distained, and heart blood streaming round.

Another blast, as fatal in its aim.

Winged by destruction, through our rigging came,
And aimed aloft, to cripple in the fray,
Shrouds, stays, and braces tore at once away,
Sails, blocks, and oars in scattered fragments fly—
Their softest language was—*SUBMIT, OR DIE.*

Repeated cries throughout the ship resound ;
Now every bullet brought a different wound ;
'Twixt *wind and water*, one assailed the side :
Through this aperture rushed the briny tide—
'Twas then the master trembled for his crew,
And bade thy shores, O Delaware, adieu !—
And must we yield to yon' destructive ball,
And must our colours to these ruffians fall !——
They fall !—his thunders forced our strength to bend,
The lofty topsails, with their yards, descend,
And the proud foe, (we to his mercy cast)
His wish completed in our woe at last.

Conveyed to *YORK*, we found, at length, too late,
That Death was better than the prisoners' fate,
There doomed to famine, shackles, and despair,
Condemned to breathe a foul, infected air
In sickly hulks, devoted while we lay,
Successive funerals gloomed each dismal day——
But what on captives British rage can do,
Another Canto, friends, shall let you know.

CANTO II. *The Prison Ships.*

THE various horrors of these hulks to tell,
These Prison Ships where pain and penance dwell,
Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,
And injured ghosts, yet unavenged, complain ;
'This be my task——ungenerous Britons, you
Conspire to murder whom you can't subdue.

That Britain's rage should dye our plains with gore,
And desolation spread through every shore,
None e'er could doubt, that her ambition knew,——
This was to rage and disappointment due ;

But that those legions whom our soil maintained,
 Who first drew breath in this devoted land,
 Like famished wolves, should on their country prey,
 Assist its foes, and wrest our lives away,
 This shocks belief—and bids our soil disown
 Such knaves, subservient to a bankrupt throne.
 By them the widow mourns her partner dead,
 Her mangled sons to darksome prisons led,
 By them—and hence my keenest sorrows rise,
 My friend—companion—my *Orestes* dies——
 Still for that loss must one true friend complain,
 And sad *Ophelia* mourn her loss—in vain !

Ah ! come the day when from this bleeding shore
 Fate shall remove them, to return no more—
 To scorched Bahama shall the traitors go
 With grief, and rage, and unremitting woe,
 On burning sands to walk their painful round,
 And sigh through all the solitary ground,
 Where no gay flower their haggard eyes shall see,
 And find no shade—but from the cypress tree.

So much we suffered from the tribe I hate,
 So near they shoved us to the brink of fate,
 When three long months in these dark hulks we lay
 Barred down by night, and fainting all the day
 In the fierce fervours of the solar beam,
 Cooled by no breeze on Hudson's mountain-stream ;
 That not unsung these murderous acts shall fall :
 To black oblivion, that would cover all !——

No masts or sails these crowded ships adorn,
 Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn ;
 Here, mighty ills oppressed the imprisoned throng,
 Dull were our slumbers, and our nights were long—
 From morn to eve along the decks we lay
 Scorched into fevers by the solar ray ;
 No friendly *awning* cast a welcome shade,
 Once was it promised, and was never made ;
 No favours could these sons of death bestow,
 'Twas endless vengeance, all unceasing woe :
 Immortal hatred does their breasts engage,
 And this lost empire swells their souls with rage.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom lie,
Two, on the east, alarm the pitying eye——

There, the black SCORPION at her mooring rides,
There, STROMBLO swings, yielding to the tides ;
Here, bulky JERSEY fills a larger space,
And HUNTER, to all hospitals disgrace.—

Thou, SCORPION, fatal to thy crowded throng,
 Dire theme of horror, and Plutonian song,
 Requiress my lay—thy sultry decks I know,
 And all the torments that exist below !

The briny wave that Hudson's bosom fills
 Drained through her bottom in a thousand rills :
 Rotten and old, replete with sighs and groans,
 Scarce on the waters she sustained her bones ;
 Here, doomed to toil, or foundering in the tide,
 At the moist pumps incessantly we plied,
 Here, doomed to starve, like famished dogs we tore
 The scant allowance, that our tyrants bore.

Remembrance shudders at this scene of fears—
 Still in my view some tyrant chief appears,
 Some base-born Hessian slave walks threatening by,
 Some servile Scot, with murder in his eye,
 Still haunts my sight, as vainly they bemoan
Rebellions managed so unlike their own !

O may we never feel the poignant pain
 To live subjected to such fiends again,
Stewards and *Mates*, that hostile Britain bore,
 Cut from the gallows on their native shore ;
 Their ghastly looks and vengeance-beaming eyes
 Still to my view in dismal visions rise—

O may we ne'er review these dire abodes,
 These piles for slaughter, floating on the floods,—
 And you, that o'er the troubled ocean go,
 Strike not your standards to this venomed foe,
 Better the greedy wave should swallow all,
 Better to meet the death-conducting ball,
 Better to sleep on ocean's oozy bed,
 At once destroyed and numbered with the dead,
 Than thus to perish in the face of day
 Where twice ten thousand deaths one death delay.

When to the ocean sinks the western sun,
 And the scorched Tories fire their evening gun,
 " Down, rebels, down !" the angry Scotchmen cry,
 " *Base dogs, descend, or by our broad swords die !*"

Hail dark abode ! what can with thee compare——
 Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stagnant air——
 Pandora's box, from whence all mischiefs flew,
 Here real found, torments mankind anew !——
 Swift from the guarded decks we rushed along,
 And vainly sought repose, so vast our throng ;
 Four hundred wretches here, denied all light ;
 In crowded mansions pass the infernal night,
 Some for a bed their tattered vestments join,
 And some on chests, and some on floors recline ;
 Shut from the blessings of the evening air
 Pensive we lay with mingled corpses there,
 Meagre and wan, and scorched with heat, below,
 We looked like ghosts, ere death had made us so——
 How could we else, where heat and hunger joined
 Thus to debase the body and the mind,——
 Where cruel thirst the parching throat invades,
 Dries up the man, and fits him for the shades.

No waters laded from the bubbling spring
 To these dire ships these little tyrants bring——
 By plank and ponderous beams, completely walled,
 In vain for water and in vain we called——
 No drop was granted to the midnight prayer,
 To *rebels* in these regions of despair !——
 The loathsome cask a deadly dose contains,
 Its poison circling through the languid veins ;
 " Here, *generous* Briton, generous as you say,
 " To our parched tongues one cooling drop convey ,
 " Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,
 " Nor one tormentor like your *David Sproat*."*

Dull passed the hours, 'till, from the east displaye *d*,
 Sweet morn dispelled the horrors of the shade ;
 On every side the dire objects met the sight,
 And pallid forms, and murders of the night.——
 The dead were past their pain, the living groan,
 Nor dare to hope another morn their own ;
 But what to them is morn's delightful ray ?
 Sad and distressful as the close of day ;
 O'er distant streams appears the dewy green,
 And leafy trees on mountain tops are seen,
 But they no groves nor grassy mountains tread,
 Marked for a longer journey to the dead.

* A British superintendant of the prison ships.

k as the clouds, that shade St. Kilda's shore,
 as the winds, that round her mountains roar,
 ry post some surly vagrant stands,
 from the English or the Hessian bands,—
 sing death triumphantly they stand.
 musquets ready to obey command ;
 Is are their sport, as ruin is their aim :
 ir dark souls compassion has no claim,
 scord only can their spirits please :
 ere our tyrants here, and such were these.
 attitude ! no curse like thee is found
 ghout this jarring world's tumultuous round,
 hearts with malice to our country swell
 e, in former days, we used them well !—
 pierces deep, too deeply wounds the breast ;
 lped them naked, friendless, and distress,
 ed them, vagrants, with an open hand ;
 ed them buildings, privilege, and land—
 the change !—when angry Britain rose,
 thankless tribes became our fiercest foes,
 m devoted, plundered, and accurst,
 by the serpents, whom ourselves had nursed.
 such a train of endless woes abound,
 y mischiefs in these hulks are found,
 n them all a poem to prolong
 swell too far the horrors of our song—
 r and thirst, to work our woe, combine.
 ouldy bread, and flesh of rotten swine :
 angled carcase, and the battered brain,
 ctor's poison, and the captain's cane,
 ddier's musquet, and the steward's debt,
 ening shackle, and the noon-day threat.
 t balm, destructive to the pangs of care,
 Rome of old, nor Athens could prepare,
 gains the day for many a modern chief
 cool reflection yields a faint relief,
 harm, whose virtue warms the world beside,
 y these tyrants to our use denied ;
 yet they deigned that healthsome balm to lade
 utrid water felt its powerful aid,
 en refused—to aggravate our pains—
 evers raged and revelled through our veins ;

Throughout our frames we felt its deadly heat,
 We felt the pulse with quicker motions beat :
 A pallid hue o'er every face was spread,
 Unusual pains attacked the fainting head ;
 No physic here, no doctor to assist,
 With oaths, they placed us on the sick men's list ;
 Twelve wretches more the same dark symptoms took,
 And these were entered on the doctor's book ;
 The loathsome HUNTER was our destined place,
 The HUNTER to all hospitals disgrace ;
 With soldiers, sent to guard us on our road,
 Joyful we left the SCORPION's dire abode :
 Some tears we shed for the remaining crew,
 Then cursed the hulk, and from her sides withdrew—

CANTO III. *The Hospital Prison Ship.*

Now towards the HUNTER's gloomy sides we came
 A slaughter house, yet *hospital* in name ;
 For few came there, 'till ruined with *their* fees,
 And half consumed, and dying of disease ;—
 But when too near, with labouring oars we plied
 The *Mate*, with curses, drove us from the side ;
 That wretch who, banished from the navy crew,
 Grown old in blood, did here his trade renew,
 His rancorous tongue, when on his *charge* let loose,
 Uttered reproaches, scandal, and abuse,
 Gave all to hell, who dared his *king* disown,
 And swore mankind were made for *George* alone.
 A thousand times, to irritate our woe,
 He wished us foundered in the gulph below ;
 A thousand times, he brandished high his stick,
 And swore as often that we were not sick—
 And yet so pale!—that we were thought by some
 A freight of ghosts, from death's dominions come—
 But calmed at length—for who can always rage,
 Or the fierce war of boundless passion wage,
 He pointed to the stairs that led below
 To *damps*, disease, and varied shapes of woe—

Down to the gloom we took our pensive way,
 Along the decks the dying captives lay ;
 Some struck with madness, some with scurvy pained,
 But still of putrid fevers most complained !
 On the hard floors these wasted objects laid,
 There tossed and tumbled in the dismal shade,
 There no soft voice their bitter fate bemoaned,
 And death trode stately, while the victims groaned ;
 Of leaky decks I heard them long complain,
 Drowned as they were in deluges of rain,
 Denied the comforts of a dying bed,
 And not a pillow to support the head——
 How could they else but pine, and grieve, and sigh,
 Detest a wretched life—and wish to die.

Scarce had I mingled with this dismal band

When a thin victim seized me by the hand——

“ And art thou come,” (death heavy on his eyes)

“ And art thou come to these abodes,—(he cries ;)

“ Why didst thou leave the *Scorpion's* dark retreat,

“ And hither haste, a surer death to meet ?

“ Why didst thou leave thy damp infected cell ? —

“ If *that* was purgatory, this is hell——

“ We, too, grown weary of that horrid shade

“ Petitioned early for the doctor's aid ;

“ His aid denied, more deadly symptoms came,

“ Weak, and yet weaker, glowed the vital flame ;

“ And when disease had worn us down so low

“ That few could tell if we were ghosts, or no,

“ And all asserted death would be our fate——

“ Then to the doctor we were sent—too late.

“ Here wastes away *Eurymedon* the brave,

“ Here young *Palemon* finds a watery grave,

“ Here loved *Alcander*, now, alas ! no more ;

“ Dies, far sequestered from his native shore ;

“ He late, perhaps, too eager for the fray,

“ Chaced the proud Briton o'er the watery way,

“ Till fortune, jealous, bade her clouds appear,

“ Turned hostile to his fame, and brought him *here*.

“ Thus do our warriors, thus our heroes fall,

“ Imprisoned here, sure ruin meets them all,

“ Or, sent afar to Britain's barbarous shore,

“ There pine in prisons, and return no more :—

" Ah rest in peace. each injured, parted shade,
 " By cruel hands in death's dark weeds arrayed,
 " The days to come may to your memory raise
 " Piles on these shores, to spread through earth your
 praise."

The Hessian Doctor.

FROM *Brooklyn* heights a Hessian doctor came,
 Not great his skill, nor greater much his fame;
 Fair Science never called the wretch her son,
 And Art disdained the stupid man to own;—
 Can you admire that Science was so coy,
 Or Art refused his genius to employ!—
 Do men with brutes an equal dullness share,
 Or cuts yon' grovelling mole the midway air—
 In polar worlds can Eden's blossoms blow,
 Do trees of God in barren deserts grow.
 Are loaded vines to Etna's summit known,
 Or swells the peach beneath the frozen zone—
 Yet still he put his genius to the rack;
 And, as you may suppose, was owned a *quack*.

He on his charge the healing work begun
 With antimonial mixtures, by the tun,
Ten minutes was the time he deigned to stay,
 The time of grace allotted once a day.—
 He drenched us well with bitter draughts, 'tis true,
Nostrums from hell, and *cortex* from Peru—
 Some with his pills he sent to Pluto's reign,
 And some he blistered with his flies of Spain;
 His Tartar doses walked their deadly round,
 Till the lean patient at the potion frowned,
 And swore that hemlock, death, or what you will,
 Were nonsense to the drugs that stuffed his bill.—
 On those refusing, he bestowed a kick,
 Or menaced vengeance with a walking stick;—
 Here, uncontrouled, he exercised his trade,
 And grew experienced by the deaths he made,
 By frequent blows we from his cane endured
 He killed at least as many as he cured,
 On our lost comrades built his future fame,
 And scattered fate, where'er his footsteps came.

Some did not bend, submissive to his skill,
And swore he mingled poison with his pill,
But we acquit him by a fair confession,
He was no *Myrmidon*—he was a *Hessian*—
Although a beast, he had some sense of sin
Or else the Lord knows where we now had been ;
No doubt, in that far country sent to range
Where never prisoner meets with an exchange—
No centries stand, to guard the midnight posts,
Nor seal down hatch-ways on a crowd of ghosts.

Knave though he was, yet candour must confess
Not chief physician was this man of *Hesse*—
One master o'er the murdering tribe was placed,
By him the rest were honoured or disgraced ;
Once, and but once, by some strange fortune led
He came to see the dying and the dead—
He came—but anger so deformed his eye,
And such a faulcheon glittered on his thigh,
And such a gloom his visage darkened o'er,
And two such pistols in his hands he bore !
That, by the gods !—with such a load of steel,
He came, we thought, to murder, not to heal—
Rage in his heart, and mischief in his head,
He gloomed destruction, and had smote us dead,
Had he so dared—but fear with-held his hand—
He came—blasphemed—and turned again to land.

The Benevolent Captain.

From this poor vessel, and her sickly crew
A British seaman all his titles drew,
Captain, esquire, commander, too, in chief,
And hence he gained his bread, and hence his beef,
But, sir, you might have searched creation round
And such another ruffian not have found—
Though unprovoked, an angry face he bore,
All were astonished at the oaths he swore ;
He swore, till every prisoner stood aghast,
And thought him Satan in a brimstone blast ;
He wished us banished from the public light,
He wished us shrouded in perpetual night !
That were he king, no mercy would he show,
But drive all rebels to the world below ;

That if we *scoundrels* did not scrub the decks
~~His~~ staff should break our base *rebellious* necks ;—
 He swore, besides, that should the ship take fire
 We too must in the pitchy flames expire ;
 And meant it so—this tyrant, I engage,
 Had lost his life, to gratify his rage.

If where he walked a murdered carcase lay,
 Still dreadful was the language of the day—
 He called us dogs, and would have held us so,
 But terror checked the meditated blow,
 Of vengeance, from our injured nation due
 To him, and all the base unmanly crew.

Such food they sent, to make complete our woes,
 It looked like carrion torn from hungry crows :
 Such vermin vile on every joint were seen,
 So black, corrupted, mortified, and lean,
 That once we tried to move our flinty chief,
 And thus addressed him, holding up the beef ;
 “ See, captain, see ! what rotten bones we pick,
 “ What kills the healthy cannot *help* the sick :
 “ Not dogs on such by *Christian* men are fed,
 “ And see, good master, see, what lousy bread !”
 “ Your meat or bread (this man of death replied)
 “ ’Tis not my care to manage or provide—
 “ But this, base rebel dogs, I’d have you know,
 “ That better than you merit we bestow :
 “ Out of my sight !”—nor more he deigned to say,
 But whisked about, and frowning, strode away.

Conclusion.

Each day, at least six carcases we bore
 And scratched them graves along the sandy shore,
 By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,
 No stone, memorial, o’er the corpses laid :
 In barren sands, and far from home, they lie,
 No friend to shed a tear, when passing by ;
 O’er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
 Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead.
 When to your arms these fatal islands fall,
 (For first, or last, they must be conquered all)

Americans ! to rites sepulchral just,
 With gentlest footstep press this kindred dust,
 And o'er the tombs, if tombs can then be found,
 Place the green turf, and plant the myrtle round

These, all in Freedom's sacred cause allied,
 For Freedom ventured, and for Freedom died.
 To base subjection they were never broke,
 They could not bend beneath a foreign yoke :
 Had these survived, perhaps in thraldom held,
 To serve the Britons they had been compelled—
 Ungenerous deed !—can they the charge deny ?
 This to avoid how many chose to die !

Americans ! a just resentment shew,
 And glut revenge on this detested foe ;
 While the warm blood distends the glowing vein
 Still shall resentment in your bosoms reign :
 Can you forget the greedy Briton's ire,
 Your fields in ruin and your domes on fire,
 No age, no sex, from lust and murder free,
 And, black as night, the hell-born refugee !
 Must *York* forever your best blood entomb,
 And these gorged monsters triumph in our doom,
 Who leave no art of cruelty untried ;——
 Such heavy vengeance, and such hellish pride !
 Death has no charms—his realms dejected lie
 In the dull climate of a clouded sky,
 Death has no charms, except in British eyes,
 See, armed for blood, the ambitious vultures rise,
 See how they pant to stain the world with gore,
 And millions murdered, still would murder more ;
 That selfish race, from all the world disjoined,
 Perpetual discord spread among mankind,
 Aim to extend their empire o'er the ball,
 Subject, destroy, absorb, and conquer all ;
 As if the power, that formed us, did condemn
 All other nations to be slaves to them——
 Rouse from your sleep, and crush the invading band,
 Defeat, destroy, and sweep them from the land,
 Allied like you, what madness to despair,——
 Attack the ruffians while they linger there ;
 There *Tryon* sits, a tyrant all complete,
 See *Vaughan*, there, with rude *Knyphausen* meet,

And every wretch, whom honour should detest
There finds a home—and *Arnold* with the rest.

Ah ! traitors, lost to every sense of shame,
Unjust supporters of a tyrant's claim ;
Foes to the rights of freedom and of men,
Flushed with the blood of thousands you have slain,
To the just doom the righteous heavens decree
We leave you toiling still in cruelty,
Or on dark plans in future herds to meet,
Plans formed in hell, and projects half complete :

The years approach that may to ruin bring
Your lords, your chiefs, your desolating king,
Whose murderous deeds will stamp his name accurst,
And his *last efforts* more than damn the *first*.

ON

THE MEMORABLE VICTORY,

OBTAINED BY THE GALLANT CAPTAIN *JOHN PAUL JONES*, OF *LE BON HOMME RICHARD*, (OR *FATHER RICHARD*) OVER THE BRITISH SHIP OF WAR *SERAPHIS*, OF 44 GUNS, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN PEARSON :

First published in Mr. FRANCIS BAILEY's Freeman's Journal, Philadelphia, August, 1781.

O'ER the rough main, with flowing sheet,
The guardian of a numerous fleet,
 Seraphis from the Baltic came ;
A ship of less tremendous force
Sailed by her side the self-same course,
 Countess of Scarborough was her name.

And now their native coasts appear,
Britannia's hills their summits rear
 Above the German main :
Fond to suppose their dangers o'er,
They southward coast along the shore,
 Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.



Full forty guns Seraphis bore,
And Scarborough's Countess twenty-four,
Manned with Old England's boldest tars—
What flag that rides the Gallic seas
Shall dare attack such piles as these,
Designed for tumults and for wars !

Now from the top-mast's giddy height
A seaman cried—" Four sail in sight
" Approach with favouring gales,"
Pearson, resolved to save the fleet,
Stood off to sea, these ships to meet,
And closely braced his shivering sails.

With him advanced the Countess bold,
Like a black tar in wars grown old :
And now these floating piles drew nigh ;
But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame
In the other warlike squadron came,
Whose standards at his mast-head fly.

'Twas JONES, brave JONES, to battle led
As bold a crew as ever bled
Upon the sky-surrounded main ;
The standards of the western world
Were to the willing winds unfurled,
Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The *Good-Man-Richard* led the line ;
The *Alliance* next : with these combine
The Gallic ship they *Pallas* call ;
The *Vengeance*, armed with sword and flame ;
These to attack the Britons came—
But *two* accomplished all.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed :
But who can tell the scenes of dread,
The horrors of that fatal night !
Close up these floating castles came :
The *Good-Man-Richard* bursts in flame ;
Seraphis trembled at the sight.

She felt the fury of *her* ball :
 Down, prostrate, down the Britons fall ;
 The decks were strewed with slain :
 Jones to the foe his vessel lashed ;
 And, while the black artillery flashed,
 Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas ! that mortals should employ
 Such murdering engines, to destroy
 That frame by heaven so nicely joined ;
 Alas ! that e'er the god decreed
 That brother should by brother bleed,
 And poured such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear ;
 The rights of men demand your care :
 For *these* you dare the greedy waves—
 No tyrant, on destruction bent,
 Has planned thy conquests—thou art sent
 To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See !—dread Seraphis flames again—
 And art thou, Jones, among the slain,
 And sunk to Neptune's caves below—
 He lives—though crowds around him fall,
 Still he, unhurt, survives them all ;
 Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain ?
 Behold your brave companions slain,
 All clasped in ocean's cold embrace,
 STRIKE, OR BE SUNK—the Briton cries—
 SINK IF YOU CAN—the chief replies,
 Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,
 (Almost deserted by his crew)
 And charged them deep with woe ;
 By *Pearson's* flash he aimed hot balls ;
 His main-mast totters—down it falls—
 O'erwhelming half below.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

55

Pearson had yet disdained to yield,
But scarce his secret fears concealed,

And thus was heard to cry—

“ With hell, not mortals, I contend :

“ What art thou—human or a fiend,

“ That dost my force defy ?

“ Return, my lads, the fight renew !”——

So called bold Pearson to his crew ;

But called, alas ! in vain ;

Some on the decks lay maimed and dead ;

Some to their deep recesses fled,

And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distressed, forsaken, and alone,

He hauled his tattered standard down,

And yielded to his gallant foe ;

Bold *Pallas* soon the *Countess* took,——

Thus both their haughty colours struck,

. Confessing what the brave can do.

But, JONES, too dearly didst thou buy

These ships possess so gloriously,

Too many deaths disgraced the fray :

Your barque that bore the conquering flame,

That the proud Briton overcame,

Even she forsook thee on thy way ;

For when the morn began to shine,

Fatal to her, the ocean brine

Poured through each spacious wound ;

Quick in the deep she disappeared ;

But JONES to friendly *Belgia* steered,

With conquest and with glory crowned.

Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,

And bid these haughty Britons know

They to our *Thirteen Stars* shall bend ;

The *Stars* that, clad in dark attire,

Long glimmered with a feeble fire,

But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the Stars that flaming rise
 On western worlds, more brilliant skies,
 Fair Freedom's reign restored——
 So when the Magi, come from far,
 Beheld the God-attending star,
 They trembled and adored.

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

WHEN a certain great King, whose initial is G,
 Forces STAMPS upon paper, and folks to drink TEA ;
 When these folks burn his tea and stamp paper, like
 stubble,—
 You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

But when a PETITION he treads under feet,
 And sends over the ocean an army and fleet,
 When that army, half-famished, and frantic with rage
 Is cooped up with a leader, whose name rhymes to
 cage :
 When that leader goes home, dejected and sad ;
 You may then be assured the king's prospects are
 bad.

But when B. and C. with their armies are taken
 This king will do well, if he saves his own bacon :
 In the year seventeen hundred and eighty and two
 A stroke he may get, that will make him look blue :
 And soon, very soon, will the season arrive,
 When *Nebuchadnezzar* to pasture shall drive.

In the year eighty-three, the affair will be over
 And he shall eat turnips that grow in *Hanover* :
 The face of the Lion will then become pale,
 He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be sheered of his tail
 ——O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore,
 From the *Stars* and the *Stripes* you will mercy im-
 plore,
 And your Lion shall growl, but hardly bite more——

A USURER'S PRAYER.

——“ Ah ! merite-t-on ensuite le nom d'homme !—que le restera-t-il de cette grande opulence ? un cercueil de plomb, et quelques marbres sculptés !—Eh ! quand il est en ton pouvoir de metamorphoser ces pieces de metal en jouissances pures et intimes, apprends a les connoître, a les goûter : veux tu être maudit après ta mort, et que l'on dise ; “ il a dépensé pour son orangerie, pour ses chevaux, pour ses chiens —et pour les hommes, ses semblables—Rien !”*

VOLTAIRE.

“ O THOU who taught me first to think
An iron chest, and full of chink
Is better far than meat or drink ;

Who slyly whispered in my ear
That six per cent, a month, or near,
Is all that's worth attention here ;

Do thou my *honest aims* befriend,
Assist me to my journey's end,
And from the scourge of law defend :

O Satan ! I thy aid implore,
That thou wouldst yet increase my store,
Since *much* does always covet *more*.

If trading men upon me call
I'll *make things easy to them all*,
And they shall at my altar fall.

Thou prime inventor of all coin,
Of BANKS, who formed the vast design,
Give me but gold, and I am thine.

* Is he entitled to the name of a man ? can he carry his immense riches with him to another world ? no indeed ! a leaden coffin and a tombstone will there constitute all his possessions—Should he not rather, while it is in his power, change his money into riches of a more pure and interesting nature, and learn how to know and enjoy them—Why would he have himself cursed and abominated after his death, when the world will say, What sums he spent on his gardens, his horses, his dogs!—but to man, his fellow creature, he would give nothing.

I crave no blessings parsons prate on,
 My bags are what I rest my fate on,
 'Then fill them up—and take me, Satan.'

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OFFICERS, AND
 SOLDIERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

ACCEPT, great men, that share of honest praise
 A grateful nation to your merit pays :
 Verse is too mean your merit to display,
 And words too weak our praises to convey.

When first proud Britain raised her hostile hand
 With claims unjust to bind our native land,
 Transported armies, and her millions spent
 To enforce the mandate that a tyrant sent ;
 " Resist ! resist !" was heard through every state,
 You heard the call, and feared your country's fate ;
 Then rising fierce in arms, for war arrayed,
 You taught to vanquish those who dared invade.

Those *British chiefs* whom former wars had
 crowned

With conquest—and in every clime renowned ;
 Who forced new realms to own their monarch's law,
 And whom even George beheld with secret awe—
 Those mighty chiefs, compelled to fly or yield,
 Scarce dared to meet you on the embattled field ;
 To Boston's port you chased the trembling crew,
 Quick, even from thence the British veterans flew—
 Through wintry waves they fled, and thought each
 wave

Their last, best safety from a foe so brave.

What men, like you, our warfare could command,
 And bring us safely to the promised land ?

Not swoln with pride, with victory elate—
 'Tis in misfortune you are doubly great :
 When *Howe* victorious our weak armics chased,
 And, sure of conquest, laid *Cesarea* waste,
 When prostrate, bleeding, at his feet she lay,
 And the proud victor tore her wreathes away,
 Each gallant chief put forth his warlike hand,
 And raised the drooping genius of the land,
 Repelled the foe, their choicest warriors slain,
 And drove them howling to their ships again.

While *others* kindle into martial rage
 Whom fierce ambition urges to engage,
 An iron race, by angry heaven designed
 To conquer first, and then enslave mankind ;
 Here, chiefs and heroes more humane we see,
 They venture life, that others may be free.

O ! MAY you live to hail that glorious day
 When Britain homeward shall pursue her way—
 That race subdued, who filled the world with slain
 And rode tyrannic o'er the subject main !—
 What few presumed, you boldly have achieved,
 A tyrant humbled, and a world relieved.

O WASHINGTON, who leadst this glorious train,
 Still may the fates thy valued life maintain—
 Rome's boasted chiefs, who, to their own disgrace,
 Proved the worst scourges of the human race,
 Pierced by whose darts a thousand nations bled,
 Who captive princes at their chariots led ;
 Born to enslave, to ravage, and subdue—
 Return to *nothing*, when compared to you ;
 Throughout the world your growing fame has spread,
 In every country are your virtues read ;
 Remotest *India* hears your deeds of fame,
 The hardy Scythian stammers at your name ;
 The haughty Turk, now longing to be free,
 Neglects his *Sultan* to enquire of thee ;
 The barbarous Briton hails you to his shores,
 And calls him *Rebel*—whom his heart adores.

Still may the heavens prolong your vital date,
 And still may conquest on your banners wait :
 Whether afar to ravaged lands you go,
 Where wild *Potowmac's* rapid waters flow,

Or where *Saluda* laves the fertile plain
 And, swoln by torrents, rushes to the main ;
 Or if again to *Hudson* you repair
 To smite the cruel foe that lingers there—
 Revenge *their* cause, whose virtue was their crime,
 The exiled hosts from Carolina's clime.

Late from the world, in quiet mayest thou rise
 And, mourned by millions, reach your native skies—
 With patriot kings and generous chiefs to shine,
 Whose virtues raised them to be deemed divine :
 May VASA* only equal honours claim,
 Alike in merits—not the first in fame ! [1781.]

A NEW-YORK TORY,

TO HIS

FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR Sir, I'm so anxious to hear of your health
 I beg you would send me a letter by stealth :
 I hope a few months will quite alter the case,
 When the wars are concluded, we'll meet and embrace.

For I'm led to believe, from our brilliant success,
 And, what is as clear, your amazing distress,
 That the cause of rebellion has met with a check
 That will bring all its patrons to hang by the neck.

Cornwallis has managed so well in the South,
 Those rebels want victuals to put in their mouth ;
 And Arnold has stript them, we hear, to the buff—
 Has burnt their tobacco, and left them the snuff,

Dear Thomas, I wish you would move from that
 town

Where meet all the rebels of fame and renown ;

* GUSTAVUS VASA, of Sweden, the deliverer of his country.

When our armies, victorious, shall clear that vile nest
You may chance, though a Tory, to swing with the
rest.

But again—on reflection—I beg you would stay—
You may serve us yet better than if moved away—
Give advice to Sir HARRY of all that is passing,
What vessels are building, what cargoes amassing :

Inform, to a day, when those vessels will sail,
That our cruisers may capture them all, without
fail—

By proceedings, like these, your peace will be made
The rebellious shall swing, but be you ne'er afraid.

I cannot conceive how you do to subsist—
The rebels are starving, except those who 'list ;
And as you reside in the land of Gomorrah,
You must fare as the rest do, I think, to your sorrow.

Poor souls ! if ye knew what a doom is decreed,
(I mean not for you, but for rebels indeed)
You would tremble to think of the vengeance in store,
The halters and gibbets—I mention no more.

The rebels must surely conclude they're undone,
Their navy is ruined, their armies have run ;
It is time they should now from delusion awaken—
The rebellion is done—for the TRAUMBULL* is taken !

TO LORD CORNWALLIS,

AT YORK—VIRGINIA.

HAIL, great destroyer (equalled yet by none)
Of countries not your master's, nor your own ;
Hatched by some demon on a stormy day,
Satan's best substitute to burn and slay ;
Confined at last ; hemmed in by land and sea,
Burgoyne himself was but a type of thee !

* An American 36 gun frigate captured by the British.

Like his, to freedom was your deadly hate,
 Like his your baseness, and be his your fate :
 To you, like him, no prospect Nature yields
 But ruined wastes and desolated fields—
 In vain you raise the interposing wall,
 And hoist those standards that, like you, must fall,
 In you conclude the glories of your race,
 Complete your monarch's and your own disgrace.

What has your lordship's pilfering arms attained
 Vast stores of *plunder*, but no STATE regained—
 That may return, though you perhaps may groan,
 Restore it, CHARLEY, for 'tis not your own—
 Then, lord and soldier, headlong to the brine
 Rush down at once—the devil and the swine.

Wouldst thou at last with *Washington* engage,
 Sad object of his pity, not his rage ?
 See, round thy posts how terribly advance
 The chiefs, the armies, and the fleets of France ;
 Fight while you can, for warlike *Rochambeau*
 Aims at your head his last decisive blow ;
 Unnumbered ghosts from earth untimely sped,
 Can take no rest till you, like them, are dead—
 Then die, my lord ; that only chance remains
 To wipe away dishonourable stains,
 For small advantage would your capture bring,
 The *plundering servant of a bankrupt king*. [178

A LONDON DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN MY LORDS, DUNMORE AND GERMAINE.

Dunmore.

EVER since I returned to my dear native shore,
 No poet in *Grubstreet* was ever dunned more—
 I'm dunned by my barber, my taylor, my groom ;
 How can I do else than to fret and to fume ?

'They join to attack me with one good accord,
From morning 'till night 'tis "my lord, and my lord."
And there comes the cobbler, so often denied—
If I had him in private, I'd thresh his tough hide.

Germaine.

Would you worry the man that has found you in
shoes?

Come, courage, my lord, I can tell you good news—
Virginia is conquered, the rebels are banged,
You are now to go over and see them safe hanged :
I hope it is not to your nature abhorrent
To sign for these wretches a handsome death war-
rant—

Were I but in your place, I'm sure it would suit
To sign their death warrants, and hang them to boot.

Dunmore.

My lord !—I'm amazed—have we routed the foe ?—
I shall govern again then, if matters be so—
And as to the hanging, in short, to be plain,
I'll hang them so well, they'll ne'er want it again.
With regard to the wretches who thump at my gates,
I'll discharge all their dues with the rebel estates ;
In less than three months I may send a polacca
As deep as she'll swim, sir, with corn and tobacco.

Germaine.

And send us some rebels—a dozen or so—
They'll serve here in *London* by way of a show ;
And as to the tories, believe me dear cousin,
We can spare you some hundreds to pay for the
dozen.

LORD CORNWALLIS

TO SIR HENRY CLINTON.

[FROM YORK—VIRGINIA.]

FROM clouds of smoke, and flames that round me
glow,

To you, dear Clinton, I disclose my woe.
Here cannons flash, bombs glance, and bullets fly ;
Not ARNOLD's self endures such misery.
Was I foredoomed in tortures to expire,
Hurled to perdition in a blaze of fire ?
With these blue flames can mortal man contend—
What arms can aid me, or what walls defend ?
Even to these gates last night a phantom strode,
And hailed me trembling to his dark abode :
Aghast I stood, struck motionless and dumb,
Seized with the horrors of the world to come.

Were but my power as mighty as my rage,
For different battles would Cornwallis wage,
Beneath his sword yon' threat'ning hosts should
groan,

The earth would quake with thunders all his own.
O crocodile ! had I thy flinty hide,
Swords to defy, and glance the balls aside,
By my own prowess would I rout the foe,
With my own javelin would I work their woe—
But fates averse, by heaven's supreme decree,
Nile's serpent formed more excellent than me.

Has heaven, in secret, for some crime decreed
That I should suffer, and my soldiers bleed ?
Or is it by the jealous powers concealed,
That I must bend, and they ignobly yield ?
Ah ! no—the thought o'erwhelms my soul with grief—
Come, bold sir Harry, come to my relief ;
Come, thou brave man, whom rebels *Tombstone* call—
But Britons, *Graves*,—come Digby, devil, and all ;
Come, princely WILLIAM, with thy potent aid,
Can George's blood by Frenchmen be dismayed ?

From a king's *uncle* once Scotch rebels run,
And shall not these be routed by a *son* ?
Come with your ships to this disastrous shore,
Come—or I sink—and sink to rise no more.
By every motive that can sway the brave
Haste, and my feeble, fainting army save ;
Come, and lost empire o'er the deep regain,
Chastise these upstarts that usurp the main ;
I see their first rates to the charge advance,
I see lost *Iris* wear the flags of France ;
There a strict rule the wakeful Frenchman keeps,
There, on no bed of down, lord *Rawdon* sleeps !

Tired with long acting on this bloody stage,
Sick of the follies of a wrangling age,
Come with your fleet, and help me to retire
To Britain's coast, the land of my desire—
For, me the foe their certain captive deem,
And every trifler takes me for his theme—
Long, much too long, in this hard service tried,
Bespattered still, bedeviled, and belied ;
With the first chance that favouring fortune sends
I fly, converted, from this land of fiends ;
Convinced, for me, she has no gems in store,
Nor leaves one triumph, even to hope for more.

[1781]



ON THE FALL

OF GEN. EARL CORNWALLIS,

WHO, WITH ABOUT SEVEN THOUSAND MEN, SUR-
 RENDERED THEMSELVES PRISONERS OF WAR, TO
 THE ALLIED ARMIES OF AMERICA AND FRANCE,
 ON THE MEMORABLE NINETEENTH OF OCTOBER,
 1781.

*" One brilliant game our arms have won to-day,
 Another, PRINCES, yet remains to play ;
 Another mark our arrows must attain—
 GALLIA* assist !—nor be our efforts vain."*

Hom. Odyssey, Book XXII.

A CHIEFTAIN, formed on *Howe, Burgoyne, and
 Gage,*

Once more, nor this the last, provokes my rage—
 Who saw these *Nimrods* first for-conquest burn !
 Who has not seen them to the dust return ?
 This *conqueror* next, who ravaged all our fields,
 Foe to the Rights of Man, Cornwallis yields !—
 None e'er before essayed such desperate crimes,
 Alone he stood, arch-butcher of the times,
 Roved, uncontrouled, this wasted country o'er,
 Strewed plains with dead, and bathed his jaws with
 gore.

'Twas thus the wolf, who sought by night his prey,
 And plundered all he met with on his way,
 Stole what he could, and murdered as he passed,
 Chanced on a trap, and lost his head at last.

What pen can write, what human tongue declare
 The endless murders of this LORD of WAR !
 Nature in him disgraced the form divine ;
 Nature mistook, she meant him for a—swine :
 That eye his forehead, to her shame, adorns ;
 Blush ! Nature, blush—bestow him tail and horns !—
 By him the orphan mourns—the widowed dame
 Saw ruin spreading in the wasteful flame ;

* In the original,—“Phœbus assist !—Nor be the labour vain.”

Gashed o'er with wounds, beheld with streaming eye
A son, a brother, or a consort, die !——

Through ruined realms bones lie without a tomb,
And souls he sped to their eternal doom,
Who else had lived, and seen their toils again
Blessed by the genius of the rural reign.

Convinced we are, no foreign spot of earth
But Britain only, gave this warrior birth :
That white-cliffed isle, the vengeful tyrants' den,
Has sent us monsters, where we looked for men.
When memory paints their horrid deeds anew,
And brings these murdering miscreants to our view.
We ask the leaders of these bloody bands,
Can they expect compassion at our hands ?——

But may this year, the glorious EIGHTY-ONE,
Conclude successful, and all wars be done ;
This brilliant year their total downfall see,
And what Cornwallis is, Sir HENRY be.

O come the time, nor distant be the day,
When our swift navy shall its wings display ;
Manned by brave souls, to seek the British shore,
The wrongs revenging that their fathers bore :
As earthquakes shook the huge Colossus down,
So shake the wearer of the British crown ;
Unpitied next his hated offspring slay,
Or into foreign lands by force convey :
Give them their turn to pine and die in chains,
'Till not one tyrant of the race remains.

Thou, who residest on those thrice happy shores,
Where white-robed peace her envied blessings pours,
Stay, and enjoy the pleasures that she yields ;
But come not, stranger, to our wasted fields,
For warlike hosts on every plain appear ;
War damps the beauties of the rising year :
In vain the groves their bloomy sweets display ;
War's clouded winter chills the charms of May :
Here human blood the trampled harvest stains ;
Here bones of men yet whiten all the plains ;
Seas teem with dead ; and our unhappy shore
Forever blushes with its children's gore.

But turn your eyes—behold the tyrant fall,
Nor say—Cornwallis has atchieved it all.—

All mean revenge AMERICANS disdain,
 Oft have they proved it, and now prove again,
 With nobler fires their liberal bosoms glow;
 Still in the captive they forget the foe :—
 But when a *nation* takes a wrongful cause,
 And hostile turns to heaven's and nature's laws,
 When, sacrificing at ambition's shrine,
 Kings slight the mandates of the power divine,
 And devastation spread on every side,
 To gratify their malice or their pride,
 And send their slaves, their projects to fulfil,
 To wrest our freedom, or our blood to spill :—
 Such to forgive, is virtue too sublime;
 For, even compassion has been found a crime.

A prophet once, for miracles renowned,
 Bade *Joash* smite the arrows on the ground—
 Taking the mystic shafts, the prince obeyed,
 Thrice smote them on the earth—and then he stay-
 ed—

Grieved when he saw full victory denied,
 "Six times you should have smote," the prophet
 cried,
 "Then had proud *Syria* sunk beneath your power;—
 "Now thrice you smite her—but shall smite no
 more."

Cornwallis ! thou art ranked among the great;
 Such was the will of all-controlling fate.
 As mighty men, who lived in days of yore,
 Were figured out some centuries before;
 So you with them in equal honour join,
 Your great precursor's name was *Jack Burgoyne* !
 Like you was he, a man in arms renowned,
 Who, hot for conquest, sailed the ocean round;
 This, this was he, who scoured the woods for praise,
 And burnt down cities to describe the blaze !

So, while on fire, his harp Rome's tyrant strung,
 And as the buildings flamed, old Nero sung.

Who could have guessed the purpose of the fates,
 When that *vain boaster* bowed to conquering GATES ?
 Then sung the sisters, as the wheel went round,
 (Could we have heard the invigorating sound)

Thus surely did the fatal sisters sing—

“ When just four years do this same season bring,

“ And in his annual journey, when the sun

“ Four times completely shall his circuit run,

“ An *angel* then shall rid you of your fears,

“ By binding Satan for a thousand years,

“ Shall lash his godship to the infernal shore,

“ To waste the nations, and deceive no more ;

“ Make wars, and blood, and tyranny to cease,

“ And hush the rage of Europe into peace.”

Joy to your lordship, and your high descent,

You are the Satan that the *sisters* meant.

Too soon you found your race of ruin run,

Your conquests ended, and your battles done !

But that to live is better than to die,

And life you chose, though life with infamy,

You should have climbed your loftiest vessel's mast

Took one sad survey of your wanton waste,

Then plunged forever to the watery bed,

Lost all your honours—even your memory dead.

Ashamed to live, and yet afraid to die,

Your courage slackened as your foe drew nigh—

Ungrateful chief, to yield your *favourite band*

To chains and prisons, in a hostile land :

To the wide world your *Negro fiends* to cast,

And leave your *Tories* to be hanged at last !—

You should have fought with horror and amaze,

'Till scorched to cinders in the cannon blaze,

'Till all your host of Gog-magogs was slain,

Doomed to disgrace no human shape again—

From depths of woods this hornet host he drew—

Swift from the south the envenomed ruffians flew ;—

Destruction followed at their *claven* feet,

'Till you, *Fayette*, constrained them to retreat,

And held them close, 'till your famed squadron came,

DE GRASSE, completing their eternal shame.

When the loud cannon's unremitting glare,

And red hot balls compelled *you* to despair,

How could you stand to meet your generous foe ?

Did not the sight confound with rage and woe ?—

In thy great soul what godlike virtues shine,

What inborn greatness, WASHINGTON, is thine !—

Else had no prisoner trod these lands to-day,
 All, with his lordship, had been swept away,
 All doomed alike death's vermin to regale,
 Nor one been left to tell the dreadful tale !
 But his own terms the mean invader named—
 He nobly gave the *prisoner* all he claimed,
 And bade Cornwallis, conquered and distressed,
 Bear all his torments in one tortured breast.

Now cursed with life, a *foe* to man and God,
 Like *Cain*, we drive you to the land of *Nod* :
 He with a brother's blood his hands did stain,
 One brother he—you have a thousand slain.

On eagle's wings explore your homeward flight,
 Plan future conquests, and new battles fight :
 Such horrid deeds your murdering host defame
 We grieve to think their form, and ours, the same :
 Remorse be theirs!—even you, though much too late,
 Shall curse the day you languished to be great :
 And, may destruction rush, with speedy wing,
 Low as yourself, to drag each tyrant king ;
 Swept from this stage, the race that vex our ball,
 Deep in the dust may every monarch fall,
 To wasted nations bid a long adieu,
 Shrink from an injured world—and fare like YOU.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE BRAVE AMERICANS,

UNDER GENERAL GREENE, IN SOUTH CAROLINA, WHO
 FELL IN THE ACTION OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1781.

AT EUTAW springs the valiant died :
 Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—
 Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide ;
 How many heroes are no more !

If in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here !

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign ;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest !

Stranger, their humble graves adorn ;
You too may fall, and ask a tear :
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear—

They saw their injured country's woe ;
The flaming town, the wasted field ;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe ;
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, GREENE,
The Britons they compelled to fly:
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved, in such a cause to die—

But, like the Parthian, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw ;
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band ;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust, they find a happier land,
A brighter sun-shine of their own.

TO AN OLD MAN.

WHY, dotard, wouldst thou longer groan
Beneath a weight of years and woe—
Thy youth is lost, thy pleasures flown,
And age proclaims, 'Tis time to go."

To willows sad and weeping yews
With us awhile, old man, repair,
Nor to the vault thy steps refuse,
Thy constant home must soon be there.

To summer suns and winter moons
Prepare to bid a long adieu,
Autumnal seasons shall return
And spring shall bloom, but not for you.

Why so perplext with cares and toil
To rest upon this darksome road ;
'Tis but a thin, a thirsty soil,
A barren and a bleak abode.

Constrained to dwell with pain and care,
These dregs of life are bought too dear,
'Tis better far to die, than bear
The torments of life's closing year.

Subjected to perpetual ills
A thousand deaths around us grow :
The frost the tender blossom kills,
And roses wither as they blow.

Cold, nipping winds your fruits assail,
The blasted apple seeks the ground,
The peaches fall, the cherries fail,
The grape receives a mortal wound.

The breeze, that gently ought to blow,
Swells to a storm, and rends the main ;
The sun, that charmed the grass to grow
Turns hostile, and consumes the plain ;

The mountains waste, the shores decay,
Once purling streams are dead and dry—
'Twas Nature's work—'tis Nature's play,
And Nature says, that all must die.

Yon' flaming lamp, the source of light,
In chaos dark may shroud his beam
And leave the world to mother Night,
A farce, a phantom, or a dream.

What now is young, must soon be old,
 What'er we love, we soon must leave :
 'Tis now too hot, 'tis now too cold—
 To live, is nothing but to grieve.

How bright the morn her course begun,
 No mists bedimmed the solar sphere—
 The clouds arise—they shade the sun,
 For nothing can be constant here.

Now hope the longing soul employs,
 In expectation we are blest ;
 But soon the airy phantom flies,
 For, lo ! the treasure is possest.

Those monarchs proud that havoc spread,
 (While pensive REASON dropt a tear)
 Those monarchs have to darkness fled,
 And ruin bounds their mad career.

The grandeur of this earthly round,
 Where folly would forever stay,
 Is but a name, is but a sound—
 Mere emptiness and vanity.

Give me the stars, give me the skies,
 Give me the heaven's remotest sphere,
 Above these gloomy scenes to rise
 Of desolation and despair.

Those native fires, that warmed the mind,
 Now languid grown, too dimly glow,
 Joy has to grief the heart resigned,
 And love, itself, is changed to woe.

The joys of wine are all you boast,—
 These, for a moment, damp your pain ;
 The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost—
 And darkness clouds the soul again.

Then seek no more for bliss below,
 Where real bliss can ne'er be found ;
 Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow
 And fairer flowers bedeck the ground ;

Where plants of life the plains invest ;
 And green eternal crowns the year,
 The little god, that warms the breast,
 Is weary of his mansion here.

Like Phosphor, sent before the day,
 His height meridian to regain,
 The dawn arrives—he must not stay
 To shiver on a frozen plain.

Life's journey past, for fate prepare,—
 'Tis but the freedom of the mind ;
 Jove made us mortal—his we are,
 To Jove, be all our cares resigned.

PROLOGUE

TO A THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN

PHILADELPHIA.

WARS, cruel wars, and hostile Britain's rage
 Have banished long the pleasures of the stage ;
 From the gay painted scene compelled to part,
 (Forgot the melting language of the heart)
 Constrained to shun the bold theatric show,
 To act long tragedies of real woe,
 Heroes, once more attend the comic muse ;
 Forget our failings, and our faults excuse.

In that fine language is our fable drest
 Which still unrivalled, reigns o'er all the rest ;
 Of foreign courts the study and the pride,
 Who to know *this*, abandon all beside ;
 Bold, though polite, and ever sure to please ;
 Correct with grace, and elegant with ease ;
 Soft from the lips its easy accents roll,
 Formed to delight and captivate the soul :
 In this *Eugenia* tells her easy lay,
 The brilliant work of courtly Beaumarchais :

this *Racine*, *Voltaire*, and *Boileau* sung,
 the noblest poets, in the noblest tongue.
 If the soft story in our play expressed
 can give a moment's pleasure to your breast,
 O you, GREAT MEN,* we must be proud to say
 That moment's pleasure shall our pains repay :
 Returned from conquest and from glorious toils,
 From armies captured and unnumbered spoils ;
 Ere yet again with generous France allied,
 You rush to battle, humbling British pride ;
 While arts of peace your kind protection share,
 O let the muses claim an equal care,
 You bade us first our future greatness see,
 Inspired by you, we languished to be free ;
 Even here, where Freedom lately sat distressed,
 See, a new ATHENS rising in the west !
 Fair Science blooms, where tyrants reigned before,
 Red war, reluctant, leaves our ravaged shore—
 Illustrious heroes, may you live to see
 These new Republics powerful, great, and free ;
 Peace, heaven born peace, o'er spacious regions
 spread,
 While discord, sinking, veils her ghastly head.

[1782.]

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE RUINS OF A COUNTRY INN, UN-
 ROOFED AND BLOWN DOWN IN A STORM.

WHERE now these mingled ruins lie
 A temple once to Bacchus rose,
 Beneath whose roof, aspiring high,
 Full many a guest forgot his woes :

*Addressed to the *Commander in Chief*; and several of the *Officers*
 of the *American Army*, then present, at the theatre in Southwark.

No more this dome, by tempests torn,
Affords a social safe retreat ;
But ravens here, with eye forlorn,
And clustering bats henceforth will meet.

The Priestess of this ruined shrine,
Unable to survive the stroke,
Presents no more the ruddy wine,
Her glasses gone, her china broke.

The friendly Host, whose social hand
Accosted strangers at the door,
Has left at length his wonted stand,
And greets the weary guest no more.

Old creeping Time, that brings decay,
Might yet have spared these mouldering walls,
Alike beneath whose potent sway
A temple or a tavern falls.

Is this the place where mirth and joy,
Coy nymphs and sprightly lads were found ?
Indeed ! no more the nymphs are coy,
No more the flowing bowls go round.

Is this the place where festive song
Deceived the wintry hours away ?
No more the swains the tune prolong,
No more the maidens join the lay :

Is this the place where Nancy slept
In downy beds of blue and green ?—
Dame Nature here no vigils kept,
No cold unfeeling guards were seen.

'Tis gone !—and Nancy tempts no more,
Deep, unrelenting silence reigns ;
Of all that pleased, that charmed before,
'The tottering chimney scarce remains !

Ye tyrant winds, whose ruffian blast
Through doors and windows blew too strong,
And all the roof to ruin cast,
The roof that sheltered us so long.

Our wrath appeased, I pray be kind
 Mopsus should the dome renew ;
 That we again may quaff his wine,
 Again collect our jovial crew.

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, THE ROYAL ADVENTURER.

—“ *Elles ont brillé près du trône, à raison de leurs charmes. Il a fallu que leurs esclaves ne s'éloignassent point du séjour de leur puissance. Elles sont devenues les reines de la société, et les arbitres du goût et des plaisirs : Elles ont vu, avec indifférence, leurs pères, leurs époux, leurs fils humiliés, pourvu qu'elles continuassent s'agiter dans le tourbillon des cours,*” &c.*
 Mirabeau.

PRINCE WILLIAM, of the Brunswick race,
 To witness George's sad disgrace
 The royal lad came over,
 Rebels to kill, by *Right Divine*—
 Derived from that illustrious line,
 The beggars of Hanover.
 So many chiefs got broken pates
 In vanquishing the rebel States,
 So many nobles fell,
 That George the third in passion cried,
 Our royal blood must now be tried :
 'Tis that must break the spell :

* The favourites of a throne bask in its sunshine, like butterflies in a fine day. Their very slaves, at the foot of royalty partake of the delusion. They keep a nation under their feet and their every folly influences, and is followed by, the multitude. They care not if their fathers, and their nearest relatives, are trampled into the dust, provided they can figure away in the circles of a court, &c.

" To you (the fat pot-valiant SWINE
 " To DIGBY said) dear friend of mine,
 " To you I trust my boy ;
 " The rebel tribes shall quake with fears,
 " Rebellion die when he appears,
 " My TORIES leap with joy."

So said, so done—the lad was sent,
 But never reached the continent,
 An island held him fast—
 Yet there his friends danced rigadoons,
 The Hessians sung, in High Dutch tunes,
 " Prince William's come at last."

" Prince William comes !"—the Briton said—
 " Our labours, now, will be repaid—
 " *Dominion* be restored—
 " Our monarch is in William seen,
 " He is the image of our queen,
 " Let William be adored !"

The Tories came with long address,
 With poems groaned the *Royal Press*,
 And all in William's praise—
 The youth astonished looked about
 To find their *vast dominions* out,
 Then answered, in amaze :

" Where all your vast *domain* can be,
 " Friends, for my soul I cannot see :
 " 'Tis but an empty name ;
 " Three wasted islands, and a town
 " In rubbish buried, half burnt down,
 " Is all that we can claim :

" I am of royal birth, 'tis true,
 " But what, my sons, can princes do,
 " No armies to command ?—
 " Cornwallis conquered and distress,
 " Sir Henry Clinton grown a jest—
 " I curse—and quit the land."

LORD DUNMORE'S PETITION,*

TO THE

LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA.

HUMBLY SHEWETH—

HAT a silly old fellow, much noted of yore,
 nd known by the name of John, earl of Dunmore,
 as again ventured over to visit your shore.

he reason of this he begs leave to explain—
 England they said you were conquered and slain,
 but the devil take him who believes them again)—

o, hearing that most of you Rebels were dead,
 hat some had submitted, and others had fled,
 mustered my Tories, myself at their head,

nd over we scudded, our hearts full of glee,
 s merry as ever poor devils could be,
 ur *ancient dominion*, Virginia, to see;

ur shoe-boys, and tars, and the very cook's mate
 ready conceived he possessed an estate,
 nd the Tories no longer were cursing their fate.

yself, (the don Quixote) and each of the crew,
 ke Sancho, had islands and empires in view—
 hey were captains, and kings, and the devil knows
 who :

at now, to our sorrow, disgrace, and surprise,
 o longer deceived by the *Father of Lies*,
 e hear with our ears, and we see with our eyes :—

have therefore to make you a modest request,
 and I'm sure, in my mind, it will be for the best)
 dmit me again to your mansions of rest.

* This and a number of preceding and subsequent poems relating to the political affairs of the revolutionary war, were first published in *Mr. Francis Bailey's Freeman's Journal* from 1781 to 1784.

There are Eden, and Martin, and Franklin, and
 Tryon,
 All waiting to see you submit to the Lion,
 And may wait 'till the devil is king of Mount Sion :—
 Though a brute and a dunce, like the rest of the clan,
 I can govern as well as most Englishmen can ;
 And if I'm a drunkard, I still am a man :
 I miss'd it some how in comparing my notes,
 Or six years ago I had joined with your votes ;
 Not aided the negroes in cutting your throats.
 Although with so many hard names I was branded,
 I hope you'll believe, (as you will, if your candid)
 That I only performed what my master commanded.
 Give me lands, whores, and dice, and you still may be
 free ;
 Let who will be master, we sha'nt disagree ;
 If king or if Congress—no matter to me ;—
 I hope you will send me an answer straitway,
 For 'tis plain that at Charleston we cannot long stay,
 —And your humble petitioner ever shall pray.
January, 1782.

EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE TITLE OF MR. RIVINGTON'S*
 NEW-YORK ROYAL GAZETTE BEING SCARCELY LE-
 GIBLE.

SAYS Satan to Jemmy, " I hold you a bet
 " That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette,
 " Or, between you and me, you would manage things
 better
 " Than the Title to print on so sneaking a letter.

* *Royal printer to his Britannic majesty, while his forces held the city of New York, from 1776 to November 25, 1783.*

“ Now being connected so long in the art,
 “ It would not be prudent at present to part ;
 “ And people, perhaps, would be frightened, and fret
 “ If the devil alone carried on the Gazette.”

Says Jemmy to Satan (by way of a wipe)

“ Who gives me the matter should furnish the type ;
 “ And why you find fault, I can scarcely divine,
 “ For the types, like the printer, are certainly thine.
 “ ’Tis yours to deceive with the semblance of truth,
 “ Thou friend of my age, and thou guide of my youth!
 “ But, to prosper, pray send me some further supplies,
 “ A sett of new types, and a sett of new lies.” [1782.

LINES

*Occasioned by MR. RIVINGTON’S new titular types to
 his Royal Gazette.*

WELL—now (said the devil) it looks something
 better !

Your title is struck on a *charming* new letter :

Last night in the dark, as I gave it a squint,
 I saw my dear partner had taken the hint.

I ever surmised (though ’twas doubted by some)
 That the old types were shadows of substance to
 come :

But if the NEW LETTER is pregnant with charms

It grieves me to think of those cursed King’s Arms.

The *Dieu et mon droit* (his God and his right)

Is so dim, that I hardly know what is meant by it ;

The paws of the Lion can scarcely be seen,

And the Unicorn’s guts are most shamefully lean !

The *Crown* is so worn of your master the despot,

That I hardly know which ’tis (a crown or a pisspot)

When I rub up my day-lights, and look very sharp

I just-can distinguish the Irishman’s harp,

Another device appears rather silly,
 Alas ! it is only the shade of the LILLY !
 For the honour of George, and the fame of our na-
 tion,
 Pray, give his escutcheons a rectification—
 Or I know what I know (and I'm a queer shaver)
 Of HIM and his arms I'll be the In-graver. [1782.]

ON MR. RIVINGTON'S

NEWLY ENGRAVED KING'S ARMS,

TO HIS ROYAL GAZETTE.

FROM the regions of night, with his head in a sack,
 Ascended a person accoutred in black,
 And upward directing his circular eye whites ;
 (Like the Jure-divino political Levites)
 And leaning his elbow on Rivington's shelf,
 While the printer was busy, thus mused with him-
 self :

" My mandates are fully complied with at last,
 " New ARMS are engraved, and new letters are cast ;
 " I therefore determine and freely accord,
 " This servant of mine shall receive his reward."
 Then turning about, to the printer he said,
 " Who late was my *servant* shall now be my *aid* ;
 " Since under my banners so bravely you fight,
 " ~~Kneel~~ *Kneel* down—for your merits I dubb you a KNIGHT,
 " From a passive *subaltern* I bid you to rise
 " The INVENTOR, as well as the PRINTER OF LIES."
 [1782.]

A SPEECH

*That should have been spoken by the King of the Island
of Britain to his Parliament.*

MY lords, I can hardly from weeping refrain,
When I think of this year, and its cursed campaign ;
But still it is folly to whine and to grieve,
For things will yet alter, I hope and believe.

Of the four southern States we again are bereaved,
They were just in our grasp (or I'm sadly deceived):
There are wizzards and witches that dwell in those
lands

For the moment we gain *them*, *they* slip from our
hands.

Our prospects, at present, most gloomy appear ;
Cornwallis returns, with a flea in his ear,
Sir Henry is sick of his station, we know—
And Amherst, though pressed, is unwilling to go.

The HERO* that steered for the cape of Good Hope
With Monsieur Suffrein was unable to cope—
Many months are elapsed, yet his task is to do—
To conquer the Cape, and to conquer Peru :

When his squadron at Portsmouth he went to equip,
He promised great things from his FIFTY-GUN SHIP ;
But, let him alone—while he knows which is which,
He'll not be so ready to "*die in a ditch.*"

This session, I thought to have told you thus much,
"A treaty concluded, and peace with the Dutch"—
But, as stubborn as ever, they vapour and brag,
And sail by my nose with the Prussian flag.

The Empress refuses to join on our side,
As yet with the Indians we're only allied :
(Though such an alliance is rather improper,
We English are white, but their colour is copper.)

* Johnstone.

The Irish, I fear, have some mischief in view;
They ever have been a most troublesome crew—
If a truce or a treaty hereafter be made,
They shall pay very dear for their present free trade.

Dame Fortune, I think, has our standard forsaken,
For Tobago, they say, by Frenchmen is taken :
Minorca's beseiged—and as for Gibraltar,
By Jove, if it's taken I'll take to the halter.

It makes me so wroth, I could scold like Xantippe
When I think of our losses along Mississippi—
And see in the Indies that horrible Hyder
His conquests extending still wider, and wider.

'Twixt Washington, Hyder, Don Galvez, De Grasse,
By my soul, we are brought to a very fine pass—
When we've reason to hope new battles are won
A packet arrives—and an army's undone !

In the midst of this scene of dismay and distress
What is best to be done, is not easy to guess,
For things may go wrong though we plan them aright,
And blows they must look for, whose trade is to fight.

In regard to the Rebels, it is my decree
That dependent on Britain they ever shall be :
Or I've captains and hosts, that will fly at my nod
And slaughter them all —by the blessing of God.

But if they succeed, as they're likely to do,
Our neighbours must part with their colonies too ;
Let them laugh and be merry, and make us their jest,
When La Plata revolts, we will laugh with the rest—

'Tis true that the journey to castle St. Juan
Was a project that brought the projectors to ruin ;
But still my dear lords, I would have you reflect
Who nothing do venture can nothing expect.

If the Commons agree to afford me new treasures,
My sentence once more is for vigorous measures :
Accustomed so long to head winds and bad weather,
Let us conquer—or go to the devil together. [1782]



RIVINGTON'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

SINCE life is uncertain, and no one can say,
How soon we may go, or how long we shall stay,
Methinks he is wisest who soonest prepares,
And settles, in season, his worldly affairs :

Some folks are so weak they can scarce avoid crying,
And think when they're making their wills they are
dying ;

'Tis surely a serious employment—but still,
Who e'er died the sooner for making his will ?

Let others be sad, when their lives they review,
But I know *whom* I've served—and *him* faithfully too;
And though it may seem a fanatical story
He often has shewed me a glimpse of his glory.

IMPRIMIS, my carcase I give and devise
To be made into cakes of a moderate size,
To nourish those Tories whose spirits may droop,
And serve the king's army with portable soup.

Unless I mistake, in the scriptures we read
That " worms on the dead shall deliciously feed,"
The scripture stands true—and that I am firm in,
For what are our Tories and soldiers but vermin ?—

This soup of all soups can't be be called that of beef,
(And this may to some be a matter of grief :)

But I am certain the BULL would occasion a laugh,
That beef-portable soup should be made of a CALF.

To the king, my dear master, I give a full set
(In volumes bound up) of the ROYAL GAZETTE,
In which he will find the vast records contained
Of provinces conquered, and victories gained.

As to ARNOLD, the traitor, and Satan, his brother,
I beg they will also accept of another ;
And this shall be bound in Morocco red leather,
Provided they'll read it, like brothers, together.

But if Arnold should die, 'tis another affair,
Then Satan, surviving, shall be the sole heir ;
He often has told me he thought it quite clever,
So to him and his heirs I bequeath it forever.

I know there are some (that would fain be thought
wise)

Who say my Gazette is a record of lies ;
In answer to this, I shall only reply—
All the choice that I had was, to starve or to lie .

My fiddles, my flutes, French horns and guitars*
I leave to our HEROES, now weary of wars—
To the wars of the stage they more boldly advance,
The captains shall play, and the soldiers shall dance.†

To Sir Henry Clinton, his use and behoof,
I leave my French brandy, of very good proof ;
It will give him fresh spirits for battle and slaughter
And make him *feel bolder* by land and by water :

Yet I caution the knight, for fear he do wrong
'Tis *avant la viande, et apres le poisson*‡—
It will strengthen his stomach, prevent it from turn-
ing,
And digest the affront of his effigy—burning.

* The articles of bequest in this poem were incessantly advertised in the Royal Gazette, and puffed off with a dexterity peculiar to the editor of that paper.

† It became fashionable at this period with the British officers to assume the business of the Drama ; to the no small mortification of those who had been holding them up as the undoubted conquerors of North America.

‡ Before flesh and after fish—See *R. Gaz.*

To Baron KNYPHAUSEN, his heirs and assigns,
I bequeath my *old Hock*, and my Burgundy wines,
To a true Hessian drunkard, no liquors are sweeter,
And I know the old man is no foe to the *creature*.

To a GENERAL, my namesake,* I give and dispose
Of a purse full of clipped, *light, sweated* half joes ;
I hereby desire him to take back his trash,
And return me my HANNAY's infallible WASH.

My chessmen and tables, and other such chattels
I give to CORNWALLIS, tremendous in battles :
By moving of these (not tracing the map)
He'll explain to the king how he got in the TRAP.

To good DAVID MATTHEWS (among other slops)
I give my whole cargo of Maredant's drops,
If they cannot do all, they may cure him in part,
And scatter the poison that cankers his heart :

Provided, however, and nevertheless,
That what other estate I enjoy and possess
At the time of my death (if it be not then sold)
Shall remain to the Tories, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

As I thus have bequeathed them both carcase and
fleece,
The least they can do is to wait my decease ;
But to give them what substance I have, ere I die,
And be eat up with vermin, while living—not I—

In WITNESS whereof (though no ailment I feel).
Hereunto I set both my hand and my seal ;
(As the law says) in presence of witnesses twain,
*Squire *John Coghill Knaf*, and brother *Hugh Gaine*.
[1782.]

* Gen. James Robertson.

SUICIDE :

*THE WEAKNESS OF THE HUMAN MIND.**A MARINE ANECDOTE.*

—" *He might have lived, although the political ship
had been lost in the breakers.*"

*From the speech of a Roman senator
on the death of Cato.*

THE Shipwright, Nature, laid the keel,
And gave proportions just and true ;
She built him firm, and shaped him well
To pass Life's stormy ocean through :
 Awhile he sailed that rugged sea
 With currents fair and breezes free.

Fortune on all his projects smiled ;
For him, she seemed to have no frown,
Her sun was bright, her sky was mild,
And every thing went smoothly on—
 While thus he thought, " If one there be,
 Dame Fortune's favourite—I am he!"

At length he met a little blast
That weaker vessels might have stood :
He saw his summer sun o'er cast,
And tempests howling on the flood—
 " The port far off for which we steer,
 " 'Tis best (said he) to founder here."

Regardless of a feeble crew,
Dependent on his care and skill ;
He bored his planks and sheathing through,
And ocean did his vessel fill—
 So, down he went amidst that main,
 From whence he will not come again.

THE
POLITICAL BALANCE ;

OR, THE
FATES OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA
COMPARED :

A TALE.

*Deciding Fates, in Homer's stile, we shew,
And bring contending gods once more to view.*

AS Jove the Olympian (who both I and you know,
Was brother to Neptune, and husband to Juno)
Was lately reviewing his papers of state,
He happened to light on the records of FATE :

In Alphabet order this volume was written—
So he opened at B, for the article Britain—
She struggles so well, said the god, I will see
What the sisters in Pluto's dominions decree.

And, first, on the top of a column he read
“ Of a king, with a mighty soft place in his head,
“ Who should join in his temper the ass and the mule,
“ The third of his name, and by far the worst fool :

“ His reign shall be famous for multiplication,
“ The sire and the king of a *whelp* generation :
“ But such is the will and the purpose of fate,
“ For each child he begets he shall forfeit a *State* :

“ In the course of events, he shall find to his cost
“ That he cannot regain what he foolishly lost ;
“ Of the nations around he shall be the derision,
“ And know, by experience, the rule of Division.”

So Jupiter read—a god of first rank—
And still had read on—but he came to a blank :
For the Fates had neglected the rest to reveal—
They either forgot it, or chose to conceal :

When a leaf is torn out, or a blot on a page
That pleases our fancy, we fly in a rage—
So, curious to know what the Fates would say next,
No wonder if Jove, disappointed, was vext.

But still, as true genius not frequently fails,
He glanced at the *Virgin*, and thought of the *Scales* ;
And said, " To determine the will of the Fates,
" One scale shall weigh *Britain*, the other the *States*."

Then turning to Vulcan, his maker of thunder,
Said he, " My dear Vulcan, I pray you look yonder,
" Those *creatures* are tearing each other to pieces,
" And, instead of abating, the carnage increases.

" Now, as you are a blacksmith, and lusty stout ham-
eater,

" You must make me a globe of a shorter diameter ;

" The world in abridgement, and just as it stands

" With all its proportions of waters and lands ;

" But its various divisions must so be designed,

" That I can unhinge it whene'er I've a mind—

" How else should I know what the portions will
weigh,

" Or which of the combatants carry the day ?"

Old Vulcan complied, (we've no reason to doubt it)

So he put on his apron and strait went about it—

Made center, and circles as round as a pancake,

And here the Pacific, and there the Atlantic

An *axis* he hammered, whose ends were the poles,

(On which the whole body perpetually rolls)

A brazen meridian he added to these,

Where four times repeated were ninety degrees.

I am sure you had laughed to have seen his droll atti-
tude,

When he bent round the surface the circles of lati-
tude,

The zones, and the tropics, meridians, equator,

And other fine things that are drawn on salt water.

Away to the southward (instructed by Pallas)

He placed in the ocean the *Terra Australis*,

New Holland, New Guinea, and so of the rest—
AMERICA lay by herself in the west :

From the regions where winter eternally reigns,
 To the climes of Peru he extended her plains ;
 Dark groves, and the zones did her bosom adorn,
 And the *Crosiers*,* new burnished, he hung at Cape
 Horn.

The weight of two oceans she bore on her sides,
 With all their convulsions of tempests and tides ;
 Vast lakes on her surface did fearfully roll,
 And the ice from her rivers surrounded the pole.

Then Europe and Asia he northward extended,
 Where under the Arctic with Zembla they ended ;
 (The length of these regions he took with his garters,
 Including Siberia, the land of the Tartars).

In the African clime (where the cocoa-nut tree grows)
 He laid down the desarts, and even the negroes,
 The shores by the waves of four oceans embraced,
 And elephants strolling about in the waste.

In forming East India, he had a wide scope,
 Beginning his work at the cape of Good Hope ;
 Then eastward of that he continued his plan,
 'Till he came to the empire and isles of Japan.

Adjacent to Europe he struck up an island,
 (One part of it low, but the other was high land)
 With many a comical creature upon it,
 And one wore a hat, and another a bonnet.

Like emmits or ants in a fine summer's day,
 They ever were marching in battle array,
 Or skipping about on the face of the brine,
 Like witches in egg-shells (their ships of the line.)

These poor little creatures were all in a flame,
 To the lands of America urging their claim,
 Still biting, or stinging, or spreading their sails ;
 (For Vulcan had formed them with stings in their
 tails.)

* Stars, in the form of a cross, which mark the South Pole in
Southern latitudes.

So poor and so lean, you might count all their ribs,*
 Yet were so enraptured with crackers and squibs,
 That Vulcan with laughter almost split asunder,
 "Because they imagined their crackers were thunder."

Due westward from these, with a channel between,
 A servant to slaves, Hibernia was seen,
 Once crowded with monarchs, and high in renown,
 But all she retained was the Harp and the Crown !

Insulted forever by nobles and priests,
 And managed by bullies, and governed by beasts,
 She looked !—to describe her I hardly know how—
 Such an image of death in the scowl on her brow :

For scaffolds and halters were full in her view,
 And the fiends of perdition their cutlasses drew :
 And axes and gibbets around her were placed,
 And the demons of murder her honours defaced—
 With the blood of the *WORTHY* her mantle was stained;
 And hardly a trace of her beauty remained.

Her genius, a female, reclined in the shade,
 And, sick of oppression, so mournfully played,
 That Jove was uneasy to hear her complain,
 And ordered his blacksmith to loosen her chain :

Then tipt her a wink, saying, "Now is your time,
 " (*To rebel* is the sin, *to revolt* is no crime)
 " When your fetters are off, if you dare not be free
 " Be a slave and be damned, but complain not to me."

But finding her timid, he cried in a rage—
 " Though the doors are flung open, she stays in the
 cage !
 " Subservient to Britain then let her remain,
 " And her freedom shall be, *but the choice of her
 chain.*"

At length, to discourage all stupid pretensions,
 Jove looked at the globe, and approved its dimensions,
 And cried in a transport—"Why what have we here!
 " Friend Vulcan, it is a most beautiful sphere !

* Their national debt being now above 1,200,000,000 sterling.

“ Now while I am busy in taking apart
 “ This globe that is formed with such exquisite art,
 “ Go, Hermes, to Libra, (you’re one of her gallants)
 “ And ask, in my name, for the loan of her balance.”

Away posted Hermes, as swift as the gales,
 And as swiftly returned with the ponderous scales,
 And hung them aloft to a beam in the air,
 So equally poised, they had turned with a hair.

NOW Jove to COLUMBIA his shoulders applied,
 But aiming to lift her, his strength she defied—
 Then, turning about to their godships, he says—
 “ A BODY SO VAST is not easy to raise ;

“ But if you assist me, I still have a *notion*
 “ Our *forces, united*, can put her in motion,
 “ And swing her aloft, (though alone I might fail)
 “ And place her, in spite of her bulk, in our scale ;
 “ If six years together the Congress have strove,
 “ And more than *divided the empire with Jove* ;
 “ With a Jove like myself, who am *nine* times as great,
 “ You can join, like their soldiers, to heave up this
 weight.”

So to it they went, with handspikes and levers,
 And upward she sprung, with her mountains and ri-
 vers !

Rocks, cities, and islands, deep waters and shallows,
 Ships, armies, and forests, high heads, and fine fel-
 lows :

“ Stick to it !” cries Jove—“ Now heave one and all !
 “ At least we are lifting “ *one-eighth of the ball* !”
 “ If backward she tumbles—then trouble begins,
 “ And then have a care, my dear boys, of your shins !”

When gods are determined what project can fail ?
 So they gave a hard shove, and she mounted the scale ;
 Suspended aloft, Jove viewed her with awe—
 And the *gods*,* for their *pay*, had a hearty—huzza !

But Neptune bawled out—“ Why Jove you’re a
 noddy,
 “ Is Britain sufficient to poise that vast body ?

* American soldiers.

" 'Tis nonsense such castles to build in the air—
 " As well might an oyster with Britain compare."

" Away to your waters, you blustering bully,"
 " Said Jove, " or I'll make you repent of your folly,
 " Is Jupiter, Sir, to be tutored by you?—
 " Get out of my sight, for I know what to do!"

Then searching about with his fingers for Britain,
 Thought he, " this same island I cannot well hit on!
 " The devil take him who first called her the GREAT:
 " If she was—she is *vastly* diminished of late!"

Like a man that is searching his thigh for a flea,
 He peeped and he fumbled, but nothing could see;
 At last he exclaimed—I am surely upon it—
 " I think I have hold of a Highlander's bonnet."

But finding his error, he said with a sigh,
 " This bonnet is only the island of Skie!"*
 So away to his *namesake* the PLANET he goes,
 And borrowed *two moons* to hang on his nose.

Through these, as through glasses, he saw her quite
 clear,
 And in raptures cried out—" I have found her—she's
 here!"

" If this be not Britain, then call me an ass,
 " She *looks like a gem in an ocean of glass*.

" But, faith she's so small I must mind how I shake
 her:

" In a box I'll inclose her, for fear I should break her:

" Though a god, I might suffer for being aggressor,

" Since scorpions, and vipers, and hornets possess
 her;

" The white cliffs of Albion I think I descry,

" And the hills of Plinlimmon appear rather nigh—

* But, Vulcan, inform me what creatures are these,

" That smell so of onions, and garlick, and cheese?"

Old Vulcan replied—" Odds splutter a nails!

" Why, these are the Welch, and the country is
 Wales!"

* An Island on the north-west of Scotland.

" When Taffy is vext, no devil is ruder—
 " Take care how you trouble the offspring of TUDOR!
 " On the crags of the mountains *hur* living *hur* seeks,
 " *Hur* country is planted with garlick and leeks ;
 " So great is *hur* choler, beware how you teaze *hur*,
 " For these are the Britons—unconquered by Cæsar."

" But now, my dear Juno, pray give me my mittens,
 " (These insects I am going to handle are Britons)
 " I'll draw up their isle with a finger and thumb,
 " As the doctor extracts an old tooth from the gum."

Then he raised her aloft—but to shorten our tale,
 She looked like a CLOD in the opposite scale—
 Britannia so small, and Columbia so large—
 A ship of first rate, and a ferryman's barge !

Cried Pallas to Vulcan, " Why, Jove's in a dream—
 " Observe how he watches the turn of the beam !
 " Was ever a mountain outweighed by a grain ?
 " Or what is a drop when compared to the main ?

But Momus alledged—" in my humble opinion,
 " You should add to Great-Britain her foreign domi-
 nion,

" When this is appended, perhaps she will rise,
 " And equal her rival in weight and in size."

" Alas ! (said the monarch) your project is vain,
 " But little is left of her foreign domain ;
 " And, scattered about in the liquid expanse,
 " That little is left to the mercy of France ;

" However, we'll lift them, and give her fair play"—
 And soon in the scale with their mistress they lay ;
 But the gods were confounded and struck with sur-
 prise,

And Vulcan could hardly believe his own eyes !

For (such was the purpose and guidance of fate)
 Her foreign dominions diminished her weight—
 By which it appeared, to Britain's disaster,
 Her foreign possessions were changing their master.

Then, as he replaced them, said Jove with a smile—
 " COLUMBIA shall never be ruled by an isle—

" But vapours and darkness around her may rise,
 " And tempests conceal her a-while from our eyes ;

" So locusts in Egypt their squadrons display,
 " And rising, disfigure the face of the day,
 " So the moon, at her full, has a frequent eclipse,
 " And the sun in the ocean diurnally dips.

" Then cease your endeavours, ye vermin of Britain—
 (And here, in derision, their island he spit on)

" 'Tis madness to seek what you never can find,
 " Or to think of uniting what Nature disjoined :

" But still you may flutter awhile with your wings,
 " And spit out your venom and brandish your stings :
 " Your hearts are as black, and as bitter as gall,
 " A curse to mankind—and a blot on the BALL.*

April, 1782.

* It is hoped that such a sentiment may not be deemed wholly illiberal—Every candid person will certainly *draw a line between a brave and magnanimous people, and a most vicious and violating government.* Perhaps the following extract from a pamphlet lately published in London and republished at Baltimore (June 1809) by Mr. *Bernard Darrin*, will place the preceding sentiment in a fair point of view :

" A better spirit than exists in the English people, never existed in any people in the world; it has been misdirected, and squandered upon party purposes in the most degrading and scandalous manner; they have been led to believe that they were benefiting the commerce of England by destroying the commerce of America, that they were defending their sovereign by perpetuating the bigoted oppression of their fellow subjects; their rulers and their guides have told them that they would equal the vigour of France by equalling her atrocity, and they have gone on, wasting that opulence, patience and courage, which if husbanded by prudent, and moderate counsels, might have proved the salvation of mankind. The same policy of turning the good qualities of Englishmen to their own destruction, which made Mr. Pitt. omnipotent, continues his power to those who resemble him only in his vices : advantage is taken of the loyalty of Englishmen, to make them meanly submissive; their piety is turned into persecution; their courage into useless and obstinate contention; they are plundered because they are ready to pay, and soothed into assinine stupidity because they are full of virtuous patience. If England must perish at last, so let it be: that event is in the hands of God; we must dry up our tears, and submit. But that England should perish swindling and stealing; that it should perish waging war against lazaret-houses and hospitals, that it should perish persecuting with monastic bigotry; that it should calmly give itself up to be ruined by the flashy arrogance of one man, and the narrow fanaticism of another; these events are within the power of human beings, but I did not think that the magnanimity of Englishmen would ever stoop to such degradations."

ON A HONEY BEE,

DRINKING FROM A GLASS OF WINE, AND DROWNED
THEREIN.

[*By HEZEKIAH SALEM.*]

THOU, born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come on vagrant wing?—
Does Bacchus tempting seem—
Did he, for you, this glass prepare?—
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harrass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay—
Did wars distress, or labours vex,
Or did you miss your way?—
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome!—I hail you to my glass :
All welcome, here, you find ;
Here, let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here, be all care resigned.—
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here, we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell—
But cheery we would have you go
And bid a glad farewell :
On lighter wings we bid you fly,
Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh ! too deep a drink,
And in this ocean die ;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high.
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red.

Do as you please, your will is mine ;
 Enjoy it without fear—
 And your grave will be this glass of wine,
 Your epitaph—a tear—
 Go, take your seat in Charon's boat,
 We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

THE GOUGERS :

ON SEEING A TRAVELLER GOUGED,* AND OTHER
 WISE ILL TREATED BY SOME CITIZENS OF A
 TOWN, NEAR A PINE BARREN.

WAS it the part of honest men
 Who bear the name of citizen,
 On a poor stranger thus to fall,
 And sightless make his visual ball ?—
 Who first such savage warfare taught,
 His heart was out of marble wrought.

This Traveller, now, his way must grope
 Alone, and eyeless, void of hope—
 And, shine the sun however bright,
 All is to him perpetual night,
 A chaos all, and all a gloom,
 A close connection with the tomb.

Why do I hold so dull a pen
 To satirize ferocious men ;—
 Why is it not impelled, in force
 To give such bosoms their remorse,
 And bid them with a conscience sore
 Repent for what they can't restore !

* A brutal practice very common several years ago in the civilized parts of some of the southern States, in which it was first object of the assailant to deprive his antagonist of his sight.

From him, whom they have sightless made
 Forgiveness never can be had—
 I heard him call them growling dogs,
 I heard him curse this town of LOGS :

For vengeance he put up a prayer
 And more than once I heard him swear,
 That, such an outrage to repay,
 He ne'er again would come this way :

That thunder on the town should fall,
 And poverty torment them all :
 The liquids fail that filled their spring,
 And they five miles their water bring :

He ne'er would shade their tavern door
 Nor hold discourse with rogue or whore,
 Nor money spend for bread or beer,
 Nor cyder that is vended here—
 Nor tell the *news* to Belial's sons
 While forests grow, or water runs.

ADDRESS TO A LEARNED PIG

OF PARTICULAR EMINENCE, WHO, IN A CERTAIN
 GREAT CITY, WAS VISITED BY PERSONS OF THE
 FIRST TASTE AND DISTINCTION.

O THOU, marked out by Fate from vulgar swine,
 Among the *learned* of our age to shine,
 On whom 'squires, ladies, parsons, come to gaze,
 Bold, science-loving pig,
 Who, without gown or wig
 Can force your way through learning's thorny maze
 —How many high learned wights in days of old
 (Whom Fame has with the great enrolled)
 Starved by their wits—were banished, hanged, or sold;
 —While you, on better ages fallen, O lucky swine !
 Can by your wit on pyes and sweetmeats dine—

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*When house and lands are gone and spent,
 Then learning is most excellent—
 (So says a proverb through the world well known)—
 You, that were pigged to grovel in a sty,
 Have left your swill for science high :—
 Without a rival of your race,
 You hold a most distinguished place—
 All that the heart can wish flows in to you,
 Who real happiness pursue,
 And are well fed, on whate'er hog sty thrown.*

Now, if one had the chance to choose one's state
 On this world's stage, and not controuled by Fate,
 Who would not wish to have his little brains
 Lodged in the head of **LEARNED PIG**,
 Rather than be a *man*, and toil, and sweat, and
 dig

With all the *sense* the human scull contains.

- WITH US, *we all are wise*, we all things know,
 But every pig—inferior is to you—
 The rest are fools and simpletons—and so—
 What, next, will be the science you attain?
 Science!—to you, that opens all her store?—
 Already have you in your sapient brain
 More than most *aldermen*—and *gumption* more
 Than some, who capers cut on Congress floor.

May we not hope, in this improving age
 Of human things—to see on **TERRA's** stage!
 Hogstake the lead of men, and from their styes
 To honours, riches, *office*, rise!
 Adepts in Latin, Commerce, Physick, Law?—
 From what is seen, such inference we draw—

SIR HENRY CLINTON'S

INVITATION.

COME, gentlemen Tories, firm, loyal and true,
Here are axes, and shovels, and something to do—

For the sake of our king

Come, labour and sing ;

You left all you had for his honour and glory,

And he will remember the suffering Tory :

We have, it is true,

Some small work to do ;

But here's for your pay

Twelve coppers a day,

And never regard what the rebels may say,

But throw off your jerkins and labour away.

To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall,

To pull down old houses and dig the canal,

To build and destroy—

Be this your employ,

In the day time to work at our fortifications,

And steal in the night from the rebels your rations :

The king wants your aid

Not empty parade ;

Advance to your places

Ye men of *long faces*,

Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces,

This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer,

The French and the Rebels are coming next summer,

And forts we must build

Though Tories are killed—

Then courage, my jockies, and work for your king,

For if you are taken no doubt you will swing—

If *York* we can hold

I'll have you enrolled ;

And after you're dead

Your names *may* be read

As who for their monarch both laboured and bled,

And ventured their necks for their *beef* and their
bread

'Tis an honour to serve the bravest of nations,
 And be left to be hanged in their capitulations—
 Then scour up your mortars
 And stand to your quarters,
 'Tis nonsense for Tories in battle to run,
 They never need fear sword, halbert, or gun ;
 Their hearts should not fail 'em,
 No balls will assail 'em,
 Forget your disgraces
 And *shorten* your *faces*,
 For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,
Who are born to be hanged will never be shot.

DIALOGUE

AT HYDE-PARK CORNER, (LONDON.)

Burgoyne.

LET those, who will be proud and sneer,
 And call you an unwelcome peer,
 But I am glad to see you here :
 The prince that fills the British throne,
 Unless successful, honours none ;
 Poor Jack Burgoyne !—you're not alone.

Cornwallis.

Your ships, De Grasse, have caused my grief—
 To rebel shores and their relief
 There never came a luckier chief :
 In fame's *black* page it shall be read,
 By Gallic arms my soldiers bled—
 The rebels *thine* in triumph led.

Burgoyne.

Our fortunes different forms assume :—
 I called and called for *elbow-room*,
 'Till GATES *discharged* me to my doom ;

But you, that conquered far and wide,
In little York thought fit to hide,
The *subject ocean* at your side.

Cornwallis.

And yet no force had gained that post—
Not Washington, his country's boast,
Nor Rochambeau, with all his host
Nor all the Gallic fleet's parade—
Had Clinton hurried to my aid,
And Sammy Graves been not afraid.

Burgoyne.

For head knocked off, or broken bones,
Or mangled corpse, no price atones ;
Nor all that prattling rumour says,
Nor all the piles that art can raise,
The poet's or the parson's praise.

Cornwallis.

Though I am brave, as well as you,
Yet still I think your notion true ;
Dear brother Jack, our toils are o'er—
With foreign conquests plagued no more,
We'll stay and guard our native shore.

ON THE

LATE ROYAL SLOOP OF WAR,

GENERAL MONK,

FORMERLY THE WASHINGTON ;

Mounting six quarter deck Wooden Guns.

WHEN the Washington ship by the English was beat,
They sent her to England to shew their great feat,
And Sandwich straitway, as a proof of his spunk,
Dashed out her old name, and called her the Monk.*

* General Monk, who was the most active agent in restoring Charles the second.



POEMS ON

- " This Monk hated Rebels (said *Sandy*) 'od rot 'em
" So heave her down quickly, and copper her bottom;
" With the sloops of our navy we'll have her enrolled,
" And manned with picked sailors, to make her *feet*
 bold.
" To shew that our king is both *valiant* and *good*,
" Some guns shall be *iron*, and others be *wood* ;
" And, in truth, (though I wish not the secret to
 spread)
" All her guns should be wooden—to suit with his
 head."
-

TRUTH ANTICIPATED.*

A RIVINGTONIAN DIALOGUE.

WHAT brilliant events have of late come to pass,
No less than the capture of Monsieur DE GRASSE !
His majesty's printer has told it for true,
As we had it from him, so we give it to you.

Many folks of discernment the story believed,
And the devil himself it at first had deceived,
Had it not been that Satan imported the stuff,
And signed it *George Rodney*, by way of high proof,
Said *Satan* to *Jemmy*, " Let's give them the *whaphers* —

" Some news I have got that will bring in the cop-
pers,

" And *truth* it shall be, though I pass it for *lies*,

" And making a page of your newspaper size.

" A wide field is open to favour my plan,

" And the rebels may prove that I lie—if they can ;

* Occasioned by the naval victory gained by Admiral Rodney, and Capt. Cornwallis, of the British fleet in the West Indies, over the squadron of Count De Grasse.

" Since they jested and laughed at our lying before,
 " Let it pass for a lie, to torment them the more.—

" My wings are yet wet with the *West-India* dew,
 " And *Rodney* I left, to come hither to you,
 " I left *him* bedeviled with brimstone and smoke,
 " The *French* in distress, and their armament broke.

" For news so delightful, with heart and with voice
 " The Tories of every degree *may* rejoice ;
 " With charcoal and sulphur shall utter their joy
 " 'Till they all get as black as they paint the *old Boy*,"

Thus, pleased with the motion, each cutting a caper,
 Down they sat at the table, with pen, ink, and paper ;
 In less than five minutes the matter was stated,
 And Jemmy turned scribe, while Satan dictated.

" Begin (said the devil) in the form of a *Letter*,
 " (If you call it *true copy*, 'tis so much the better)
 " Make *Rodney* assert he met the *French* fleet,
 " Engaged it, and gave 'em a *total defeat*.

" But the better to vamp up a show of reality,
 " The tale must be told with circumstantiality,
 " What vessels were conquered by Britain's bold sons,
 " Their quotas of men, and their number of guns.

" There's the *Villa de Paris*—one hundred and ten—
 " Write down, that *George Rodney* has killed half her
 men—

" That her hull and her rigging are shattered and
 shaken,

" Her flag humbled down, and her admiral taken :

" *Le Cesar*, 'tis true, is a seventy-four,

" But the *Villa de Paris* was thirty-six more ;

" With a grey goose's quill if that ship we did seize
 on,

" *Le Cesar* must fall, or I'll know what's the reason.

" The next that I fix on to take, is the *Hector*,
 " (Her name may be *Trojan*, but shall not protect her)
 " Don't falter, dear comrade, and look like a goose,
 " If we've taken these three, we can take *Glorieuse*.

" The last mentioned ship runs their loss up to four,
 " *Le Diadem* sunk, shall make it one more ;
 " And now, for the sake of round numbers, dear coun-
 sin,
 " Write *Ardent*, and then we have just half a-dozen !

Jemmy smiled at the notion, and whispered, " O fy !

" Indeed, 'tis a shame to persuade one to lie"—

But Satan replied—" Consider, my son,

" I am a prince of the winds, and have seen what ÷
 done :

" With a conquest, like this, how bright we sh~~all~~
 shine !

" That Rodney has taken *six ships of the line*,

" Will be in your paper a brilliant affair ;

" How the *tories* will laugh, and the *rebels* will swea~~st~~ !

" But farther, dear Jemmy, make Rodney to say,

" *If the sun two hours longer had held out the day,*

" *The rest were so beaten, so baisted, so tore,*

" *He had taken them ALL, and he knew not but MOR~~row~~.*"

So the *partners* broke up, as good friends as they m~~ight~~,

And soon it was all in the *Royal Gazette* ;

The Tories rejoiced at the very good news,

And said, *There's no fear we shall die in our shoes.*

Now let us give credit to Jemmy, forsooth,

Since once in a way he has hit on the truth :

If again he returns to his practice of lies,

He hardly reflects where he'll go when he dies.

But still, when he dies, let it never be said

That he rests in his grave with no verse at his head ;

But furnish, ye poets, some short epitaph,

And something, like this, that readers may laugh :

Here *lies* a King's Printer, we needn't say who :

There is reason to think that he tells what is true :

But if he *lies* here, 'tis not over-strange,

His present position is but a small change,

So, reader, pass on—'tis a folly to sigh,

For all his life long he did little but LIE.

[1782.]

ON

HENRY CLINTON'S RECALL.

A dog that is beat has a right to complain—

Larry returns a disconsolate *man*,
 the face of his master, the Lord's oil-anointed,
 the country provided for thieves disappointed.

FREEDOM, he thought, to a tyrant must fall,
 concluded the weakest must go to the wall ;
 more he was flattered, the bolder he grew—
 suited the old world to conquer the new.

In spite of the deeds he has done in his garrison,
 (they have been curious beyond all comparison)
 now must go home, at the call of his king,
 answer the charges that Arnold may bring.

What are the acts that this chief has achieved ?—
 odd, it is hard he should now be aggrieved,
 the more, as he fought for his national glory,
 valued, a farthing, the RIGHT of the story.

A famous great man, and two birds* of his feather,
 the Cerberus frigate came over together ;
 of all the bold chiefs that re-measure the trip,
 two have been known to return in one ship.

Children that wrestle and scuffle in sport,
 are very well pleased as long as unhurt,
 to thump on the nose, or a blow in the eye,
 in the fray—and they go to their *daddy* and cry.

Clinton, thy deeds have been mighty and many,
 said all our *father* was not worth a penny ;
 nothing but rags,† quoth honest Will Tryon,
 rage to discourage the *Sons of the Lion* ?)

Clinton thought thus—" It is folly to fight,
 when things may by easier methods come right,
 there is such an art as counterfeit-ation—
 and I'll do my utmost to honour our nation ;

Generals Howe and Burgoyne.
See his Letters to Gen. Parsons.

" I'll shew this damned country that I can enslave her,
 " And that by the help of a skilful engraver,
 " And then let the rebels take care of their bacon,——
 " We'll play them a trick, or I'm vastly mistaken."

But the project succeeded not quite to your liking,
 So you paid off your *artist*, and gave up **BILL STRIK-**
ING ;

But 'tis an affair I am glad you are quit on,
 You had surely been hanged had you tried it in **Brit-**
tain.

At the taking of Charleston you cut a great figure,
 The terms you propounded were terms full of rigour,
 Yet could not foresee poor **CHARLEY'S*** disgrace,
 Nor how soon your own COLOURS would go to the
CASE.

When the town had surrendered, the more to dis-
 grace ye,

(Like another *true Briton* who did it at 'Statia)
 You broke all the terms yourself had extended,
 Because you supposed the rebellion was ended ;

Whoever the tories marked out as a whig,
 If gentle, or simple, or little, or big,
 No matter to you—to kill 'em and spite 'em.
 You soon had 'em up where the dogs could n't bite
 'em.

Then thinking these rebels were snug and secure,
 You left them to Rawdon and Nesbit Balfour ;
 (The face of the latter a mask should be drawn on,
 And to fish for the dev'l my bait should be *Rawdon*.)

Returning to York with your ships and your plunder,
 And boasting that rebels must shortly knock under,
 The first thing that struck you, as soon as you landed,
 Was the fortress at West-Point, where Arnold com-
 manded.

Thought you, " If friend Arnold this fort will deliver,
 " We then shall be masters of all Hudson's river,
 " The *east* and the *south* losing communication,
 " The Yankees will die by the act of *Starvation*."

* Cornwallia.

So off you sent André (not guided by Pallas)
Who soon purchased Arnold, and with him the gal-
lows ;

Your *loss* I conceive than your *gain* was far greater,
You lost a good fellow, and got a vile traitor.

Now Carleton comes over to give you relief,
A knight like yourself, and commander in *chief*,
But the *chief* he will get, you may tell the *dear honey*,
Will be a black eye, hard knocks, and *no* money.

Now with—" Britons, strike home !" your sorrows
dispel,

Away to your master, and honestly tell
That his *arms* and his *artists* can nothing avail,
His men are too few, and his tricks are too stale :

Advise him at length to be just and sincere ;
Of which not a symptom as yet doth appear,
As we plainly perceive from his sending Sir Guy
The ~~TREARY~~ to break with our Gallic Ally. [1782.]

SIR GUY CARLETON'S

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICANS.

FROM Britain's famed island once more I come
over,

(No island *on earth* is in prowess above her)
With powers and commissions your hearts to recover!

Our king, I must tell you, is plagued with a phan-
tom,

(Independence they call it) that hourly doth haunt
him,

And relief, my dear rebels, you only can grant him.

Tom Gage and Sir Harry, Sir William, (our boast)
Lord Howe, and the rest that have travelled the coast,
All failed in their projects of laying this ghost :

So unless the damned spectre myself can expel
It will yet kill our monarch, I know very well,
And gallop him off on his lion to hell,

But I heartily wish, that, instead of Sir Guy,
They had sent out a seer from the island of Skie,
Who rebels, and devils, and ghosts could defy :

So great is our prospect of failing at last,
When I look at the present, and think of the past,
I wish with our heroes I had not been classed ;

For though, to a man, we are bullies and bruisers,
And covered with laurels, we still are the losers,
'Till each is recalled with his tory accusers :

But the war now is altered, and on a new plan ;
By negociation we'll do what we can—
And I am an honest, well-meaning old man ;

Too proud to retreat, and too weak to advance,
We must stay where we are, at the mercy of chance,
'Till Fortune shall help us to lead you a dance.

Then lay down your arms, dear rebels—O hone !
Our king is the best man that ever was known,
And the greatest that ever was stuck on a throne :

His love and affection by all ranks are sought ;
Here take him, my honies, and each pay a groat—
Was ever a monarch more easily bought ?

In pretty good case, and very well found,
By night and by day we carry him round ;
He must go for a groat, if we can't get a pound.

Break the treaties you made with LOUIS BOURBON !
Abandon the congress, no matter how soon,
And then, all together, we'll play a new tune.

'Tis strange that they always would manage the
roast,
And force you their healths and the Dauphin's to
toast ;

Repent, my dear fellows, and each get a *post* :

Or, if you object that *one post* is too few,
We generous Britons will help you to *two*
With a beam laid across—that will certainly do.

The folks that rebelled in the year forty-five,
We used them so well, that we left few alive,
But sent them to heaven in swarms from their hive.

Your noble resistance we cannot forget,
 'Tis nothing but right we should honour you yet ;
 If you are not rewarded, we die in your debt.

So, quickly submit, and our mercy implore,
 Be as loyal to George as you once were before,
 Or I'll slaughter you all—and probably more.

What puzzled sir Harry, sir Will, and his brother,
 Perhaps may be done by the son of my mother,
 With the *Sword* in one hand and a *Branch* in the
 other.

My bold predecessors (as fitting their station)
 At their first coming out, all spoke PROCLAMATION ;
 'Tis the custom with us, and the way of our nation.

Then Kil-al-la-loo !—Shelaly, I say ;—
 If we cannot all fight, we can all run away—
 And further at present I choose not to say. [1782]

MODERN IDOLATRY, OR ENGLISH QUIXOTISM.

MY native shades delight no more,
 I haste to meet the ocean's roar,
 I seek a wild rebellious shore
 Beyond the Atlantic main :

'Tis honour calls !—I must away !—
 Nor ease nor pleasure tempts my stay,
 Nor all that Love himself can say,
 A moment shall detain.

To meet those hosts that dare disown
 Allegiance to Britannia's throne
 I draw the sword that pities none,
 I draw their rebel blood ;

Amazement shall their troops confound
 When gasping, prostrate on the ground,
 My sword shall drink from every wound
 A life destroying flood !

The swarthy Indian, yet unbroke,
 Shall bend his neck to Britain's yoke,
 Or flee from her avenging stroke
 To desarts yet unknown ;

The Atlantic isles shall own her sway,
 Peru and Mexico obey,
 And those who yet to Satan pray
 Beyond the southern zone.

For George the third I dare to go
 Through Etna's fire and Greenland's snow,
 Where'er our subject waters flow,
 The vast unbounded main.

In him true glory shines complete,
 In him a thousand virtues meet—
 'Twere heaven to die at George's feet,
 Could I that blessing gain !

For George the third I dare to fall,
 Since he to me is all in all—
 May he subdue this earthly ball,
 And nations tribute bring ;—

Yon' rebel States shall wear his chain
 Where traitors now with tyrants reign—
 And yielded shall be all the main
 To George our potent king.

When honour calls to guard his throne,
 My life I dare not call my own—
 My life I yield, without a groan,
 For him whom I adore :

In endless glory he shall reign—
 'Tis he shall conquer France and Spain—
 Though I perhaps may ne'er again
 Behold my native shore !

EPILOGUE.

'Tis so well known 'tis hardly worth relating
 That men have worshipped gods, though of their
 creating :
Art's handy work they thought they might adore
 And bowed to gods that were but logs before.

Idols, of old, were made of clay or wood,
And, in themselves, did neither harm nor good,
Acted as though they knew the good old rule,
"Friend, hold thy peace, and you'll be thought no
fool."

Britons ! their case is yours—and linked in fate
You, like your Indian allies—good and great—
Bow to some frowning block yourselves did rear,
And worsh *wooden monarchs*—out of fear—

THE PROJECTORS.

BEFORE the brazen age began,
And things were yet on Saturn's plan,
None knew what sovereign bliss there lay
In ruling, were it but a day.

Each with spontaneous food content,
His life in Nature's affluence spent ;
The sun was mild, serene and clear,
And walked in Libra all the year ;
No tempests did the heaven deform,
'Twas not too cold nor yet too warm ;
People were then at small expence,
'They dug no ditch, and made no fence,
No patentees by sleight or chance
For Indian lands got double grants,
Not for their wants, but just to say,
"If you come here, expect to pay."

Base grasping souls, your pride repress ;
Beyond your wants must you possess ?
If ten poor acres will supply
A rustic and his family,
Why, Jobbers, would you have ten score,
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more ?
It is a truth well understood,
"All would be tyrants if they cou'd."

The love of sway has been confessed
 The ruling passion of the breast :
 Those who aspire to govern states,
 If balked by disapproving fates,
 Resolve their purpose to fulfil,
 And scheme for *tenants at their will*.

Ten thousand acres, fit for toil,
 In Indiana's fertile soil—
 Ten thousand acres ! come agree—
Timon is named the patentee :
 And, as the longing stomach craves,
 He'll honour fools and flatter knaves.

If Rome, of old, to greatness rose,
 Triumphant over all her foes,
 None need believe that people then
 Were more in strength than modern men ;
 If o'er the world their eagles waved,
 'Twas property their freedom saved ;
 From lands, *not shared amongst the few*,
 An independent spirit grew :
 Each on a small and scanty spot,
 With much ado his living got,
 Inured to labour, from his birth,
 Each Roman soldier tilled the earth,
 Great as a monarch on the throne
 BY HAVING SOMETHING OF HIS OWN.

ON

GEN. ROBERTSON'S PROCLAMATION.

OLD Judas the traitor (nor need we much wonder)
 Falling down from the gallows, his paunch split asunder,
 Affording, 'tis likely, a horrible scent
 Rather worse than the sulphur of hell, *where he went*
 So now this bra' chieftain, who long has suspended
 And kept out of view, what his master intended,

Bursts out all at once, and an inside discloses,
Disgusting the tories, who stop up their noses.

The short of the matter is this, as I take it—
New-York of true Britons is plainly left naked,
And their conduct amounts to an honest confession,
They cannot depend on the run-a-way Hessian.

In such a dilemma, pray what should they do?
Hearts loyal, to whom should they look but to You?—
You know pretty well how to handle the spade,
To dig their canals, and to make a parade;

The city is left to your valiant defence,
And, of course, it will be but of little expence,
Since there is an old fellow that looks somewhat sooty
Who, *gratis*, will help you in doing your duty—

“ In doing our duty !—’tis duty indeed

“ (Says a Tory) if this be the way that we speed ;

“ We never loved fighting, the matter is clear—

“ If we had, I am sure, we had never come here.

“ George we owned for our king, as his true loyal sons,

“ But why will he force us to manage his guns ?—

“ Who list in the army or cruise on the wave,

“ Let them do as they will—’tis their trade to be
brave.

“ Guns, mortars, and bullets, we easily face ;

“ But when they’re in motion—it alters the case ;

“ To skirmish with HUNDRIES* is all our desire—

“ *For though we can murder, we cannot stand fire.*

“ To the standards of Britain we fled for protection,

“ And here we are gathered, a goodly collection ;

“ And most of us think it is rather too hard

“ For refusing to arm, to be put under guard ;

“ Who knows *under guard* what ills we may feel !—

“ It is an expression that means a great deal—

“ ’Mongst the rebels they *fine* ’em who will not turn
out,

“ But here we are left in a sorrowful doubt—

* Captain Huddy, an American Captain, who, after capitulating in a block house, was hanged by refugees, called new levies.

" These Britons were always so sharp and so saifty—
 " The rebels excuse you from serving, when fifty,
 " But here we are counted such wonderful men
 " We are kept in the ranks, 'till we are four score and
 ten.
 " Kicked, cuffed, and ill-treated from morning 'till
 night—
 " We have room to conjecture, *that all is not right* :
 " For FREEDOM, we fled from our country's defence,
 " And freedom we'll get—when death sends us hence.
 " If matters go thus, it is easy to see
 " That as idiots we've been, so slaves we shall be ;
 " And what will become of that *peaceable train*
 " Whose tenets enjoin them from war to abstain ?
 " Our city commandant must be an odd shaver,
 " Not a single exception to make in their favour !—
 " Come, let us turn round and *rebelliously* sing,
 " Huzza for the CONGRESS !—the de'il take the king."
 [1782.]

ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE.

*" Mala soluta navis exit alite
 Ferens olentem Mævium," &c.*

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

WITH evil omens from the harbour sails
 The ill-fated barque that worthless ARNOLD bears,—
 God of the southern winds, call up the gales,
 And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,
 And may the east wind on a leeward shore
 Her cables part while she in tumult rides,
 And shatter into shivers every oar.

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,
 With such a rage, as when from mountains high
 He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast,
 And ruin spreads where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen ;
 No Moon, attendant, dart one glimmering ray,
 Nor may she ride on oceans more serene
 Than Greece, triumphant, found that stormy day.

When angry Pallas spent her rage no more
 On vanquished Ilium, then in ashes laid,
 But turned it on the barque that Ajax bore,†
 Avenging thus her temple, and the maid.

When tossed upon the vast Atlantic main
 Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,
 How will your sailors sweat, and you complain
 And meanly howl to Jove, that will not hear !

But if, at last, upon some winding shore
 A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,
 A wanton goat to every stormy power,‡
 And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.

A PICTURE OF THE TIMES,

WITH OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

STILL round the world triumphant Discord flies,
 Still angry kings to bloody contests rise ;
 Hosts bright with steel, in dreadful order placed,
 And ships contending on the watery waste ;
 Distracting demons every breast engage,
 Unwearied nations glow with mutual rage ;
 Still to the charge the routed Briton turns,
 The war still rages and the battle burns ;
 See, man with man in deadly combat join,
 See, the black navy form the flaming line ;
 Death smiles alike at battles lost or won—
 Art does for him what Nature would have done.

† Ajax the younger, son of Oileus, king of the Locrians. He debauched Cassandra in the temple of Pallas which was the cause of his misfortune, on his return from the siege of Troy.

‡ The *Tempests* were Goddesses amongst the Romans.

Can scenes like these delight the human breast?—
 Who sees with joy humanity distress?
 Such tragic scenes fierce passion might prolong,
 But slighted Reason says, they must be wrong.

Cursed be the day, how bright soe'er it shined,
 That first made kings the masters of mankind;
 And cursed the wretch who first with regal pride
 Their equal rights to equal men denied;
 But cursed, o'er all, who first to slavery broke,
 Submissive bowed, and owned a monarch's yoke:
 Their servile souls his arrogance adored
 And basely owned a brother for a lord;
 Hence wrath, and blood, and feuds, and wars began,
 And man turned monster to his fellow man.

Not so that age of innocence and ease
 When men, yet social, knew no ills like these;
 Then dormant yet, Ambition (half unknown)
 No rival murdered to possess a throne;
 No seas to guard, no empires to defend—
 Of some small tribe the father and the friend.
 The hoary sage beneath his sylvan shade
 Imposed no laws but those which reason made;
 On peace, not war; on good, not ill, intent,
 He judged his brethren by their own consent;
 Untaught to spurn those brethren to the dust;
 In virtue firm, and obstinately just,
 For him no navies roved from shore to shore,
 No slaves were doomed to dig the glittering ore;
 Remote from all the vain parade of state,
 No slaves in scarlet sauntered at his gate,
 Nor did his breast the angry passions tear,
 He knew no murder, and he felt no fear.
 Was this the patriarch sage—Then turn your eyes
 And view the contrast that our age supplies;
 Touched from the life, we trace no ages fled,
 We draw no curtain that conceals the dead;
 To distant Britain let the view be cast,
 And say, the present far exceeds the past;
 Of all the plagues that e'er the world have cursed,
 Name George, the tyrant, and you name the worst!
 What demon, hostile to the human kind,
 Planted these fierce disorders in the mind?

All, urged alike, one phantom we pursue,
 But what has war with human kind to do?
 In death's black shroud our bliss can ne'er be found;
 'Tis madness aims the life-destroying wound,
 Sends fleets and armies to these ravaged shores
 Plots constant ruin, but no peace restores.

O dire ambition!—thee these horrors suit:
 Lost to the human, she assumes the brute;
 She, proudly vain, or insolently bold,
 Her heart revenge, her eye intent on gold,
 Swayed by the madness of the present hour
 Lays worlds in ruin for *extent of power*;
 That shining bait, which dropt in folly's way
 Tempts the weak mind, and leads the heart astray.

Thou happiness! still sought but never found,
 We, in a circle, chace thy shadow round;
 Meant all mankind in different forms to bless,
 Which, yet possessing, we no more possess:
 Thus far removed and painted on the eye
 Smooth verdant fields seem blended with the sky,
 But where they both in fancied contact join
 In vain we trace the visionary line;
 Still, as we chace, the empty circle flies,
 Emerge new mountains, or new oceans rise. [1783]

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY'S

SOLILOQUY.

OCASIONED BY THE PUBLIC REJOICINGS IN PHILADELPHIA FOR THE BIRTH OF THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE, SON TO LOUIS XVI.]

PEOPLE are mad, thus to adore the Dauphin—
 Heaven grant the brat may soon be in his coffin—
 The honours here to this young Frenchman shown,
 Of right, should be prince George's, or my own;

And all those wreathes, that bloom on Louis now,
Should hang, unfading, on my father's brow.

To these far shores with longing hopes I came,
(By birth a Briton, not unknown to fame)
Pleasures to share that loyalty imparts,
Subdue the *rebels*, and regain their hearts.

Weak, stupid expectation—all is done !
Few are the prayers that rise for George's son !
Nought through the waste of these wide realms
trace,

But rage, contempt, and curses on our race,
Hosts, with their chiefs, by bold usurpers won,
And not a blessing left for George's son !

Here on these isles* (my terrors not a few)
I walk attended by an exiled crew :
These from the first have done their best to please,
But who would herd with sycophants like these ?
This vagrant race, who their lost shores bemoan,
Would bow to Satan, if he held our throne—
Ruled by their fears—and what is meaner far,
Have worshipped William only for his *STAR* !
To touch my hand their thronging thousands strove
And tired my patience with unceasing love—
In fame's fair annals told me I should live,
And, a *FOURTH WILLIAM*, to late times arrive :
Must Digby's royal pupil walk the streets,
And smile on every ruffian that he meets ;
Or teach them, as he has done—he knows when—
That kings and princes are no more than men !

Must I, indeed ! disclose, to our disgrace,
That Britain is too small for George's race ?
Here in the west, where all did once obey,
Three islands only, now, confess our sway ;
And in the *east* we have not much to boast,
For *HYDER ALI* drives us from that coast :—
Yield, rebels, yield—or I must go once more
Back to the white cliffs of my native shore :
(Where, in process of time, shall go Sir *GUY*,
And where Sir *HARRY* has returned to sigh,

* New York—and the neighbouring Islands.

Whose hands grew weak when things began to cross,
 Nor made one effort to retrieve our loss)
 Oatmeal and Scottish kale-pots round me rise,
 And Hanoverian turnips greet mine eyes ;—
 Welch goats and naked rocks my bosom swell,
 And Teague ! dear Teague !—to thee I bid farewell—

Curse on the Dauphin and his friends, I say,
 He steals our honours and our rights away.
 DIGBY !—our anchors !—weigh them to the bow,
 And eastward through the wild waves let us plough :
 Such dire resentments in my bosom burn,
 That to these shores I never will return,
 'Till fruits and flowers on Zembla's coasts are known,
 And seas congeal beneath the torrid zone ! [1782]

THE

POLITICAL WEATHERCOCK.

'TIS strange that things upon the ground
 Are commonly most steady found
 While those in station proud
 Are turned and twirled, or twist about,
 Now here and there, now in or out,
 Mere play things to a cloud.

See yonder influential man,
 So late the stern Republican
 While *interest* bore him up ;
 See him recant, abjure the cause,
 See *him* support tyrannic laws,
 The dregs of slavery's cup !

Thus, on yon' steeple towering high,
 Where clouds and storms distracted fly,
 The weather-cock is placed ;
 Which only while the storm does blow
 Is to one point of compass true,
 Then veers with every blast.

But things are so appointed here
 That weather-cocks on high appear,
 On pinnacle displayed,
 While ~~SENSE~~ and WORTH, and reasoning wights,
 And they who plead for HUMAN RIGHTS,
 Sit humble in the shade.

BEELZEBUB'S REMONSTRANCE:

(ON A LATE RIVINGTONIAN APOLOGY FOR LYING.)

YOUR golden dreams, your flattering schemes,
 Alas ! where are they fled, Sir ?
 Your plans deranged, your prospects changed
 You now may go to bed, Sir.—

How could you thus, impelled by fear,
 Give up the hopes of many a year ?—
 Your fame retrieved, and soaring high
 In TRUTH's resemblance seemed to fly;
 But now you grow so wondrous wise,
 You turn, and own that all is—lies.

A fabric that from hell was raised,
 On which astonished rebels gazed,
 And which the world shall ne'er forget,
 No less than RIVINGTON'S GAZETTE,
 Demolished at a single stroke—
 The angel Gabriel might provoke.

"That all was lies," might well be true,
 But why must this be told by you ?
 Great master of the scheming head,
 Where is your wonted cunning fled ?
 It was a folly to engage
That truth henceforth should fill your page ;
 When you must know, as well as I,
 Your first great object is—to LIE,

Your fortune was as good as made,
 Great artist in the fibbing trade !
 But now I see, with grief and pain,
 Your credit cannot rise again :
 No more the favorite of my heart,
 No more will I my gifts impart.
 Yet something shall you gain at last
 For lies contrived in seasons past—
 When pressing to the *narrow gate*
 I'll shew the portal marked by fate,
 Where all mankind, as preachers say
 Are apt to take the wider way,
 And though the Royal Printer swear,
 Will bolt him in, and keep him there !

[1782]

 THE

REFUGEES' PETITION

TO

SIR GUY CARLETON.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT your honour's petitioners, Tories by trade,
 From the first of the war have lent Britain their aid,
 And done all they could, both in country and town,
 In support of the king and the rights of his crown ;
 But, now to their grief and confusion, they find
 "The de'il may take them who are farthest behind."

In the rear of all rascals they still have been placed
 And Rebels and Frenchmen full often have faced,
 Have been in the midst of distresses and doubt
 When'er they came in or whene'er they went out ;
 Have supported the king and defended *his church*,
 And now, in the end, must be left in the lurch.

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M

Though often, too often, his arms were disgraced,
 We still were in hopes he would conquer at last,
 And restore us again to our sweethearts and wives
 The pride of our hearts and the joy of our lives—
 But he promised *too far*, and we trusted *too much*,
 And who could have looked for a war with the Dutch

Our *board* broken up, and discharged from our sta-
 tions,

Sir Guy ! it is cruel to cut off our *rations* ;
 Of a project, like that, whoe'er was the mover,
 It is, we must tell you, a hellish manœuvre ;
 A plan to destroy us—the basest of tricks
 By means of starvation, a stigma to fix.

If a peace be intended, as people surmise,
 (Though we hope from our souls these are nothing
 but lies)

Inform us at once what we have to expect,
 Nor treat us, as usual, with surly neglect ;
 Or, else, while you Britons are shipping your freight
We'll go to the Rebels, and get our estates.

SIR GUY'S ANSWER.

WE have reason to think there will soon be a peace,
 And that war with the Rebels will certainly cease ;
 But, be that as it will, I would have you to know
 That as matters are changing, we soon may chang
 too ;

In short, I would say, (since I have it at heart)
 Though the war should continue, yet *we* may depart.

Four offers in season I therefore propose,
 (As much as I can do in reason, God knows)
 In which, though there be not too plentiful carving,
 There still is sufficient to keep you from starving.

And, first of the first, it would mightily charm me
 To see you, my children, *enlist in the army*,

Or *enter the navy*, and get for your pay
 A *farthing* an hour, which is *sixpence* per day—
 There's Hector Clackmanan, and Arthur O'Gregor
 And Donald M'Donald shall rule you with vigour :
 If *these* do not suit you, then take your new plan,
Make your peace with the rebels, (march off to a man :)
 There rank and distinction perhaps you may find
 And rise into offices fit to your mind—
 But if still you object—I advise you to take a
 Farewell to New-York—and away to *Jamaica*.

RIVINGTON'S REFLECTIONS.

THE more I reflect, the more plain it appears,
 If **I** stay, I must stay at the risque of my ears,
 I **have** so be-peppered the foes of *our* throne,
 Be-rebelled, be-deviled, and told them their own,
 That if we give up to these rebels at last,
 'Tis a chance if my ears will atone for the past.
 'Tis always the best to provide for the worst—
 So evacuation I'll mention the first :
 If Carleton should sail for our dear native shore
 (As Clinton, Cornwallis, and Howe did before)
 And take off the soldiers that serve for our guard,
 (A step that the Tories would think rather hard)
 Yet still I surmise, for aught I can see,
 No Congress or *Senates* would meddle with me.
 For what have I done, when we come to consider,
 But sold my commodities to the best bidder ?
 If I offered to lie for the sake of a post,
 Was I to be blamed if the king offered most ?
 The King's Royal Printer!—Five hundred a year?—
 Between you and me, 'twas a handsome affair :
 Who would not for that give matters a stretch,
 And lie back and forward, and carry and fetch,
 May have some pretensions to *honour* and *fame*—
 But what are they both but the sound of a name,

Mere words to deceive us, as I have found long since,
Live on them a week, and you'll find them but non-
sense.

The late news from Charleston my mind has perplexed,

If that is abandoned,—I know what goes next :

This city of York is a place of great note,
And that we should hold it I now give my vote ;
But what are our votes against Shelburne's decrees ?
These people at helm steer us just where they please,
So often they've had us all hands on the brink,
They'll steer us at last to the devil, I think :
And though in the danger themselves have a share,
It will do us small good that they also go there.

It is true that the Tories, their children and wives
Have offered to stay, at the risque of their lives,
And gain to themselves an immortal renown
By ALL turning soldiers, and keeping the town :
Whoe'er was the Tory that struck out the plan,
In my humble conceit, was a very good man ;
But our words on this subject need be very few—
Already I see that it never will do :

For, suppose a few ships should be left us by Britain,
With Tories to man them, and other things fitting,
In truth we should be in a very fine box,
As well they might guard us with ships on the stocks,
And when I beheld them aboard and afloat,
I am sure I should think of *the bear in the boat*.

On the faith of a printer, things look very black—
And what shall we do, alas ! and alack !
Shall we quit our young princes and full blooded
peers,

And bow down to viscounts and French chevaliers ?
Perhaps you may say, " As the very last shift
" We'll go to New-Scotland, and take the king's gift :"

Good folks, do your will—but I vow and I swear,
I'll be boiled into soup before I'll live there :
Is it thus that our monarch his subjects degrades ? —
Let him go and be damned with his axes and spades =
—Of all the vile countries that ever were known
In the frigid, or torrid, or temperate zone,

C From accounts that I've had) there is not such another :

It neither belongs to this world or the other :

A favour they think it to send us there *gratis*,

To sing like the Jews at the river Euphrates,

And, after surmounting the rage of the billows,

Hang ourselves up at last with our harps on the willows :

Ere I sail for that shore, may I take my last nap—

Why, it gives me the palsy to look on its map !

And he that goes there (though I mean to be civil)

May fairly be said to have gone to the devil.

Shall I push for Old England, and whine at the throne ?

Indeed ! they have JEMMIES enough of their own !

Besides, such a name I have got from my trade,

They would think I was lying, whatever I said ;

Thus scheme as I will, or contrive as I may,

Continual difficulties rise in the way :

In short, if they let me remain in this realm,

What is it to Jemmy who stands at the helm ?

I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken)

For a place in their Zion which ne'er shall be shaken ;

I am sure they'll be clever : it seems their whole study :

They hung not young ASGILL for old captain HUDDY,

And it must be a truth that admits no denying,

If they spare us for MURDER they'll spare us for LY-
ING.

FOLKS may think as they please, but to me it would seem,

That our great men at home have done nothing but dream :

Such trimming and twisting and shifting about,

And some getting in, and others turned out,

And yet, with their bragging and looking so big,

All they did was to dance a theatrical jig.

Seven years now, and more, we have tried every plan,

And are just as near conquering as when we began,

Great things were expected from Clinton and Howe,
 But what have they done, or where are they now ?
 Sir Guy was sent over to kick up a dust,
 Who already prepares to return in *disgust*—
 The object delusive we wish to attain
 Has been in our reach, *and may be so again*—
 But so oddly does heaven its bounties dispense.
 And has granted our king such a small share of sense
 That, let Fortune favour or smile as she will,
 We are doomed to drive on, like a horse in a mill,
 And though we may seem to advance on our rout,
 'Tis but to return to where we sate out.

From hence I infer (by way of improvement)
 That nothing is got by this circular movement ;
 And I plainly perceive, from this fatal delay,
 We are going to ruin the round-about way !
 Some nations, like ships, give up to the gale,
 And are hurried ashore with a full flowing sail ;
 So Sweden submitted to absolute power,
 And freemen were changed to be slaves in an hour ;
 Thus THEODORE soon from his grandeur came down,
 Forsaking his subjects and Corsican crown ;
 But we—'tis our fate, without ally or friend,
 To go to perdition, *close hauled* to the wind.

The case is too plain, that if I stay here
 I have something to hope and something to fear :
 In regard to my carcase, I should n't mind that—
 I can say, " I have lived," and have grown very fat ;
 Have been in my day remarkable shift, y,
 And soon, very soon, will be verging on fifty.
 'Tis time for the state of the dead to prepare,
 'Tis time to consider how things will go there ;
 Some few are admitted to Jupiter's hall,
 But the dungeons of Pluto are open to all—
 The day is approaching as fast as it can
 When Jemmy will be a mere moderate man,
 Will sleep under ground both summer and winter,
 The hulk of a man, and the shell of a printer,
 And care not a farthing for George, or his line,
 What empires start up, or what kingdoms decline.

Our parson last Sunday brought tears from my
 eyes,
 When he told us of heaven, I thought of my lies—

To his flock he described it, and laid it before 'em,
 (As if he had been in its *Sanctum Sanctorum*)
 Recounted its beauties that never shall fade,
 And quoted John Bunyan to prove what he said ;
 Debarred from the gate who the Truth should deny,
 Or " whosoe'er loveth or maketh a lie."

Through the course of my life it has still been my
 lot

In spite of myself, to say " things that are not."
 And therefore suspect that upon my decease
 Not a poet will leave me to slumber in peace,
 But at least once a week be-scribble the stone
 Where Jemmy, poor Jemmy, lies sleeping alone !

Howe'er in the long run these matters may be,
 If the scripture is true, it has bad news for me—
 And yet, when I come to examine the text,
 And the learned annotations that POOLE has annexed,
 Throughout the black list of the people that sin
 I cannot once find that I'm mentioned therein ;
 Whoremongers, idolaters, all are left out,
 And wizzards, and dogs (which is proper, no doubt)
 But he who says, I'm there, mistakes or forgets—
 It mentions no PRINTERS OF ROYAL GAZETTES !

In truth, I have need of a mansion of rest,
 And *here* to remain might suit me the best—
 PHILADELPHIA in some things would answer as well,
 (Some Tories are there, and my papers might sell)
 But then I should live amongst wrangling and strife,
 And be forced to say *credo* the rest of my life :
 For their sudden conversion I'm much at a loss—
 I am told that they bow to the wood of the cross,
 And worship the reliques transported from Rome,
 St. Peter's toe-nails, and St. Anthony's comb.—
 If thus the true faith they no longer defend
 I scarcely can think where the madness will end—
 If the greatest among them submit to the Pope,
 What Reason have I for indulgence to hope ?

If the Congress themselves to the CHAPEL did pass,*
Ye may swear that poor JEMMY would have 'to sing
mass.

December, 1782.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

HUGH GAINES† LIFE.

City of NEW-YORK, Jan. 1st, 1783.‡

*To the Senate§ of York, with all due submission,
Of honest HUGH GAINES the humble petition ;
An Account of his Life he will also prefix,
And some trifles that happened in SEVENTY-SIX ;
He hopes that your honours will take no offence,
If he sends you some groans of contrition from hence,
And, further, to prove that he's truly sincere,
He wishes you all a happy New Year.*

AND, first, he informs, in his representation,
That he once was a printer of good reputation,
And dwelt in the street called Hanover Square,
(You'll know where it is, if you ever was there)

* "On the 4th of November last, the clergy and select men of
"Boston paraded through the streets after a crucifix, and joined in
"a procession in praying for a departed soul out of Purgatory ; and
"for this they gave the example of Congress, and other American
"leaders, on a former occasion at Philadelphia, some of whom, in
"the height of their zeal, even went so far as to sprinkle themselves
"with what they call *Holy water*."—*Royal Gazette*, of December
"11. inst.

† A character well remembered in New York, and the adjacent States.—now deceased.

‡ The British army evacuated New York the November following.

§ The Legislature of the State were at this time in session at FISHKILL.

Next door to the dwelling of doctor Brownjohn,
 (Who now to the drug-shop of Pluto is gone)
 But what do I say—who e'er came to town,
 And knew not HUGH GAINÉ at the *Bible* and *Crown*.

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,
 My dear native country I wouldn't deny ;
 (I know you love Teagues) and I shall not conceal
 That I came from the kingdom where Phelim
 O'Neale

And other brave worthies ate butter and cheese,
 And walked in the clover-fields up to their knees ;
 Full early in youth, without basket or burden,
 With a staff in my hand, I passed over Jordan,
 (I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw*
 And many strange things on the waters we saw,
 Sharks, dolphins, and sea-dogs, bonettas, and whales,
 And birds at the tropic, with quills in their tails)
 And came to your city and government seat,
 And found it was true you had something to eat ;
 When thus I wrote home—" The country is good,
 " They have plenty of victuals and plenty of wood :
 " The people are kind, and, whatever they think,
 " I shall make it appear, I can swim where they'll
 " sink ;

" Dear me! they're so brisk, and so full of good cheer,
 " By my soul, I suspect they have always new year,
 " And therefore conceive *it is good to be here.*"

So said, and so acted—I put up a press,
 And printed away with amazing success ;
 Neglected my person, and looked like a fright,
 Was bothered all day, and was busy all night,
 Saw money come in, as the papers went out,
 While Parker and Weyman* were driving about,
 And cursing and swearing, and chewing their cud,
 And wishing Hugh Gainé and his press in the sud :
 Ned Weyman was printer, you know to the king,
 And thought he had got all the world in a string,
 (Though riches not always attend on a throne)
 So he swore I had found the philosopher's stone,

* A cynical and very eccentric Physician.

† New York Printers, many years before the Revolution.

And called me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,
Because I knew better than him to get rich.

To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—
You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.

Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—

Ah ! these were the happiest days I had seen !

But the saying of Jacob I found to be true,

“ The days of thy servant are evil and few !”

The days that to me were joyous and glad,

Are nothing to those which are dreary and sad !

The feuds of the *Stamp Act* foreboded foul weather,

And war and vexation all coming together :

Those days were the days of riots and mobs,

Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobs—

Priests preaching up war for the *good of our souls*,

And libels, and lying, and Liberty poles,

From which, when some whimsical *colours* you waved,

We had nothing to do, but look up and be saved—

(You thought, by *resolving*, to terrify Britain—

Indeed, if you did, you were damnably *bitten*.)

I knew it would bring an eternal reproach,

When I saw you a-burning Cadwallader's* coach ;

I knew you would suffer for what you had done,

When I saw you lampooning poor *Sawney* his son,

And bringing him down to so wretched a level,

As to ride him about in a cart with the devil.—

WELL, as I predicted that matters would be—

To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon *Tea* :

What chest-fulls were scattered, and trampled, and
drowned,

And yet the whole tax was but three pence *per* pound !

May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,

And Satan torment me to time without end,

If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,

And feuds that have ruined *our* manners and morals ;

A parson himself might have sworn round the corn-
pass,

That folks for a trifle should make such a *rumpus*,

* Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden.

Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,
Make France, Spain, and Holland with Britain en-
 gage

While the Emperor, the Swede, the Russ, and the
 Dane

All pity **JOHN BULL**—and run off with his gain.

But this was the season that I must lament—

I first was a whig with an honest intent ;

Not a Yankee among them talked louder or bolder,

With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoul-
 der ;

Yes, I was a whig, and a whig from my heart,

But still was unwilling with Britain to part——

I thought to oppose her was foolish and vain,

I thought she would turn and embrace us again,

And make us as happy as happy could be,

By renewing the æra of mild **SIXTY-THREE** :

And yet, like a cruel, undutiful son,

Who evil returns for the good *to be done*,

Unmerited odium on Britain to throw,

I printed some treason for **PHILIP FRENEAU**,

Some damnable poems reflecting on **GAGE**,

The **KING** and his **COUNCIL**, and writ with such rage,

So full of invective, and loaded with spleen,

So sneeringly smart, and so hellishly keen,

That, at least in the judgment of half our wise men,

ALECTO herself put the nib to his pen.

AT this time arose a certain king **SEARS**,

Who made it his study to banish our fears :

He was, without doubt, a person of merit,

Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of spirit ;

Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,

And threatened perdition to all that drank tea.

Long sermons did he against Scotchmen prepare,

And drank like a German, and drove away care.

Ah ! don't you remember what a vigorous hand he
 put

To drag off the great guns, and plague captain *Van-*
*defut.**

* Captain of the Asia man of war who cannonaded the city.

That *night** when the HERO (his patience worn out)
 Put fire to his cannons and folks to the rout,
 And drew up his ship with a *spring on her cable*,
 And gave us a second confusion of *Babel*,
 And (what was more *solid* than *scurrilous language*)
 Poured on us a tempest of *round shot* and *langrage*;
 Scarce a broadside was ended 'till another began again
 —By Jove! it was nothing but *Fire away Flannagan*!†
 Some thought him SALUTING his *Sally's* and *Nancy's*
 'Till he drove a *huge ball* through the roof of *Sam Francis*‡

The town by his flashes was fairly enlightened,
 The women miscarried, the beaux were all frightened;
 For my part, I hid in a cellar (as sages
 And Christians were wont in the *primitive ages* :
 Thus the *Prophet of old* that was *wrafft to the sky*,
 Lay snug in a cave 'till the tempest went by,
 But, as soon as the comforting spirit had spoke,
 He rose and came out with his mystical cloak):
 Yet I hardly could boast of a moment of *rest*.
 The dogs were a-howling, the town was distrest!
 But our terrors soon vanished, for suddenly SEARS
 Renewed our lost courage and dried up our tears.

Our memories, indeed, must have strangely de-
 cayed

If we cannot remember what SPEECHES he made,
 What handsome *harangues* upon every occasion,
 How he laughed at the whim of a *British Invasion*!

“P—x take 'em, (said he) do ye think they will
 come?”

“If they should—we have only to beat on our *drum*,

“And *run up the flag of American freedom*,

“And people will *muster* by millions to *bleed 'em*!

“What *freeman* need value such blackguards as these!

“Let us sink in our channel some *Chevaux de frise*

“—And then let 'em come—and we'll show 'em fair
 play—

“But they are not madmen—I tell you—not they!”

* August, 1775.

† A cant phrase among privateers men.

‡ A noted Inn-holder in New-York.

From this very day 'till the *British* came in,
 We lived, I may say, in the *Desert of Sin* ;
 Such beating, and bruising, and *scratching*, and *tear-*
ing ;
 Such kicking, and cuffing, and *cursing and swearing* !
 —But when *they* advanced with *their numerous fleet*,
 And WASHINGTON made his *nocturnal retreat*,*
 (And which *they permitted*, I say, to *their shame*,
 Or else your NEW EMPIRE had been but a name)
 We townsmen, like women, of *Britons in dread*,
 Mistrusted *their* meaning, and foolishly fled ;
 Like the *rest* of the dunces I mounted my steed,
 And galloped away with *incredible speed*,
 To NEWARK I hastened—but *trouble and care*
Got up on the crupper and followed me there !
 There I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,
 And scarcely found spirits to *weather the storm* ;
 And was quickly convinced I had little to do,
 (The *Whigs* were in arms, and my *readers* were few)
 So, after remaining one cold winter season,
 And stuffing my *papers* with *something like treason*,
 And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,
 And forced to submit to a hundred *new masters*,
 I thought it more prudent to hold to the *one*—
 And (after repenting of what I had done,
 And cursing my folly and idle pursuits)
 Returned to the city, and hung up my boots.

As matters have gone, it was plainly a blunder,
 But *then* I expected the Whigs must knock under,
 And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,
 And stick to the party that's like to be strongest :
 That you have succeeded is merely a chance,
 I never once dreamt of the conduct of France !—
 If alliance with her you were promised—at least
 You ought to have shewed me your STAR in the east,
 Nor let me go off uninformed as a beast.
 When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,
 Or victuals—or money, to pay them their dues,

* From Long-Island.

(Excepting your wretched Congressional *paper*,
 That stunk in my nose like the smoke of a taper,
 A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,
 That damnable bubble, the *old Continental*;
 That took people in at this wonderful crisis,
 With its *mottoes* and *emblems*, and cunning *devices*;
 Which, bad as it was, you were forced to admire,
 And which was, in fact, the *pillar of fire*,
 To which you directed your wandering noses,
 (Like the Jews in the desert conducted by *Moses*)
 When I saw them attended with *famine* and *fear*,
 Distress in their front, and *Howe* in their rear;
 When I saw them for debt incessantly dunned,
 Not a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund;
 Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—
 When this was apparent (and need I say more?)
 I handled my cane, and I looked at my hat,
 And cried—"God have mercy on armies like that!"
 I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,
 And said—"Here's a health to the *Vicar of Bray*,"
 And cocked up my beaver, and—strutted away." }

ASHAMED of my conduct, I sneaked into town,
 (Six hours and a quarter the sun had been down)
 It was, I remember, a cold, frosty night,
 And the stars in the firmament glinted as bright
 As if (to assume a poetical stile)
 Old Vulcan had give them a rub with his file.

'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,
 I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day;
 Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap
 E'er was so ashamed of his nightly mishap—
 I couldn't help thinking what ills might befall me,
 What rebels and rascals the British would call me,
 And how I might suffer in credit and purse,
 If not in my person, which still had been worse:
 At length I resolved (as was surely my duty)
 To go for advice to parson AUCHMUTY:*
 The parson who now I hope is in glory,
 Was then upon earth, and a terrible tory,

* A high church Episcopalian, then rector of Trinity Church,
 N. Y. since deceased.

Not Cooper* himself, of ideas perplex,
So nicely could handle, and torture a text,
When bloated with lies, through his trumpet he
sounded

The damnable sin of opposing a crowned head;
Like a penitent sinner, and dreading my fate,
In the grey of the morning I knocked at his gate;
(No doubt he was vexed that I roused him so soon,
(For his saintship was mostly in blankets 'till noon.)

At length he approached in his *vestments of black*—
(Alas, my poor heart! it was then on the rack,
Like a man in an ague, or one to be tried;
I shook—and recanted, and blubbered, and sighed)
His gown, of itself, was amazingly big,
Besides, he had on his canonical wig,
And frowned at a distance; but, when I came near,
Looked pleasant and said—“*What, Hugh, are you here!*”

“*Your heart, I am certain, is horribly hardened,
But if you confess—your sin will be pardoned;
In spite of my preachments, and all I could say,
Like the prodigal son, you wandered away,
Now tell me, dear penitent, which is the best,
To be with the rebels, pursued and distressed,
Devoid of all comfort, all hopes of relief,
Or else to be here, and partake the king’s beef?*”
“*More people resemble the snake than the dove,
And more are converted by terror than love:
Like a sheep on the mountains, or rather a swine,
You wandered away from the ninety and nine;
Awhile at the offers of mercy you spurned:
But your error you saw, and at length have returned:
Our master will therefore consider your case,
And restore you again to favour and grace,
Great light shall arise from utter confusion,
And rebels shall live to lament their delusion.*”

“Ah, rebels! (said I) they are rebels indeed—
Chastisement, I hope, by the king is decreed:
“They have hung up his *subjects* with bed-cords and
halters,
And banished his *prophets*, and thrown down his *altars*.”

* Miles Cooper, President of King’s (now Columbia College.)

" And I—even I—while I ventured to stay,
 " They sought for my life—to take it away !
 " I therefore propose to come under your wing,
 " A foe to REBELLION—a slave to the KING."

Such solemn confession, in scriptural stile,
 Worked out my salvation, at least for a while ;
 The parson pronounced me deserving of grace,
 And so *they* restored me to *printing* and *place*.

But days, such as these, were too happy to last :
 The sand of felicity settled too fast !
 When I swore and protested I honoured the throne
 The least they could do was to let me alone :
 Though *George* I compared to an angel above,¹
 They wanted some solider proofs of my love ;
 And so they obliged me each morning to come
 And turn in the ranks at the beat of the drum,
 While often, too often (I tell it with pain)
 They menaced my head with a hickory cane,
 While others, my betters, as much were oppressed—
 But shame and confusion shall cover the rest.

You, doubtless, will think I am dealing in fable
 When I tell you I *guard an officer's stable*—
 With usage like this my feelings are stung ;
 The next thing will be, I must heave out the dung
Six hours in the day is duty too hard, ●
 And RIVINGTON sneers whene'er I mount guard,
 And laughs till his sides are ready to split
 With his jests, and his satires, and sayings of wit :
 Because he's excused, on account of his post,
 He cannot go by without making his boast,
 As if I was all that is servile and mean—
 But fortune, perhaps, may alter the scene,
 And give him his turn to stand in the street,
Burnt brandy supporting his *animal heat*—
 But what for the king or the cause has he done
 That we must be toiling while he can look on ?
 Great conquests he gave them *on faster*—'tis true,
 When HOWE was *recreating*, he made him *pursue* ;
 Alack ! it's too plain that Britons must fall—
 When, *loaded with laurels*—they go to the wall.

From hence you may guess I do nothing but gri
 And where we are going I cannot conceive.—

The wisest among us a CHANGE are expecting,
 It is not for nothing, these ships are collecting ;
 It is not for nothing, that MATHEWS, the mayor,
 And legions of Tories, for sailing prepare ;
 It is not for nothing, that JOHN COGHILL KNAP
 Is filing his papers, and plugging his tap ;
 See SKINNER himself, the fighting attorney,
 Is boiling potatoes, to serve a long journey ;
 But where they are going, or meaning to travel
 Would puzzle John Faustus, himself to unravel :—
 Perhaps to Penobscot, to starve in the barrens,
 Perhaps to St. John's, in the gulph of St. Lawrence :
 Perhaps to New-Scotland, to perish with cold,
 Perhaps to Jamaica, like slaves to be sold ;
 Where, scorched by the summer, all nature repines,
 Where Phœbus, great Phœbus, too glaringly shines,
 And fierce from the zenith diverging his ray
 Oppresses the isle with a torrent of day.

Since matters are thus, with proper submission'
 Permit me to offer my humble PETITION :
 (Though the *form* is uncommon, and lawyers may
 sneer,
 With truth I can tell you, the scribe is sincere :)

THAT, since it is plain we are going away,
 You will suffer *Hugh Gaine* unmolested to stay,
 His sand is near run (life itself is a span)
 So leave him to manage the best that he can :
 Whoe'er are his masters, or monarchs, or regents,
 For the future he's ready to swear them allegiance ;
 The CROWN he will promise to hold in disgrace :
 The BIBLE—allow him to stick in its place,
 'Till THAT, in due season, you wish to put down,
 And bid him keep shop at the sign of the CROWN.
 If the Turk with his turban should set up at last here
 While he gives him protection, he'll own him his
 master,
 And yield due obedience (when Britain is gone)
 Though ruled by the sceptre of PRESBYTER JOHN.

My press, that has, called you (as tyranny drove her)

Rogues, rebels, and rascals, a thousand times over,
Shall be at your service by day and by night,
To publish whate'er you think proper to write ;
Those *types* which have raised George the third to a
level

With angels—shall prove him as black as the devil,
To HIM that contrived him, a shame and disgrace,
Nor blest with one virtue to honour his race !

Who knows but, in time, I may rise to be great,
And have the good fortune to *manage* a STATE ?
Great noise among people great changes denotes,
And I shall have money to purchase their votes—
The time is approaching, I venture to say,
When folks worse than me will come into play,
When your double faced people will give themselves
airs,

And AIM to take hold of the helm of affairs,
While the honest bold SOLDIER, who sought your re-
nown,

Like a dog in the dirt, shall be crushed and held down.

Of honours and profits allow me a share !

I frequently dream of a president's chair !
And visions full often intrude on my brain,
That for me to interpret, would rather be vain.

Blest seasons advance, when Britons shall find
That they can be happy, and you can be kind,
When *Rebels* no longer at Traitors shall spurn,
When ARNOLD himself will in triumph return !

But my *paper* informs me it's time to conclude ;
I fear my Address has been rather too rude—
If it has—for my boldness your pardon I pray,
And further, at present, presume not to say,
Except that (for form's sake) in *haste* I remain
Your humble Petitioner—honest—HUGH GAINÉ.

ON THE
DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH
FROM CHARLESTON,

(December 14, 1782.)

HIS triumphs of a moment done ;
His race of desolation run,
The Briton, yielding to his fears,
To other shores with sorrow steers :
To other shores—and coarser climes
He goes, reflecting on his crimes,
His broken oaths, a murdered HAYNE,
And blood of thousands, spilt in vain.
To *Cooper's* stream, advancing slow,
Ashley no longer tells his woe ;
No longer mourns his limpid flood
Discoloured deep with human blood.
Lo! where those social streams combine
Again the friends of Freedom join ;
And, while they stray, where once they bled,
Rejoice to find their tyrants fled.
Since memory paints that dismal day
When British squadrons held the sway,
And circling close on every side,
By sea and land retreat denied—
Can she recall that mournful scene,
And not the virtues of a GREENE,
Who great in war—in danger tried,
Has won the day, and crushed their pride.
Through barren wastes and ravaged lands,
He led his bold undaunted bands ;
Through sickly climes his standard bore
Where never army marched before :
By fortitude, with patience joined ;
(The virtues of a noble mind)

He spread, where'er our wars are known,
His country's honour and his own.

Like Hercules, his generous plan
Was to redress the wrongs of men ;
Like him, accustomed to subdue,
He freed a world from *monsters* too.

Through every want and every ill
We saw him persevering still,
Through Autumn's damps and Summer's heat,
'Till his great purpose was complete.

Like the bold eagle, from the skies
That stoops, to seize his trembling prize,
He darted on the slaves of kings
At Camden plains and Eutaw springs.

Ah ! had our friends that led the fray
Survived the ruins of that day,
We sould not damp our joy with pain,
Nor, sympathizing, now complain.

Strange ! that of those who nobly dare
Death always claims so large a share,
That those of virtue most refined
Are soonest to the grave consigned !——

But fame is theirs—and future days
On pillared brass shall tell their praise ;
Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—
“ *These* for their country fought and bled.”



LINES

WRITTEN FOR MR. RICKETTS, ON THE EXHIBI-
TIONS AT HIS EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.

AMIDST the high affairs of state,
 Profound harangues, and learned debate ;
 Amidst this tiresome hum of things,
 Declining popes and falling kings—
 (That sentence of destruction passed
 Which yields them to their doom at last) ·
 May we not ask one man of mirth
 (While crowns are tumbling to the earth)
 Not ask, amidst such great affairs
 From day to day that stun our ears,
 How drives the circus on?

The Greeks, of old, their coursers trained
 To *Isthmian* feats, and led the band
 Of nimble steeds to war's alarms—
 They drew the car, or ploughed their farms ;
 OLYMPIA, at her festive games
 Of Grecian lads and Grecian dames
 Beheld assembled thousands meet
 Of prancing steeds, with active feet,
 To rush across the plain.—
 Almost instructed how to fly,
 The multitude, in wild amaze
 Pronounced the horse above all praise ;
 And wondered how these earth-born steeds
 Were taught, though bred in fields and meads,
 Jove's coursers to defy.*—

But, RICKETTS, your superior art
 Can to the steed new gifts impart ;
 A different soul inspires his frame :
 He leaps, he bounds ~~with other force~~
 Than ever nerved the Grecian horse.—

* It was feigned in Grecian mythology, that a race of horses existed, in their chariot and cavalry service, that had their origin from the stables of the gods.

From precepts that your skill explains
 He human attitudes attains,
 And moves through all the varying scene
 With eye of fire and spirit keen—
 See how majestic, how refined
 The ideas in a brutal mind——
 But, Ricketts, O forbear!——
 If we, the ruling human race
 May not on higher beings press,
 Make not the horse, by precepts rare,
 A RIVAL TO MANKIND.

ON THE

BRITISH KING'S SPEECH,

RECOMMENDING PEACE WITH THE AMERICAN
 STATES. [1783.]

GROWN sick of war, and war's alarms
 Good George has changed his note at last——
 Conquest and death have lost their charms;
 He, and his nation stand aghast,
 To think, what fearful lengths they've gone,
 And what a brink they stand upon.

Old BUTE and NORTH, twin sons of hell,
 If you advised him to retreat,
 Before our vanquished thousands fell,
 Prostrate, submissive at his feet:
 Awake once more his latent flame,
 And bid us yield you all your claim.

The Macedonian wept and sighed
 Because no other world was found
 Where he might glut his rage and pride,
 And by its ruin be renowned;
 The *world* that *Sawny* wished to view
 George fairly had—and lost it too!

Let jarring powers make war or peace,
Monster !—no peace can greet your breast :
Our murdered friends can never cease
To hover round and break your rest !
The Furies will your bosom tear,
Remorse, distraction, and despair
And hell, with all its fiends, be there !

Cursed be the ship that e'er sets sail
Hence, freighted for your odious shore ;
May tempest's o'er her strength prevail,
Destruction round her roar !
May Nature all her *aids* deny,
The sun refuse his light,
The needle from its object fly,
No star appear by night ;
'Till the base pilot, conscious of his crime,
Directs the prow to some more CHRISTIAN clime.

Genius ! that first our race designed,
To other kings impart
The finer feelings of the mind,
The virtues of the heart ;
Whene'er the honours of a throne
Fall to the bloody and the base,
Like Britain's tyrant, pull them down,
Like his, be their disgrace !

Hibernia, seize each native right !
Neptune, exclude him from the main ;
Like *her* that sunk with all her freight,
The *Royal George*, take all his fleet,
And never let them rise again :
Confine him to his gloomy isle,
Let Scotland rule her half,
Spare him to curse his fate awhile,
And WHITEHEAD,* thou to write his Epitaph.—

* At that time Poet Laureat to the king of Great-Britain.

These strains of woe had not been penned to-day,
 Nor I to foreign climes been forced away :
 Ah ! GEORGE—that name provokes my keenest rage—
 Did he not swear, and promise, and engage
 His loyal sons to nurture and defend,
 To be their god, their father, and their friend—
 Yet basely quits us on a hostile coast
 And leaves us wretched, where we need him most
 His was the part to promise and deceive,
 By him we wander and by him we grieve ;
 Since the first day, that these dissentions grew
 When Gage to Boston brought his blackguard crew—
 Amused with conquests, honours, riches, fame,
 Posts, titles, earldoms—and a deathless name,
 From place to place we urge our vagrant flight
 To follow still these vapours of the night,
 From town to town have run our various race,
 And acted all that's mean, and all that's base—
 Yes—from that day until this hour we roam,
 Vagrants forever from our native home !

And yet, perhaps, fate sees the golden hour
 When happier hands shall crush rebellious power,
 When hostile tribes their plighted faith shall own
 And swear subjection to the British throne,
 When *George the fourth* shall new petitions spurn—
 And banished thousands to their fields return.

From dreams of conquest, worlds, and empires ~~w~~on;
 Britain awaking, mourns her setting sun,
 No rays of joy her evening hour illume,
 'Tis one sad chaos, one unmingled gloom !
 Too soon she sinks unheeded to the grave,
 No eye to pity, and no hand to save :
 What are her crimes that she alone must bend ?
 Where are her hosts to conquer and defend—
 Must she alone with these new regions part,
 These realms that lay the nearest to her heart,
 But soared at once to independent power,
 Not sunk, like Scotland, in the trying hour ?—
 See slothful Spaniards golden empires keep,
 And rule vast realms beyond the Atlantic deep ;
 Must *we* alone surrender half *our* reign,
 And they their empires and their worlds retain ?

Britannia rise—send JOHNSTONE to PERU,
 rize thy bold thunders and the war renew,
 conquest or ruin—one must be your doom,
 strike—and secure a triumph or a tomb !

But we, sad outcasts from our native reign,
 riven from these shores, a poor deluded train,
 distant wilds, conducted by despair,
 seek, vainly seek, a hiding place from care !
 even now yon' tribes, the foremost of the band,
 crowd to the ships and cover all the strand ;
 forced from their friends, their country, and their
 GOD,

see the unhappy miscreants leave the sod !
 latrons and men walk sorrowing side by side,
 and virgin grief, and poverty, and pride ;
 all, all with aching hearts prepare to sail,
 and late repentance, that has no avail !
 While yet I stand on this forbidden ground
 hear the death-bell of destruction sound,
 and threatening hosts, with vengeance on their brow,
 cry, “ where are Britain's base adherents now ? ”
 these, hot for vengeance, by resentment led,
 lame on our hearts the failings of the head ;
 to us no peace, no favours they extend,
 their rage no bounds, their hatred knows no end ;
 one firm league I see them all combined,
 we, like the damned, can no forgiveness find—
 as soon might Satan from perdition rise,
 and the lost angels gain their vanished skies,
 as malice cease in their dark souls to burn,
 as we, once fled, be suffered to return.

Cursed be the UNION that was formed with France,
 see their lillies, and the stars, advance !
 did they not turn our triumphs to retreats,
 and prove our CONQUESTS nothing but DEFEATS ?—
 My heart misgives me, as their chiefs draw near,
 feel the influence of all-potent fear :
 henceforth must I, abandoned and distress,
 knock at the door of pride, a beggar guest,
 and learn from years of misery and pain
 not to oppose fair Freedom's cause again !—

One truth is clear from Nature, constant still;
 Kings hold not worlds, or empires, at their will :—
 Nor *rebels* they, who native *freedom* claim,
Conquest alone can ratify the name——
 But great the task, resistance to controul
 When genuine *VIRTUE* fires the stubborn soul ;
 'The warlike beast, in Lybian deserts placed
 To reign the master of the sun-burnt waste,
 Not tamely yields to wear a servile chain :
 Force may attempt it, and attempt in vain——
Nervous and bold, by native valour led :
His prowess strikes the proud invader dead,
By force nor fraud from Freedom's charms beguiled,
He reigns secure the monarch of the wild.

TANTALUS.

[1783.]

RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

ADDRESSED

TO THE WHIGS OF NEW-YORK.

LONG life and low spirits were never my choice,
 As long as I live I intend to rejoice ;
 When life is worn out, and no wine's to be had,
 'Tis time enough then to be serious and sad.

'Tis time enough then to reflect and repent,
 When our liquor is gone, and our money is spent——
 But I cannot endure what is practised by some
 This anticipating of mischiefs to come :

A debt must be paid, I am sorry to say,
 Alike in their turns by the grave and the gay,
 And due to a despot that none can deceive
 Who grants us no respite and signs no reprieve.

Thrice happy is he that from care can retreat,
 And its plagues and vexations put under his feet ;

ow the storm as it may, he is always in trim, -
nd the sun's in the zenith forever to him.

nce the world then, in earnest, is nothing but care,
nd the world will allow I have also my share)
et, tossed as I am in the stormy expanse,
he best way, I find, is to leave it to chance.

ook round, if you please, and survey the wide ball
nd CHANCE, you will find, has direction of all :
'was owing to *chance* that I first saw the light,
nd chance may destroy me before it is night !

'was a chance, a mere chance, that your arms gained
the day,

'was a chance that the Britons so soon went away,
o chance by their leaders the nation is cast
nd chance to perdition will send them at last.

ow because I remain when the puppies are gone
ou would willingly see me hanged, quartered, and
drawn,

hough I think I have logic sufficient to prove
hat the *chance* of my stay—is a proof of my love.

or deeds of destruction some hundreds are ripe,
ut the worst of my foes are your lads of the type :
ecause they have nothing to put on their shelves
hey are striving to make me as poor as themselves.

here's LOUDON, and KOLLOCK, those strong bulls of
Bashan,

re striving to *hook* me away from my station,
nd HOLT, all at once, is as wonderful great
s if none but himself was to print for the STATE.

e all are convinced I'd a right to expect
'hat a sinner returning you would not reject—
uite sick of the scarlet and slaves of the throne,
I is now at your option to make me your own.

uppose I had gone with the Tories and rabble,
'o starve or be drowned on the shoals of cape *Sable*,
had suffered, 'tis true—but I'll have you to know,
ou nothing had gained by my trouble and woe.

You say that with grief and dejection of heart
 I packed up my awls, with a view to depart,
 That my shelves, were dismantled, my cellars un-
 stored,

My boxes afloat, and my hampers on board :

And hence you infer (I am sure without reason)
 That a right you possess to entangle my weazon—
 Yet your barns I ne'er burnt, nor your blood have I
 spilt,

And my *terror* alone was no proof of my guilt.

The charge may be true—for I found it in vain
 To lean on a staff that was broken in twain,
 And ere I had gone at Port Roseway to fix,
 I had chose to sell drams on the south side of Styx.

I confess, that with shame and contrition oppress,
 I signed an agreement to go with the rest,
 But ere they weighed anchor to sail their last trip,
 I saw they were vermin, and gave them the slip :

Now why you should call me the worst man alive,
 On the word of a convert, I cannot contrive,
 Though turned a plain, honest republican, still
 You own me no proselyte, do what I will.

My paper is altered—good people, don't fret ;
 I call it no longer the ROYAL GAZETTE,
 To me a great monarch has lost all his charms,
 I have pulled down his LION, and trampled his ARMS.

While fate was propitious, I thought they might
 stand,

(You know I was zealous for George's command)
 But since he disgraced it, and left us behind,
 If I thought him an angel—I've altered my mind.

On the very same day that his army went hence
 I ceased to tell lies for the sake of his pence ;
 And what was the reason ?—the true one is best—
 I worship no suns when they hang to the west :

In this I resemble a Turk or a Moor,
 Bright Phœbus ascending, I prostrate adore ;
 And, therefore, excuse me for printing some lays,
 An ode or a sonnet in Washington's praise.

his prudence, and caution has saved your dominions,
his chief of all chiefs, and the pride of Virginians !
And when he is gone—I pronounce it with pain—
he scarcely shall meet with his equal again.

The gods for that hero did trouble prepare,
it gave him a mind that could feed upon care,
they gave him a spirit, serene but severe,
above all disorder, confusion, and fear ;
him it was fortune where others would fail :
he was born for the tempest, and weathered the gale.

And Plato asserted that life is a dream
and man but a shadow, a cloud or a stream ;
which it is plain he intended to say
that man, like a shadow, must vanish away :

this be the fact, in relation to man,
and if each one is striving to get what he can,
hope, while I live, you will all think it best,
to allow me to bustle along with the rest.

My view of my life, though some parts might be so-
lemn,
Would make, on the whole, a ridiculous volume :
and the life that's hereafter (to speak with submission)
hope I shall publish a better edition :

Even swine you permit to subsist in the street ;—
you pity a dog that lies down to be beat—
then forget what is past, for the year's at a close—
and men of my age have some need of repose.

But as to the Tories that yet may remain,
they scarcely need give you a moment of pain :
What dare they attempt when their masters are fled ;
When the soul is departed who wars with the dead ?

On the waves of the Styx had they rode quarantine,
they could not have looked more infernally lean
than the day, when repenting, dismayed and dis-
trest,
like the doves to their windows, they flew to their
nest.

Poor souls ! for the love of the king and his nation
 They have had their full quantum of mortification ;
 Wherever they fought, or whatever they won
 The dream's at an end—the delusion is done.

The TEMPLE you raised was so wonderful large
 Not one of them thought you could answer the charge—
 It seemed a mere castle constructed of vapour,
 Surrounded with gibbets, and founded on PAPER.

On the basis of freedom you built it too strong !
 And CARLETON confessed, when you held it so long,
 That if any thing human the fabric could shatter,
 The ROYAL GAZETTE must accomplish the matter.

An engine like that, in such hands as my own
 Had shaken king CUDJOE* himself from his throne,
 In another rebellion had ruined the Scot,
 While the Pope and Pretender had both gone to pot.

If you stood my attacks, I have nothing to say—
 I fought, like the Swiss, for the sake of my pay ;
 But while I was proving your fabric unsound
 Our vessel *missed stay*, and we all went aground.

Thus ended in ruin what madness begun,
 And thus was our nation disgraced and undone,
 Renowned as we were, and the lords of the deep,
 If our outset was folly, our exit was sleep.

A dominion like THIS, that some millions had cost !—
 The king might have wept when he saw it was lost ;—
 This jewel—whose value I cannot describe ;
 This pearl—that *was richer than all his Dutch tribe*.

When the war came upon us, you very well knew
 My income was small and my riches were few—
 If your money was scarce, and your prospects were
 bad,

Why hinder me printing for people that had ?

*Twould have pleased you, no doubt, had I gone with a
 few setts

Of books, to exist in your cold Massachusetts ;

* The negro king in Jamaica ; whom the English declared Independent in 1739.

r to wander at *Newark* with ill-fated HUGH,
 ot a shirt to my back, nor a soal to my shoe :

ow, if we mistook (as we did, it is plain)
 ur error was owing to wicked HUGH GAINE,
 or he gave such accounts of your starving and strife
 s proved that his pictures were drawn from the life.

he part that I acted, by some men of sense
 as wrongfully held to be malice prepense,
 hen to all the world else it was perfectly plain,
 ne principle ruled me—a passion for gain.

ou pretend I have suffered no loss in the cause,
 nd have, therefore, no right to partake of your
 laws :—

ome people love talking—I find to my cost,
 too am a loser—my PENSION is lost !

ay, did not your printers repeatedly stoop
 o descant and reflect on my PORTABLE SOUP ?
 t me have your porcupines darted the quill,
 ou have plundered my Office and published my *Will*.

esolved upon mischief, you held it no crime
 o steal my *Reflections*, and print them in rhyme,
 hen all the town knew (and a number confessed)
 hat papers, like these, were no cause of arrest.

ou never considered my struggles and strife ;
 hat my lot is to toil and to worry through life ;
 ly windows you broke—not a pane did you spare—
 nd my house you have made a mere old *man of war*.

nd still you insist I've no right to complain !—
 indeed if I do, I'm afraid it's in vain—
 et am willing to hope you're too learnedly read
 o hang up a printer for being misled.

his be your aim, I must think of a flight—
 less than a month I must bid you good night,
 nd hurry away to that *whelp*-ridden shore
 Where CLINTON and CARLETON retreated before.

rom signs in the sky, and from tokens on land
 m inclined to suspect my departure's at hand :

Old Argo* the ship,—in a peep at her star,
I found they were scraping her bottom for TAR :

For many nights past, as the house can attest,
A boy with a feather-bed troubled my rest :
My shop, the last evening, seemed all in a blaze,
And a HEN crowed at midnight, my waiting man say

Even then, as I lay with strange whims in my head,
A ghost hove in sight, not a yard from my bed,
It seemed General ROBERTSON, *brawly* arrayed,
But I grasped at the substance, and found him ==
shade !

He appeared as of old, when head of the throng,
And loaded with laurels, he waddled along—
He seemed at the foot of my bedstead to stand
And cried—" Jamie Rivington, reach me your hand _

" And Jamie, (said he) I am sorry to find
" Some demon advised you to loiter behind ;
" The country is hostile—you had better get off it,
" Here's nothing but squabbles, all plague, and ==
profit !

" Since the day that Sir William came here with h—
" throng

" He managed things so, that they always wen—
" wrong ;

" And though for his knighthood, he kept MESCH—
" ANZA,

" I think he was nothing but mere Sancho Panza :

" That famous conductor of *moon-light* retreats,
" Sir HARRY came next with his armies and fleets,
" But, finding "*the Rebels were dying and dead,*"
" He grounded his arms and retreated—to bed.

" Other luck we had once at the battle of *Boyne* !
" But *here* they have ruined earl *Charles* and *Burgoyne*,
" Here brave colonel *Monckton* was thrown on his
" back,

" And here lies poor *Andre* ! the best of the pack,"

* A southern constellation consisting of twenty-four stars.

o saying, he flitted away in a trice,
 ist adding, "he hoped I would take his advice"—
 Which I surely shall do, if you push me too hard—
 nd so I remain, with eternal regard,

JAMES RIVINGTON, Printer, of late to the king,
 ut now a republican—under your wing—
 et him stand where he is—don't push him down
 hill,
 nd he'll turn a true *Blue-Skin*, or just what you
 will.—

December 31st, 1783.

THE AMERICAN SIBERIA

WHEN Jove from darkness smote the sun,
 and Nature earth from chaos won,
 One part she left a barren waste
 By stormy seas and fogs embraced.

Jove saw her vile neglect, and cried,
 What madness did your fancy guide—
 Why have you left so large a space
 With winter brooding o'er its face?

No trees of stately growth ascend,
 Eternal fogs their wings expand—
 My favorite—man—I place not there,
 But spirits of a darker sphere.

If Nature's self neglects her trade
 What strange confusion will be made :
 Such climes as these I doomed to fall
 On Saturn's cold unsocial ball :

But such a blemish, here, to see—
 How can it else but anger me ?
 Where chilling winds forever freeze,
 What fool will fix on lands like these ?"

Nature, abashed, thus made reply :
 ' When earth I formed, I don't deny,

Some parts I portioned out for pain,
Hard storms, dull skies, and—little gain.

Mankind are formed with different souls :
Some will be suited near the poles,
Some pleased beneath the scorching line,
And, some, *New Scotland*, will be thine.

Yet, in due time, my plastic hand
Shall mould it o'er, if you command :
By you I act—if you stand still
The world comes tumbling down the hill !”

Untouched—(*said Jove*)—remain the place !
In days to come I'll form a race,
Born to betray their country's cause,
And aid an alien monarch's laws.

When traitors to their country die,
To lands, like this, their phantoms fly ;
But when the brave by death decay
The mind explores a different way.

Then, Nature, hold your aiding hand—
Let fogs and tempests chill the land ;
While this degenerate work of thine
To *knaves and knapsacks* I resign.

OC-CASIONED

BY GENERAL WASHINGTON'S

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA, ON HIS WAY TO HIS RES-
SIDENCE IN VIRGINIA (DECEMBER, 1783.)

THE great, unequal conflict past,
The Briton banished from our shore,
Peace, heaven-descended, comes at last,
And hostile nations rage no more ;
From fields of death the weary swain
Returning, seeks his native plain.

In every vale she smiles serene,
 Freedom's bright stars more radiant rise,
 New charms she adds to every scene,
 Her brighter sun illumines our skies ;
 Remotest realms admiring stand,
 And hail the *Hero* of our land :

He comes !—the Genius of these lands—
 Fame's thousand tongues his worth confess,
 Who conquered with his suffering bands,
 And grew immortal by distress :
 Thus calms succeed the stormy blast,
 And valour is repaid at last.

O WASHINGTON !—thrice glorious name,
 What due rewards can man decree—
 Empires are far below thine aim,
 And sceptres have no charms for thee ;
Virtue alone has your regard,
 And she must be your great reward.

Encircled by extorted power,
Monarchs must envy your *Retreat*
 Who cast, in some ill-fated hour,
 Their country's freedom at their feet ;
 'Twas yours to act a nobler part
 For injured Freedom had your heart.

For ravaged realms and conquered seas
 Rome gave the great imperial prize,
 And, swelled with pride, for feats like these,
 Transferred her heroes to the skies :—
 A brighter scene your deeds display,
 You gain those heights a different way.

When *Faction* reared her bristly head,
 And joined with tyrants to destroy,
 Where'er you marched the monster fled,
 Timorous her arrows to employ :
 Hosts caught from you a bolder flame,
 And despots trembled at your name.

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P

Ere war's dread horrors ceased to reign,
What leader could your place supply?—
Chiefs crowded to the embattled plain,
Prepared to conquer or to die—
Heroes arose—but none, like you,
Could save our lives and freedom too.

In swelling verse let kings be read,
And princes shine in polished prose ;
Without such aid your triumphs spread
Where'er the convex ocean flows,
To Indian worlds by seas embraced,
And Tartar, tyrant of the waste.

Throughout the east you gain applause,
And soon the *Old World*, taught by you,
Shall blush to own her barbarous laws,
Shall learn instruction from the *New* :
Monarchs may hear the humble plea,
Nor urge too far the proud decree,

Despising pomp and vain parade,
At home you stay, while France and Spain
The secret, ardent wish conveyed,
And hailed you to their shores in vain :
In *Vernon's* groves you shun the throne,
Admired by kings, but seen by none.

Your fame, thus spread to distant lands,
May envy's fiercest blasts endure,
Like Egypt's pyramids it stands,
Built on a basis more secure ;
Time's latest age shall own in you
The patriot and the statesman too.

Now hurrying from the busy scene,
Where bold *Potowmack's* waters flow,
May'st thou enjoy thy rural reign,
And every earthly blessing know ;
Thus HE,* who Rome's proud legions swayed,
Returned, and sought his sylvan shade.

* Cincinnatus.

Not less in wisdom than in war
*F*reedom shall still employ your mind,
*S*lavery must vanish, wide and far,
 'Till not a trace is left behind;
 Your counsels not bestowed in vain,
 Shall still protect this infant reign.

So, when the bright, all-cheering sun
 From our contracted view retires,
 Though folly deems his race is run,
 On other worlds he lights his fires!
 Cold climes beneath his influence glow,
 And frozen rivers learn to flow.

O say, thou great, exalted name!
 What Muse can boast of equal lays,
 Thy worth disdains all vulgar fame,
 Transcends the noblest poet's praise:
 Art soars, unequal to the flight,
 And genius sickens at the height.

For States redeemed—our western reign
 Restored by you to milder sway,
 Your conscious glory will remain
 When this great globe is swept away,
 And *all* is lost that pride admires,
 And all the pageant scene retires.

A NEWSMAN'S ADDRESS.

WHAT tempests gloomed the by-past year—
 What dismal prospects then arose!
 Scarce at your doors I dared appear,
 So many were our griefs and woes;
 But time at length has changed the scene,
 Our prospects, now, are more serene.

Bad news we brought you every day,
 Your seamen slain, your ships on shore,
 The army fretting for their pay—
 ('Twas well they had not fretted more!)

'Twas wrong indeed to wear out shoes,
To bring you nothing but bad news.

Now let's be joyful for the change—
The folks that guard the *English* throne
Have given us ample room to range,
And more, perhaps, than was their own ;
To western lakes they stretch our bounds,
And yield the *Indian* hunting grounds.

But pray read on another year,
Remain the humble newsman's friend ;
And he'll engage to let you hear
What *Europe's* princes next intend.—
Even now their brains are all at work
To rouse the *Russian* on the *Turk*.

Well—if they fight, then fight they must,
They are a strange contentious breed ;
One good effect will be, I trust,
The more are killed, the more you'll read ;
For past experience clearly shews,
That WRANGLING is the LIFE of NEWS.

January 1, 1784.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

TOWARD the skies
What columns rise
In Roman stile, profusely great !
What lamps ascend,
What arches bend,
And swell with more than Roman state !
High o'er the central arch displayed,
Old Janus shuts his temple door,
And shackles war in darkest shade—
Saturnian times in view once more.

Pride of the human race, behold
 In Gallia's prince the virtues glow,
 Whose conduct proved, whose goodness told
 That kings can feel for human woe.
 Thrice happy France, in Louis blest,
 Thy genius droops her head no more ;
 In the calm virtues of the mind
 Equal to him no Titus shined—
 No Trajan—whom mankind adore.

Another scene too soon displays !
 Grievs have their share, and claim their part,
 They monuments to ruin raise,
 And shed keen anguish on the heart :
 Those heroes that in battle fell
 Demand a sympathetic tear,
 Who fought, our tyrants to repell—
 Memory preserves their laurels here.
 In vernal skies
 Thus tempests rise,
 And clouds obscure the brightest sun—
 Few wreathes are gained
 With blood unstained—
 No honours without ruin won.

The arms of France three lillies mark—
 In honours dome with these enrolled
 The plough, the sheaf, the gliding barque
 The riches of our State unfold.

Allied in heaven, a sun and stars
 Friendship and peace with France declare—
 The *branch* succeeds the spear of Mars,
 Commerce repairs the wastes of war ;
 In ties of *concord* ancient foes engage,
 Proving the day-spring of a brighter age
 These STATES defended by the brave,
 Their military trophies, see !
 The virtue that of old could save
 Shall still maintain them, *great and free* ;
 Arts shall pervade the western wild,
 And savage hearts become more mild.

Of science proud, the source of sway,
 Lo ! emblematic figures shine ;
 The arts their kindred forms display,
 Manners to soften and refine :
 A stately tree to heaven its summit sends,
 And clustered fruit from thirteen boughs depends.
 With laurel crowned
 A chief renowned
 (His country saved) his faulchion sheathes ;
 Neglects his spoils
 For rural toils,
 And crowns his plough with laurel wreaths :—
 While we this Roman chief survey,
 What apt resemblance strikes the eye !
 Those features to the soul convey
 A WASHINGTON, in fame, as high,
 Whose prudent, persevering mind
 Patience with manly courage joined,
 And when disgrace and death were near,
 Looked through the dark distressing shade,
 Struck hostile Britons with unwonted fear,
 And blasted their best hopes, and pride in ruin laid !
 Victorious Virtue ! aid me to pursue
 The tributary verse, to triumphs due—
 Behold the peasant leave his lowly shed,
 Where tufted forests round him grow ;—
 Though clouds the dark sky overspread,
 War's dreadful art his arm essays,
 He meets the hostile cannon's blaze,
 And pours redoubled vengeance on the foe.
 Born to protect and guard our native land,
 Victorious Virtue ! still preserve us free ;
 PLENTY—gay child of peace, thy horn expand,
 And, CONCORD, teach us to agree !
 May every virtue that adorns the soul
 Be here advanced to heights unknown before ;
 Pacific ages in succession roll
 'Till Nature blots the scene,
 Chaos resumes her reign
 And heaven with pleasure views its works no more.*

* On occasion of a patriotic festival at PHILADELPHIA, May 30. 1784.

SCANDINAVIAN WAR SONG.*

*BALDERI patriæ scamna
Parata scio in aula :
Bibemus Cerevisiam
Ex concavis crateribus craniorum.
Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
Magnifici in ODINI domibus, &c:*

TRANSLATION.

BRAVE deeds atchieved, at death's approach I smile,
—In Balder's hall I see the table spread;
The enlivening ALE shall now reward my toil,
Quaffed from their skulls, that by my faulchion bled.
Heroes no more at death's approach shall groan :
In lofty ODIN's dome all sighs forbear—
Conscious of bloody deeds, my fearless soul
Mounts to great ODIN's† hall, and revels there.

MARS AND VENUS.

A NYMPH, the pride of all the plain,
In beauty's charms excelled by none,
By THYRSIS loved, a gallant swain,
Would not a mutual passion own,
Nor yield to him her hand (she said)
'Till he forsook the soldier's trade.

*These camps, and drums, and martial arts,
In me (she cried) no pleasure move :
No arms I prize but Cupid's darts ;
And what has war to do with love ?*

* Composed (with a great deal more) by one of the warrior chiefs of the Scandinavians, more than 800 years ago, a few hours before he expired.

† Odin (or Woden) one of the ancient Saxon deities : Balder was son of Odin.

*Reject such dangerous arts as these,
And take me, Thyrsta, when you please.*

“What have I done (the youth rejoined)
That you should thus our trade despise ;
VENUS, of old, to MARS was kind,
Who gained her favours in the skies :
A soldier’s glory is to dare
All danger—and to guard the fair.

When sent to rove some foreign waste
O’er mountains marching, bleak and cold,
We cheerful to the combat haste,
In honour’s brilliant band enrolled—
Even there, when wrapt in frost and snow,
Even there, sweet girl, I dream of you.

Since thus, when called to war’s alarms,
For absent nymphs our bosoms burn ;
In peace, devoted to your charms,
Ah ! let me find a just return :
Believe me, Fortune ne’er can part
A soldier and a generous heart.”

While thus he urged his moving strain,
She, conscious what his language meant,
No longer sported with his pain,
But, sighing, sweetly smiled consent.—
*What VENUS but on MARS will doat,
What influence has—a captain’s coat !*

PEWTER-PLATTER ALLEY

IN PHILADELPHIA,

(AS IT APPEARED IN JANUARY, 1784.)

FROM Christ-Church graves, across the way,
A dismal, horrid place is found,
Where rushing winds exert their sway,
And Greenland winter chills the ground :

No blossoms there are seen to bloom,
No sun pervades the dreary gloom !

The people of that gloomy place
In penance for some ancient crime
Are held in a too narrow space,
Like those beyond the bounds of time,
Who darkened still, perceive no day,
While seasons waste, and moons decay.

Cold as the shade that wraps them round,
This icy region prompts our fear ;
And he who treads this frozen ground
Shall curse the chance that brought him here——
The slippery mass predicts his fate,
A broken arm, a wounded pate.

When August sheds his sultry beam,
May Celia never find this place,
Nor see, upon the clouded stream,
The fading summer in her face ;
And may she ne'er discover there
The grey that mingles with her hair.

The watchman sad, whose drowsy call
Proclaims the hour forever fled,
Avoids this path to Pluto's hall ;
For who would wish to wake the dead !—
Still let them sleep—it is no crime—
They pay no tax to know the time.

No coaches hence, in glittering pride,
Convey their freight to take the air,
No gods nor heroes here reside,
Nor powdered beau, nor lady fair—
All, all to warmer regions flee,
And leave these glooms to *Towne** and me.

* BENJAMIN TOWNE, then Printer of the EVENING POST.

THE HURRICANE.*

HAPPY the man who, safe on shore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire ;
Unmoved, he hears the tempests roar,
That on the tufted groves expire :
Alas ! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble barque must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
All, all are blest but wretched we—
Foredoomed a stranger to repose,
No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss we roam,
Perhaps, with last departing gleam,
We saw the sun descend in gloom,
No more to see his morning beam ;
But buried low, by far too deep,
On coral beds, unpitied, sleep !

But what a strange, uncoasted strand
Is that, where fate permits no day—
No charts have we to mark that land,
No compass to direct that way—
What Pilot shall explore that realm,
What new COLUMBUS take the helm !

While death and darkness both surround,
And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendship can in tempests be,
What comfort on this raging sea ?

The barque, accustomed to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide :
Alone she gropes her trackless way,
While mountains burst on either side—
Thus, skill and science both must fall ;
And ruin is the lot of all.

* Near the east end of Jamaica. July 30, 1784.

ON
THE DEATH

OF THE

REPUBLICAN PATRIOT AND STATESMAN,

GENERAL JOSEPH REED.

SOON to the grave descends each honoured name
That raised their country to this blaze of fame :
Sages, that planned, and chiefs that led the way
To Freedom's temple, all too soon decay,
Alike submit to one impartial doom,
Their glories closing in perpetual gloom,
Like the pale splendours of the evening, fade,
While night advances, to complete the shade.

REED, 'tis for thee we shed the unpurchased tear,
Bend o'er thy tomb, and plant our laurels there :
Your acts, your life, the noblest pile transcend,
And Virtue, patriot Virtue, mourns her friend,
Gone to those realms, where worth may claim regard,
And gone where virtue meets her best reward.

No single art engaged his vigorous mind,
In every scene his active genius shined :
Nature in him, in honour to our age,
At once composed the soldier and the sage—
Firm to his purpose, vigilant and bold,
Detesting traitors, and despising gold,
He scorned all bribes from Britain's hostile throne,
For all his country's wrongs he held his own.

REED, rest in peace : for time's impartial page
Shall raise the blush on this ungrateful age :
Long in these climes thy name shall flourish fair,
The statesman's pattern and the poet's care ;
Long in these climes thy memory shall remain,
And still new tributes from new ages gain,
Fair to the eye that injured honour rise—
Nor traitors triumph while the patriot dies.

THE FIVE AGES.

THE reign of old Saturn is highly renowned
 For many fine things that no longer are found,
 Trees always in blossom, men free from all pains,
 And shepherds as mild as the sheep on their plains.

In the midland Equator, dispensing his sway,
 The Sun, they pretended, pursued his bright way,
 Not rambled, unsteady, to regions remote,
 To talk once a-year, with the *crab* and the *goat*.

From a motion like this, have the sages explained,
 How summer forever her empire maintained ;
 While the turf of the fields by the plough was un-
 broke,

And a house for the shepherds, the boughs of an oak.

Yet some say there never was seen on this stage
 What poets affirm of that innocent *age*,
 When the brutal creation from bondage was free,
 And men were exactly what mankind should be.

But why should they labour to prove it a dream ?—
 The poets of old were in love with the theme,
 And, leaving to others mere truth to repeat,
 In the regions of fancy they found it complete.

Three ages have been on this globe, they pretend ;
 And the fourth, some have thought, is to be without
 end ;

The first was of Gold—But a fifth, *we* will say,
 Has already begun, and is now on its way.

Since the days of Arcadia, if ever there shined
 A ray of the first on the heads of mankind,
 Let the learned dispute—but with us it is clear,
 That the æra of PAPER was realised *here*.

Four ages, however, at least have been told,
 The first is compared to the purest of *Gold*—
 But, as bad luck would have it, its circles were few,
 And the next was of *Silver*—if Ovid says true.

But this, like the former, did rapidly pass—
While that which came after was nothing but *Brass*
—An age of mere tinkers—and when it was lost,
Hard *Iron* succeeded—we know to our cost.

And hence you may fairly infer, if you please,
That we're nothing but blacksmiths of various de-
grees,

Since each has a weapon, of one kind or other,
To stir up the coals, and to shake at his brother.

Should the Author of Nature reverse his decree,
And bring back the age we're so anxious to see,
Agreement, alas!—you would look for in vain,
The *stuff* might be changed, but the *staff* would re-
main.

The lawyer would still find a client to fleece,
The doctor, a patient to pack off in peace,
The person, some hundreds of hearers prepared
To measure his *gifts* by the length of his beard.

Old Momus would still have some cattle to lead,
Who would hug his opinions, and swallow his creed—
So it's best, we presume, that things are as they are
—If *Iron's* the meanest—we've nothing to fear.

[1784]

A RENEGADO EPISTLE

TO THE

INDEPENDENT AMERICANS.

WE Tories, who lately were frightened away,
When you marched into York all in battle array,
Dear Whigs, in our exile have somewhat to say.

From the clime of New Scotland we wish you to
know

We still are in being—mere spectres of woe,
Our dignity high, but our spirits are low.

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Great people we are, and are called the king's friends;
—But on friendships like these what advantage at-
tends?

We may stay and be starved when we've answered
his ends!

The Indians themselves, whom no treaties can bind,
We have reason to think are perversely inclined—
And where we have friends is not easy to find.

From the day we arrived on this desolate shore
We still have been wishing to see you once more,
And your freedom enjoy, now the danger is o'er.

Although we be-rebelled you up hill and down,
It was all for your good—and to honour a crown—
Whose splendours have spoiled better eyes than our
own.

That traitors we were, is no more than our due,
And so may remain for a century through,
Unless we return, and be tutored by you.

Although with the dregs of the world we are classed,
We hope your resentment will soften at last,
Now your toils are repaid, and our triumphs are past.

When a matter is done, 'tis a folly to fret—
But your market-day mornings we cannot forget,
With your coaches to lend, and your horses to let,
Your dinners of beef, and your breakfasts of *toast*!
But we have no longer such blessings to boast,
No cattle to steal, and no turkies to roast.

Such enjoyments as these, we must tell you with pain,
'Tis odds we shall only be wishing in vain
Unless we return and be brothers again.

We burnt up your mills and your meetings, 'tis true,—
And many bold fellows we crippled and slew—
(Aye! we were the boys that had something to do!)

Old Huddy we hung on the Neversink shore—
But, Sirs, had we hung up a thousand men more,
They had all been avenged in the torments we bore,

When ASGILL to Jersey you foolishly fetched,
And each of us feared that his neck would be stretch-
ed,
When you were be-rebelled, and we were be-wretch-
ed.

In the book of destruction it seems to be written,
The Tories must still be dependent on Britain—
The worst of dependence that ever was hit on.

Now their work is concluded—that pitiful job—
They send over convicts to strengthen our mob—
And so we do nothing but snivel and sob.

The worst of all countries has fallen to our share,
Where winter and famine provoke our despair,
And fogs are forever obscuring the air.

Although there be nothing but sea dogs to feed on,
Our friend Jemmy Rivington made it an Eden—
But, alas ! he had nothing but lies to proceed on.

Deceived we were all by his damnable schemes—
When he coloured it over with gardens and streams,
And grottoes and groves, and the rest of his dreams.

Our heads were so turned by that conjurer's spell,
We swallowed the lies he was ordered to tell—
But his "happy retreats" were the visions of hell.

We feel so enraged we could rip up his weazon,
When we think of the soil he described with its trees
on,
And the plenty that reigned, and the charms of each
season.

Like a parson that tells of the joys of the blest
To a man to be hanged—he himself thought it best
To remain where he was, in his haven of rest.

Since he helped us away by the means of his types,
His precepts should only have lighted our pipes,
His example was rather to honour your stripes:

Now, if we return, as we're bone of your bone,
We'll renounce all allegiance to George and his
throne
And be the best subjects that ever were known.

In a ship, you have seen (where the duty is hard)
 The cook and the scullion may claim some regard,
 Though it takes a good fellow to brace the main yard.

Howe'er you despise us, because you are free,
 The world's at a loss for such people as we,
 Who can pillage on land, and can plunder at sea.

So long for our rations they keep us in waiting—
 The lords and the commons, perhaps, are debating
 If Tories can live without drinking or eating.

So we think it is better to see you by far—
 And have hinted our meaning to governor PARR*—
 'The worst that can happen is *feathers and tar*.

Nova-Scotia, Feb. 1784.

ON THE
 EMIGRATION TO AMERICA,
 AND
 PEOPLING THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

TO western woods, and lonely plains,
Palemon from the crowd departs,
 Where Nature's wildest genius reigns,
 To tame the soil, and plant the arts—
 What wonders there shall freedom show,
 What mighty *States* successive grow !

From Europe's proud, despotic shores
 Hither the stranger takes his way,
 And in our new found world explores
 A happier soil, a milder sway,
 Where no proud despot holds him down,
 No slaves insult him with a crown.

* Then Governor of Nova-Scotia.

What charming-scenes attract the eye,
On wild Ohio's savage stream !
There Nature reigns, whose works outvie
The boldest pattern art can frame ;
There ages past have rolled away,
And forests bloomed but to decay.

From these fair plains, these rural seats,
So long concealed, so lately known,
The unsocial Indian far retreats,
To make some other clime his own,
Where other streams, less pleasing, flow,
And darker forests round him grow.

Great Sire* of floods ! whose varied wave
Through climes and countries takes its way, ,
To whom creating Nature gave
Ten thousand streams to swell thy sway !
No longer shall *they* useless prove,
Nor idly through the forests rove ;

Nor longer shall your princely flood
From distant lakes be swelled in vain,
Nor longer through a darksome wood
Advance, unnoticed, to the main,
Far other ends the heavens decree—
And commerce plans new freights for thee.

While virtue warms the generous breast,
There heaven-born freedom shall reside,
Nor shall the voice of war molest,
Nor Europe's all-aspiring pride—
There Reason shall new laws devise,
And order from confusion rise.

Forsaking kings and regal state,
With all their pomp and fancied bliss,
The traveller owns, convinced though late,
No realm so free, so blest as this—
The east is half to slaves consigned,
Where kings and priests enchain the mind.

* Mississippi.

Of all, whose names on death's black list appear,
 No chief, that perished, claimed more grief sincere,
 Not one, Columbia, that thy bosom bore,
 More tears commanded, or deserved them more !
 Grief at his tomb shall heave the unwearied sigh,
 And honour lift the mantle to her eye :
 Fame through the world his patriot name shall spread,
 By heroes envied and by monarchs read :
 Just, generous, brave—to each true heart allied :
 The Briton's terror, and his country's pride ;
 For him the tears of war-worn soldiers ran,
 The friend of freedom, and the friend of man.
 Then what is death, compared with such a tomb,
 Where honour fades not, and fair virtues bloom ;
 When silent grief on every face appears,
 The tender tribute of a nation's tears ;
 Ah ! what is death, when deeds like his, thus claim,
The brave man's homage, and immortal fame.

MONUMENTAL LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A DISCONSOLATE PERSON, THAT WAS
 SUCCESSIVELY ENAMOURED OF TWO SISTERS, WHO
 DIED OF A CONSUMPTION WITHIN ABOUT TWO
 YEARS OF EACH OTHER, IN THE PRIME OF YOUTH
 AND BEAUTY.

TWO sisters here in earth's cold bosom rest,
 Once, of their sex, the loveliest and the best—
 Long did, for both, a sorrowing mother sigh,
 As with a mother's griefs she saw them die.—

First, handsome AGNES took the silent way,
 More lovely ANNA, next, became death's prey ;
 Anna, whom youth embellished with its charms,
 Anna, whom heaven has ravished from your arms :—
 Now, what is life to you, unhappy man,
 Since thus deprived of AGNES and of ANNE ?

ON

THE VICISSITUDES OF THINGS.

"THE constant lapse of rolling years
Awakes our hopes, provokes our fears
Of something yet unknown;
We saw the last year pass away,
But who, that lives can safely say,
The next shall be *his* own?"

So hundreds talk—and thousands more
Descant their moral doctrines o'er;
And when the preaching's done,
Each goes his various, wonted way,
To labour some, and some to play—
So goes the folly on.

How swift the 'vagrant seasons fly;
They're hardly born before they die,
Yet in their wild career,
Like atoms round the rapid wheel,
We seem the same, though changing still,
Mere reptiles of a year.

Some haste to seek a wealthy *bride*,
Some, rhymes to make *on one* that died;
And millions curse the day,
When first in Hymen's *silken* bands
The parson joined mistaken hands,
And bade the bride *obey*.

While sad Amelia vents her sighs,
In epitaphs and elegies,
For her departed *dear*,
Who would suppose the muffled bell,
And mourning gowns, were meant to tell,
Her grief will last—a year?

In folly's path how many meet—
What hosts will live to *lie* and *cheat*—

How many empty pates
May, in this wise, eventful year,
In native dignity appear
To manage RISING STATES !

How vain to sigh !—the wheel must on
And straws are to the whirlpool drawn,
With ships of gallant mien—
What has been once, may time restore ;
What now exists, has been before—
Years only change the scene.

In endless circles all things move ;
Below, about, far off, above,
This motion all attain—
If Folly's self should flit away,
She would return some New year's day,
With millions in her train.

Sun, moon, and stars, are each a sphere,
The earth the same, (or very near,)
Sir Isaac has defined—
In circles every coin is cast,
And hence our cash departs so fast,
Cash—that no charm can bind.

From you to us—from us it rolls
To comfort other cloudy souls :—
If again we make it *square*,*
Perhaps the uneasy guest will stay
To cheer us in some wintry day,
And smooth the brow of care.

* The old Continental.

ON THE
 FIRST AMERICAN SHIP,
EMPRESS OF CHINA, CAPT. GREENE)

AT EXPLORED THE ROUT TO CHINA, AND THE EAST-
 INDIES, AFTER THE REVOLUTION, 1784.

TH clearance from BELLONA won
 spreads her wings to meet the Sun,
 use golden regions to explore
 ere George forbade to sail before.

is, grown to strength, the bird of Jove,
 patient, quits his native grove,
 th eyes of fire, and lightning's force
 ough the blue æther holds his course.

foreign tars are here allowed
 mingle with her chosen crowd,
 io, when returned, might, boasting, say
 ey shewed our native oak the way.

that old track no more confined,
 Britain's jealous court assigned,
 round the STORMY CAPE* shall sail
 l, eastward, catch the odorous gale.

countries placed in burning climes
 l islands of remotest times
 now her eager course explores,
 l soon shall greet Chinesian shores.

m thence their fragrant TEAS to bring
 thout the leave of Britain's king ;
 d PORCELAIN WARE, encased in gold,
 e product of that finer mould.

us commerce to our world conveys
 that the varying taste can please ;

Cabo Tormentosa (the Cape of Storms) so called by *Vasco da*
na, and by the earliest Portuguese adventurers to India—now
 d the cape of *Good Hope*.—

For us, the Indian looms are free,
And JAVA strips her spicy TREE.

Great pile proceed!—and o'er the brine
May every prosperous gale be thine,
"Till freighted deep with Asia's stores,
You reach again your native shores.

ESPERANZA'S MARCH:

BEING STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A PERSON WHO COM-
PLAINED "*HE WAS ALWAYS UNFORTUNATE.*"

HE stood with his front to the north,
His hat was encumbered with snow ;
His purse was a purse of no worth,
His walk was the valley of woe.

His brow was the image of care,
He sighed when he saw it his lot—
He thought he had more than his share,
But said, he regarded it not.

Wherever he stept or he trode
Some trouble or obstacle lay ;
No level he saw on his road
For mountains obstructed his way :

Above him were harpies and hawks,
And vultures, with horrible shrieks ;—
Some gave him unmerciful strokes,
Some struck at his eyes with their beaks.

Around him were tygers and bears,
All hoping to feast on his beef ;
Beneath him deceptions and snares
Occasioned some flurries of grief.

The hurricane blew from the pole
Direct to the point he was bound—
It tried all the stuff in his soul,
And whistled incessantly round.

chance he ascended a hill
 the ruffians were seen on his track,
 if they designed not to kill,
 they pulled the poor traveller back.

when he attained to some bluff
 and downward began to progress,
 he gave him a thump or a shove
 though no one could merit it less.—

aged at the ills he essayed
 he raised up his staff, with a frown ;
 and why all this malice (he said)
 and why are you pushing me down ?

one of you all have I harmed,
 quietly travel my path ;
 cultures and devils are armed
 to teaze with their rancour and wrath :

object I swear to attain
 the house that is built on the hill—
 strive to prevent me—in vain—
 or reach it I certainly will.”

forward he went, with a growl,
 that frightened the insolent crew ;
 they fled from his sight with a howl
 and left him his road to pursue.

those above malice and spite,
 his courage and conduct displayed—
 the palace he gained on the height,
 which all his disasters repaid.

THE NEWSMONGER:

A CHARACTER.

'AN insect lives among mankind
For what wise ends by fate designed
'Tis hard, 'tis very hard, to find.

In pain for all, but thanked by few
Not twice a year he gets his due—
Yet, patiently he struggles through.

Beneath some garret roof restrained
To one dull place forever chained
His word is, "little money gained."

The flowers that deck the summer field,
The bloom of spring, too long concealed,
To him no hour of pleasure yield.

His life is *everlasting whim* ;
The seasons change—but scarce for him—
On sheets of *news* his eyes grow dim.

He life maintains on *self-esteem*,
He plans, contrives, and lives by—scheme—
And blots good paper—many a ream.

Distress for those he never saw—
Of *kings* and *nobles* not in awe,
He scorns their *mandates*, and their *law*.

Relief he finds for others' woes—
The wants of all the world he knows—
His boots are only out at toes.

Now, Europe's feuds distract his brains :
Now, Asia's news his head contains—
But still his labour for his pains.

The river *Scheldt* he opens wide,
And *Joseph's* ships in triumph ride,—
The Dutchmen *are not* on *his* side.

On great affairs condemned to fret,—
The interest on our *foreign debt*,
He hopes good Louis may forget.

He fears **THE BANKS** will hurt our trade ;
 And fall they must—*without his aid*—
Meanwhile his taylor goes unpaid.

Our *western posts*, which Britons keep
 In spite of *treaties*, break his sleep—
 He plans their capture—at *one sweep*.

He grumbles at the *price of flour*,
 And mourns and mutters, many an hour,
 That congress have *so little power*.

Although he has no ships to lose
 The *Algerines* he loves to abuse—
 And hopes to hear—*some bloody news*.

The French (he thinks) will soon prepare
 To undertake some grand affair—
 So 'tis but **WAR** " **WE** need not care."

Where **MISSISSIPPI** laves the plain
 He hopes the bold *Kentucky* swain,
 Will seize the forts, and plague *Old Spain* :
 Such morning whims, such evening dreams !—
 Through wakeful nights he plans odd schemes,
 To dispossess her of those streams.

He prophesies, the time must come
 When few will drink *West India rum*—
 Our *spirits* will be *proof* at home.

The Tories on New Scotland's coast,
 He thinks may of *full bellies* boast
 In half a century—at most.

Then shakes his head, and shifts the scene—
 Talks much about the " *Empress Queen*"—
 And wonders what the *Austrians* mean ?

He raves, and scolds and seems afraid
 The **STATES** will *break* by *China* trade,
 " Since *Specie* for their **TEA** is paid :"

Then tells, that, " just about next June,
Lunardi in his new balloon
 Will make a journey—to the moon."

Thus, all the business of mankind,
And all the follies we might find
Are huddled in his shattered mind.

'Till taught to think of *new affairs*,
At last, with death, he walks down stairs,
And leaves—the wide world to his heirs. [1784.]

TO
A CONCEALED ROYALIST:

ON A VIRULENT ATTACK.

*"We have force to crumble you into dust, although
you were as hard as rocks, adamant, or jasper."*

KIEN-LHI, alias, JOHN TUCK, Viceroy of Canton.

WHEN round the bark the howling tempest raves
Tossed in the conflict of a thousand waves,
The lubber landsmen weep, complain, and sigh,
And on the pilot's skill, or heaven, rely ;
Lurk in their holes, astonished and aghast,
Dreading the moment that must be their last.

The tempest done—their terror also ceases,
And up they come, and shew their *shameless* faces,
At once *feel bold*, and tell the pilot, too,
He did no more than they—themselves—*could do!*

A FOE TO TYRANTS ! * *ONE your pen restores :—*
There is a TYRANT WHOM YOUR SOUL ADORES :
And every line *you write* too plainly shows,
Your heart is hostile to that TYRANT'S FOES.

What, worse than folly, urged this genius dull
With CHURCHILL'S † wreathes to shade his leader's
scull :

So, midnight darkness union claims with light :
So, oil and water in one mass unite :—

* His Signature.

† Charles Churchill the last real English poet of the 18th Century.

No more your rage in *plundered verse* repeat,
Sink into prose—even there no *safe retreat*.
REED's patriot fame to distant years may last,
When *rancorous reptiles* to the *dogs* are cast,
Or, where oblivion spreads her weary wings,
Lost in the lumber of forgotten things;
And none shall ask, nor wish to know, nor care,
Who—what their names—or when they lived—or
where.

TO

THE CONCEALED ROYALIST;

IN ANSWER TO A SECOND ATTACK.

* *Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis
Ignavus adversum lupos ?
Quin huc inanes, si putes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum fietis ?—*

HOR. EPOD. 10.

BASE as they are, this rancorous royal crew
Seem baser still, when they are *praised* by you.
By you *adorned* in regal garb they shine,
Sweat through your verse, and stink in every line.
True child of folly—eldest of her tribe—
How could you *dream* that you were worth a *bribe*.—
Ill-fated scribbler, with a pointless quill,
Retract the threat you dare not to fulfil :
Round your own neck the *wythe* or *halter* twine,
And be the science of a hangman thine :—
Have we from you *furlained* one shred of wit,
Or did we imitate one line you writ ?
Peace to your verse !—we do not rob the *dead*,
The clay-cold offspring of a brazen head.

* A dog, cowardly against wolves, yet molests strangers that have no quarrel with him—approach, whelp, and attack us, who are able to dash your teeth down your throat.

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Doctor ! retire ! what madness would it be
 To point artillery at a *mite* like thee ?—
 Such noxious vermin clambering from their shell,
 By squibs and crackers might be killed as well.
 But, if you must torment the world with rhymes,
 (Perhaps you came to curse us for our crimes)
 In sleepy odes indulge your smoky wit,
Pindarics would your happy genius fit—
 With your coarse white-wash daub some miscreant's
 face,
 Puppies advanced, or traitors in disgrace :
 To gain *immense renown* we leave you free,
 Go, scratch and scribble, uncontrouled by me :—
 Haste to the realms of nonsense and despair—
 The ghosts of *murdered rhymes* will meet you there
 Like rattling chains provoke unceasing fears,
 And with eternal jinglings—stun your ears.

TO

THE CONCEALED ROYALIST ;

ON HIS FAREWELL.

" I will meet you, Brutus, at Philippi."

ROMAN HISTORY.

SINCE *INK*, thank heaven ! is all the *blood* you
 spill,
 Health to the driver of the grey goose quill :
 Such war shall leave no widow in despair,
 Nor curse one orphan with the public care.
 'Tis the worst wound the heart of man can feel,
 When touched, or worried, by an ass's heel—
 With generous satire give *your foes* their due,
 Nay, give them more, and *prove* them *scoundrels* too :
 Make them as black as hell's remotest gloom,
 But still to genius let them owe their doom :—

By Jove's red lightnings 'tis no shame to bleed,
But, by a *grovelling swine*—is death indeed!—

Now, by the laurels of your *royal* crew,
I knew no shame, till I engaged with you :—
But such an *odour* atmospher'd your song,
I held my nose, and quickly pass'd along,
Grieved for the wretch who could such filth display,
His maw disgorging in the public way.

Armed though we are, unusual tumults rise ;—
But all resentment in my bosom dies.
We deem, that in the skirmish of a DAY,
This bard must perish, and his verse decay :
This day he goes to black oblivion's clime ;
Turned, chased, and routed by the "power of rhyme."

We wished him still unhandled and unhurt—
We wished no evils to *this man of dirt* ;
We thought to leave him sweltering in his den,
Not with such rotten trash to tinge the pen :
But his *mean* labours wrought his *present* woe,
And his own *scribblings*, now, have laid him low !
Before his eyes the sexton's spade appears,
And muffled bells disorganize his ears :
Already is his mean existence fled,
Sense, wit, and reason—all proclaim him DEAD :
In his own lines he tolled his funeral bell,
And when he could not sing— he *stunk*—farewell !

TO

THE ROYALIST UNVEILED ;

(AND ADDRESSED TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.)

THE *Sage* who took the *wrong* *saw* by the ears,
And more than KINGDOMS claimed for *Vermontees* ;
Who, from *twelve wigwams* down to *eight* decreased,
Is now your prophet, and may serve for priest—

Ye, who embraced the *democratic* plan,
 Yet with *false tears* beheld the *wrongs of man*—
 To him apply—go—soothe him in distress,
 To him fall prostrate—and to him *confess*.

When *first* that *slave of slaves* began to write,
 TRUTH cursed his pen, and REASON took her flight :
 Dullness on him her choicest opiates shed,
 Black as his heart, and sleepy as his head.
 Him on her soil HIBERNIA could not bear ;
 The *viper* sickened in that wholesome air,—
 Then rushed abroad, a Jesuit, in disguise,
 Flush, on the wings of malice, rage, and lies ;
 To this new world a nuisance and a pest,
 To curse the worthy, and abuse the best.

Thou *base born* mass of insolence and *dirt*,
 With all the *will*, but not the *power* to hurt ;
 Whose shallow brain each empty line reveals—
 Art thou worth draggling at our chariot wheels ?—
 Who, on the surface of a rugged ground,
 Would stoop to trail your carcase round and round ?—
 No—like a FELON, hanged to after time,
 Be one more victim to the “force of rhyme.”

Waft us, ye powers, to some sequestered place,
 Where never *malice* shewed its hateful face—
 Remove us far from all the *ruffian* kind
 (Baseness with insolence forever joined)
 To some retreat of solitude and rest—
 Nor shall another pang disturb the breast—
 When *thought returns*—and one regrets to know,
 HE HAD TO COMBAT WITH A TWO-FACED FOE.

TO THE
KEEPER OF THE
KING'S WATER WORKS.

EAR KINGSTON, IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA, ON
BEING REFUSED A PUNCHEON OF WATER.

WRITTEN AUGUST, 1784.

*The celestial Deities protect, and relieve strangers in
every country, as long as those strangers respect
and submit to the laws of the country."*

KIEN-LHI, alias, JOHN TUCK, Viceroy of Canton.

AN HE, who o'er two INDIES holds the sway,
Where'er the ocean flows, whose fleets patrol,
Who bids Hibernia's rugged sons obey,
And at whose nod (you say) shakes either pole :—

an HE, whose crown a thousand jewels grace
Of worth untold—can he, so rich, deny
The wretched puncheon from this ample waste,
Begg'd by his *quondam* subject, very dry ?—

Fast are the springs in yonder cloud-capt hill :
Why, then, refuse the abundant flowing wave ?
Where hogs, and dogs, and keepers drink their fill,
May we not something from such plenty crave ?—

KEEPER !—must we with empty cask return !
Must view the limpid stream that runs to waste !—
Denied the stream that flows from nature's urn,
By locks and bolts secured from *rebel* taste !—

Vell !—if we must, inform the royal ear,
Poor are *some kings* that now in Britain live :
Tell him, that nature is no *miser* here ;
Tell him—that he withholds—what beggars give.—

TO SIR TOBY,¹

A SUGAR PLANTER IN THE INTERIOR PARTS OF JAMAICA,

NEAR THE CITY OF SAN JAGO DE LA VEGA, (SPANISH TOWN) 1784.

" *The motions of his spirit are black as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.*"

SHAKESPEARE.

IF there exists a hell—the case is clear—
Sir Toby's slaves enjoy that portion *here* :
Here are no blazing brimstone lakes—'tis true ;
But kindled RUM too often burns as blue ;
In which some fiend, whom nature must detest,
Steeps *Toby's brand*, and marks poor *Cudjoe's* breast.*

Here whips on whips excite perpetual fears,
And mingled howlings vibrate on my ears :
Here nature's plagues abound, to fret and tease,
Snakes, scorpions, *despots*, lizards, centipees—
No art, no care escapes the busy lash ;
All have *their ducs*—and all are paid in CASH—
The eternal DRIVER keeps a steady eye
On a *black herd*, who would his vengeance fly,
But chained, imprisoned, on a burning soil,
For the mean avarice of A TYRANT, toil !
The lengthy cart-whip guards this *monster's* reign—
And cracks, like pistols, from the fields of CANE.

Ye Powers ! who formed these wretched tribes, re-
late,
What had they done, to merit *such a fate* !
Why were they brought from EBOR's † sultry waste,
To see that plenty which they must not taste—

* This passage has a reference to the West India custom (sanctioned by law) of branding a newly imported slave on the breast, with a red hot iron, as an evidence of the purchaser's property.

† A small negro kingdom near the river Senegal.

which they cannot *buy*, and dare not steal ;
 and potatoes—many a scanty meal !——
 , with a gibbet wakes his negro's fears,
 , the windmill *nails him by the ears* ;
 eeps his slave in darkened dens, unfed,
 uts the wretch *in fickle* ere he's dead :
 rom a tree suspends him by the thumbs,
 rom his table grudges even the crumbs !
 yond' rough hills a tribe of females go,
 with her gourd, her infant, and her hoe ;
 ed by a sun that has no mercy here,
 y a devil, whom men call overseer—
 ns, twelve wretches to their labours haste ;
 twelve I saw, with iron collars *graced* !——
 such the fruits that spring from vast domains ?
 th, *thus got*, Sir Toby, worth your pains !——
 ould *your wealth* on terms, like these, possess,
 : all we see is pregnant with distress—
 r's natives scourged by ruffian hands,
 il's hard product shipp'd to foreign lands.
 : not of blossoms, and your endless spring ;
 joy, what smile, can scenes of misery bring ?——
 h nature, here, has every blessing spread,
 : the labourer—and how meanly fed !——
 : Stygian paintings *light and shade* renew,
 :s of hell, that *Virgil's* * pencil drew :
 urly *Charons* make their *annual trip*,
 hosts arrive in every *Guinea ship*,
 l what BEASTS these western isles afford,
 ian scourges, and despotic lords :——
 e, they, of stuff determined to be free,
 limb the rude cliffs of the *Liguane* ; †
 l the clouds, in sculking haste repair,
 rdly safe from *brother traitors* there. †——

Eneid, Book 6th.—and Fenelon's *Telemachus*, Book 18.

mountains northward of Kingston.

ding to the *Independent* negroes in the blue mountains,
 stipulated reward, deliver up every fugitive that falls into
 ads, to the English Government.

WRITTEN

AT PORT ROYAL,
IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA—

SEPTEMBER, 1784.

HERE, by the margin of the murmuring main,
Fond, her poor remnants to explore—in vain—
I lonely stray through these dejected lands,
Cheered by the noon-tide breeze on burning sands,
Where the dull *Spaniard*, owned these mangrove
shades,

And ports defended by his *Pallisades**—
Though lost to HIM, Port Royal claims a sigh,
Nor will the muse her *humble* verse deny.

Of all the towns that graced *Jamaica's* isle,
This *was* her glory, and her *proudest* pile,
Where *toils on toils* bade wealth's gay structures rise,
And commerce reared her glory to the skies :

ST. JAGO, seated on a distant plain,
Ne'er saw the tall ship entering from the main—
Unnoticed streams her *Cobra's*† margin lave,
Where yon' tall plantains cool her flowing wave,
And barren sands, or rock-encumbered hill,
Confess the founders *fears*—or want of skill.

While o'er these wastes with wearied step we go
Past scenes of fate return, in all their woe—
Here *for their crimes* (*perhaps*) in ages fled,
Some vengeful fiend, familiar with the dead—
Through these sad shores, in angry triumph passed,
Stormed in the winds, and raged in every blast—

Here, *opening gulfs* confessed the Almighty hand;
Here, the dark ocean rolled across the land :

* *Pallisades* a narrow strip of land about seven miles in length, running nearly from north to south, and forming the harbours of Port Royal and Kingston.

† A small river falling into Kingston Bay, nearly opposite Port Royal—and which has its source in the hills beyond Spanish Town.

Here, house and hosts a moment tore away,
 Here, mangled man, with deadly aspect lay,
 Whom fate refused to end their *rakeish* feast,
 And time to call the sexton, or the priest !

Where yon' tall barque, with all her ponderous
 load,

Commits her anchor to its dark abode
 Eight fathoms down—where darkened waters flow,
 To stain the sulphur of the caves below ;
 There, midnight sounds torment the *stranger's* ear,
 And *drums* and *fifes* play *drowsy* concerts there
 Of ghosts all restless !—(cease they to complain—
 More than a century should relieve their pain.*—)
 Sad *tunes of woe* disturb the hours of sleep,
 And *Fancy aids* the *fiddlers* of the deep ;
 Dull *superstition* hears the *drowsy* hum ;
 Smit with *false terrors* of THE WORLD TO COME.

What, now, Port Royal ! rests of all your pride ?—
 Lost are your glories, which were spread so wide—
 A *spit* of sand is thine—by heaven's decree ;
 And wasting shores that scarce resist the sea :
 Is this PORT ROYAL, on *Jamaica's* coast,
 The *Spaniard's* *envy*, and the *Britons'* boast ?—
 A shattered roof on every *hut* appears,
 And mouldering *brick-work* wakes the stranger's
 fears !

—A church, with scarce a priest, we grieve to see,
Grass at its door, and *rust upon its key* !—

One lonely INN, with tiresome search was found,
 Where one sad negro dealt his beverage round ;
 His was the task to wait the impatient call ;
 He was the landlord, post-boy, pimp—and all—
 His wary eyes on every side were cast ;
 He saw the present—and revolved the *past*)
 They here, now there, in quick succession stole,
 Glanced at the *bar*, or watched the—*unsteady bowl*.

No sprightly lads, or handsome *Yankee* maids,
 Rove in these streets, or wander in these shades—
 No charmers here, with lively step, are seen
 To court the shade, or wander on the green—

* A superstition, at present, existing only among the ignorant.

To other lands past time beheld them go ;
 And some are slumbering in the deep—we know—
 A negro tribe, but ill their place supply,
 With *bending back, short hair*—and *vengeful eye*—
 That gloomy race lead up the evening dance,
 Skip on the sands, or dart the *alluring* glance :

Sincere are they ?—no — on your gold they doat—
 And in one hour—for that would cut your throat.
 All is deceit—half hell is in their song
 And from the silent thought ?—*You have done us
 wrong !*

A feeble rampart guards this luckless town,
 Where banished Tories come to seek renown,
 Where hungry slaves their little stores retail,
 And *worn out veterans* watch the approaching sail.

Here, scarce escaped the mad Tornado's rage,
 Why came I here to plan some future page—
 To these dull scenes, with curious view, who came ;
 Should tell a story of some ancient fame——
 Not worth the search !——What roofs are left to fall,
 Guns, gales, and earthquakes will confound them
 all——

All will be lost !—though hosts their aid implore,
 The "Twelve Apostles*" shall protect no more,
 Nor guardian heroes save the impoverished plain,
 No priest shall paw-waw—and no church remain—
 Nor this Palmetto yield her evening shade
 Where the dark negro his dull music played.

He casts his view beyond the adjacent strand,
 And looks, still grieving, to his native land :
 Turns and returns from yonder murmuring shore,
 And points to GAMBIA—he must see no more !

Where shall we go ?——what Lethé can we find,
 To drive *the devil's ideas* from the mind ?——
 No *buckram* hero can relieve the eye ;
 And *buckram* dresses shine—*most mournfully !*

Ye mountains vast ! whose base the heavens sus-
 tain :
 Farewell, blue mountains, and fair Kingston's plain.

* A strong commanding Battery in the hills opposite Port Royal.

Though nature here almost herself transcends,
On this *gay* spot the dear attachment ends !——

Who would be sad, to leave a sultry clime,
Where *true Columbian virtue* is a crime :
Where parching sands are driven by every blast,
And *pearl to swine* are by the muses cast—
Where *want* and *death*, and *care*, and grief, reside ;
And boisterous gales impell the imperious tide.

Ye stormy winds ! awhile your wrath suspend—
Who leaves the land, a female, and a friend ;
Quits this bright isle for a dark sea, and sky—
Or even *Port Royal* leaves——without a sigh !——

THE

AMERICAN DEMOSTHENES.

OCCASIONED BY A VERY WEAK AND INSIPID DIS-
COURSE ON A FOURTH OF JULY, INDIRECTLY RE-
PROBATING THE DEMOCRATIC REPRESENTATIVE
SYSTEM.

[*Br HEZEKIAH SALEM.*]

SOUND without sense, and words devoid of force,
Through which no art could find a clue ;—
And poor, and shackling was the whole discourse
That kept me, JULIA, long from you.

Heads of discourse, to heads less general split,
Seemed like small *lath* cleft from some heavy *log* ;
Ideas cold that could no object hit,
Closed half our eyes—all vapour, smoke, or fog.

Grunts, and long groans, and periods of a mile,
Were on the sleepy audience tumbled down ;—
’Twas thus from forts, contrived in antique style,

From Troy's high walls
 (Where flew no balls)
 The men who fought
 With reason thought,
 They had a right
 From that safe height,
 (By way of lessening their besiegers' number)
 To tumble on their heads
 Rocks, beams, or roofs of sheds,
 Cows' horns, bricks, rubbish, chamber pots, or lumber.
 Oh speaker!—with *artillery* like your own,
 With only shot, no powder in your gun,
 How can you hope *the sleepers* to awake?—
 Trust me, although you stamp, and scold, and frown,
 You may besiege, but cannot take
 That *stubborn post*—the DEMOCRATIC TOWN.

TO LYDIA. *

*Tu procul a patria, ah dura ! inculta deserta,
 Me sine, sola videbis*

VIRG. ECLOG.

THUS, safe arrived, she greets the strand,
 And leaves her pilot for the land ;
 But LYDIA, why to deserts roam,
 And thus forsake your floating home ?

To what fond care shall I resign
 The bosom, that must ne'er be mine :
 With lips, that glow beyond all art,
 Oh ! how shall I consent to part !——

Long may you live, secure from woes,
 Late dying, meet a calm repose,

* Miss Lydia Morris, a young quaker lady, on her landing from
 the sloop *Industry*, at Savannah, in Georgia, December 30th. 1800.

And flowers, that in profusion grow,
Bloom round your steps, where'er you go.

On you all eyes delight to gaze,
All tongues are lavish in your praise ;
With you no beauty can compare,
Nor GEORGIA boast one flower so fair.

Could I, fair girl, transmit this page,
A present, to some future age,
You should through every poem shine,
You, be adored in every line :

From *Jersey* coasts too loth to sail,
Sighing, she left her native vale ;
Borne on a stream that met the main,
Homeward she looked, and looked again.

The gales that blew from off the land
Most wantonly her bosom fanned,
And, while around that heaven they strove,
Each whispering zephyr owned his love.

As o'er the seas, with you I strayed,
The hostile winds our course delayed,
But, proud to waft a charge so fair,
To me were kind—and held you there.

I could not grieve, when you complained
That adverse gales our barque detained
Where foaming seas to mountains grow,
From gulphs of death, concealed below.

When travelling o'er that lonely wave
To me your feverish hand you gave,
And sighing, bade me tell you, true,
What lands again would rise to view !

When night came on, with blustering gale,
You feared the tempest would prevail,
And anxious asked, if I was sure
That on those depths we sailed secure ?

Delighted with a face so fair,
I half forgot my weight of care,

The dangerous shoal, that seaward runs,
Encircled moons, and shrouded suns.

With timorous heart and tearful eyes,
You saw the deep Atlantic rise,
Saw wintry clouds their storms prepare,
And wept, to find no safety there.

Throughout the long December's night,
(While still your lamp was burning bright)
To dawn of day from evening's close
My pensive girl found no repose.

Then now, at length arrived from sea,
Consent, fair nymph, to stay with me—
The barque—still faithful to her freight,
Shall still on your direction wait.

Such charms as your's all hearts engage !
Sweet subject of my glowing page,
Consent, before my Argo roves
To sun-burnt isles and savage groves.

When sultry suns around us glare,
Your poet, still, with fondest care,
To cast a shade, some folds will spread
Of his coarse topsails o'er your head.

When round the barque the billowy wave
And howling winds, tempestuous, rave,
By caution ruled, the helm shall guide
Safely, that Argo o'er the tide.

Whene'er some female fears prevail,
At your request we'll reef the sail,
Disarm the gales that rudely blow,
And bring the loftiest canvas low.

When rising to harass the main
Old Boreas drives his blustering train,
Still shall they see, as they pursue,
Each tender care employed for you.

To all your questions—every sigh !
I still will make a kind reply ;
Give all you ask, each whim allow,
And change my style to *thee* and *thou*.

If verse can life to beauty give,
For ages I can make you live ;
Beyond the stars, triumphant, rise,
While Cynthia's tomb neglected lies :

Upon that face of mortal clay
I will such lively colours lay,
That years to come shall join to seek
All beauty from your modest cheek.

Then, Lydia, why our bark forsake ;
The road to western deserts take ?
That lip—on which hung half my bliss,
Some savage, now, will bend to kiss ;

Some rustic soon, with fierce attack,
May force his arms about that neck ;
And you, perhaps, will weeping come
To seek—in vain—your floating home !

THE ARGONAUT ;

OR,

LOST ADVENTURER.

TRUE to his trade—the slave of fortune still—
In a sweet isle, where never winter reigns,
I found him at the foot of a tall hill,
Mending old sails, and chewing sugar canes :
Pale ivy round him grew, and mingled vines,
Plantains, bananas ripe, and yellow pines.

And flowering night-shade, with its dismal green,
Ash-coloured iris, painted by the sun,
And fair-haired hyacinth was near him seen,
And China pinks by marygolds o'er-run :—
“ But what (said he) have men that sail the seas,
“ Ah, what have they to do with things like these !

- " I did not wish to leave those shades, not I,
" Where Amoranda turns her spinning-wheel ;
" Charmed with the shallow stream, that mur-
mured by,
" I felt as blest as any swain could feel,
" Who, seeking nothing that the world admires,
" On one poor valley fixed his whole desires.
- " With masts so trim, and sails as white as snow,
" The painted barque deceived me from the land,
" Pleased, on her sea-beat decks I wished to go,
" Mingling my labours with her hardy band ;
" To reef the sail, to guide the foaming prow
" As far as winds can waft, or oceans flow."
- " To combat with the waves who first essayed,
" Had these gay groves his lightsome heart beguiled,
" His heart, attracted by the charming shade,
" Had changed the deep sea for the woody wild ;
" And slighted all the gain that Neptune yields
" For *Damon's* cottage, or *Palemon's* fields.
- " His barque, the bearer of a feeble crew,
" How could he trust when none had been to prove
" her ;
" Courage might sink when lands and shores with-
" drew,
- " And feeble hearts a thousand deaths discover :
" But *Fortitude*, tho' woes and death await,
" Still views bright skies, and leaves the dark to fate.
- " From monkey climes where limes and lemons grow,
" And the sweet orange swells her fruit so fair,
" To wintry worlds, with heavy heart, I go
" To face the cold glance of the northern bear,
" Where lonely waves, far distant from the sun,
" And gulphs, of mighty strength, their circuits run.
- " But how disheartening is the wanderer's fate !
" When conquered by the loud tempestuous main,
" On him, no mourners in procession wait,
" Nor do the sisters of the harp complain.—
" On coral beds and deluged sands they sleep,
" Who sink in storms, and mingle with the deep.

" 'Tis folly all—and who can truly tell
" What storms disturb the bosom of that main,
" What ravenous fish in those dark climates dwell
" That feast on men—then stay, my gentle swain !
" Bred in yon' happy shades, be happy there,
" And let these quiet groves claim all your care."

So spoke poor RALPH, and with a smooth sea gale
Fled from the magic of the enchanting shore,
But whether winds or waters did prevail
I saw the black ship ne'er returning more,
Though long I walked the margin of the main,
And long have looked—and still must look in vain !

LOG-TOWN TAVERN.*

[BY HEZEKIAH SALEM.]

THROUGH sandy wastes and floods of rain
To this dejected place I came,
Where swarthy nymphs, in tattered gowns,
From pine-knots catch their evening flame :

Where barren oaks, in close array,
With mournful melody condole ;
Where no gay fabrics meet the eye,
Nor painted board, nor barber's pole.

Thou town of LOGS ! so justly called,
In thee who halts at evening's close,
Not dreams from Jove, but hosts of fleas
Shall join to sweeten his repose.

A curse on this dejected place
Where cold, and hot, and wet, and dry,
And stagnant ponds of ample space
The putrid steams of death supply.

* In the Pine Barrens of one of the Southern States.

Since here I paced on weary steed
Ah, blame me not, should I repine
That sprightly girl, nor social bed,
Nor jovial glass this night is mine.

The landlord, gouged in either eye,
Here drains his bottle to the dregs,
Or borrows Susan's pipe, while she
Prepares the bacon and the eggs.

Jamaica, that inspires the soul,
In these abodes no time has seen
To dart its generous influence round,
To kindle wit and kill the spleen.

The squire of this disheartening inn
Affords to none the generous bowl,
Displays no Bacchus on the sign
To warm the heart and cheer the soul,

To cyder, drawn from tilted cask,
While each a fond attention paid
All grieved to see the empty flask,
Its substance gone, its strength decayed.

A rambling hag, in dismal notes
Screeched out a song, to cheer my grief;
Two lads their dull adventures told,
A shepherd each—and each a thief.

Dame justice here in rigour reigns—
Each has on each the griping paw:
Whoe'er with them a bargain makes,
Scheme as he will, it ends in LAW.

With scraps of songs and smutty words
Each lodger here adorns the walls:
The wanton muse no pencil gives,
A coal her mean idea scrawls.

No merry thought, no flash of wit
Was scrawled by this unseemly crew,
With pain I read the words they writ
Immodest and immoral too.

od of verse, the poet's friend,
 Nature all indulgent finds—
 od of verse will never lend
 wers to such degraded minds.

muring streams no chrystal wave
 er the wretched hamlet flows ;
 wning to the distant bog
 a with the pitcher goes.

of eve the tardy treat
 aced on board of knotty pine ;
 aping gazed, to see me eat
 round me lay the slumbering swine.

be she, whose aukward hand
 me laid the mouldy pone ;*
 e still miss the joyous kiss,
 ned to fret and sleep alone.

rse that bore me on my way
 him cast a wishful eye,
 ed, and saw no manger near,
 ng his head, and seemed to sigh,

op of pine, for want of stall,
 ht, beneath a dripping tree,
 with oats, but filled with wind,
 ckwheat straw, alone stood he.

aged at so vile a treat,
 ased to see the approaching dawn,
 , we left this dreary place,
 id to drink their dear Yoppon.†

ivellers dread to wander here,
 on penance they be bound—
 they never venture near,
 as and filthiness abound.

position of Indian meal and water, baked hastily before
 a board or hoe.
 ub leaf very commonly used in the Carolinas, as a substi-
 a.

But should ye come—be short your stay,
 For *Lent* is here forever kept—
 Depart, ye wretches, haste away,
 Nor stop to *sleep*—where I have slept.

ON THE

LEGISLATURE OF GREAT-BRITAIN

Prohibiting the sale, in London, of Doctor David Ramsay's History of the Revolutionary war in South Carolina.

SOME bold bully *Dawson*, expert in abusing,
 Having passed all his life in the practice of bruising ;
 At last, when he thinks to reform and repent,
 And wishes his days had been soberly spent,
 Though a course of contrition in earnest begins,
 He scarcely can bear to be told of his sins.

So the British, worn out with their wars in the west
 (Where burning and murder their prowess confessed)
 When, at last, they agreed 'twas in vain to contend
 (For the days of their thieving were come to an end,)
 They hired some historians to scribble and flatter,
 And foolishly thought they could *hush up* the matter.

But RAMSAY arose, and with TRUTH on his side,
 Has told to the world what *they* laboured to hide ;
 With his pen of dissection, and pointed with steel,
 If they ne'er before felt he has taught them to feel
 Themselves and their projects has truly defined,
 And dragged them to blush at the bar of mankind.

As the author, his friends, and the world might expect,
 They find that the work has a damning effect—
 In reply to his *FACTS*, they abuse him and rail,
 And prompted by malice, prohibit the sale.

But, we trust, their chastisement is only begun ;
 Thirteen are the States—and he writes but of one ;
 Ere the twelve that are silent their story have told,
 The king will run mad, and the book will be sold.

ELEGY

ON MR. ROBERT BELL,

The celebrated humourist, and truly philanthropic Book-seller, formerly of Philadelphia, written, 1786.

BY schools untaught, from Nature's source he drew
 That flow of wit which wits with toil pursue,
 Above dependence, bent to virtue's side ;
 Beyond the folly of the folio's pride ;
 Born to no power, he took no splendid part,
 Yet warm for freedom glowed his honest heart ;
 Foe to all baseness, not afraid to shame
 The little tyrant that usurped his claim :
 Bound to no sect, no systems to defend,
 He loved his jest, a female, and his friend :—
 The tale well told, to each occasion fit,
 In him was nature—and that nature wit :
 Alike to pride and wild ambition dumb,
 He saw no terrors in the world to come.
 But, slighting sophists and their flimsy aid,
 To God, and Reason left the works they made.
 In chace of fortune, half his life was whim,
 Yet fortune saw no sycophant in him ;
 Bold, open, free, the world he called his own,
 But wished no wealth that cost a wretch a groan—
 Too social BELL ! in others so refined,
 One sneaking virtue ne'er possessed your mind—
 Had Prudence only held her share of sway,
 Still had your cup been full, yourself been gay !
 But while we laughed, and while the glass went round,
 The lamp was darkened—and no help was found ;
 On distant shores you died, where none shall tell,
 " HERE REST THE VIRTUES AND THE WIT OF BELL."

TERRA VULPINA,

OR,

THE LAND OF FOXES.

Here fond remembrance stamp't her much loved
 names,
 Here boasts the soil its London and its Thames ;
 Through all her shores commodious ports abound,
 Clear flow the waters of the unequal ground ;
 Cold nipping winds a lengthened winter bring,
 Late rise the products of the unwilling spring,
 'The impoverished fields the labourer's pains disgrace,
 And hawks and vultures scream through all the place ;
 The broken soil a nervous breed requires,
 Where the rough glebe no generous crops admires—
 Dame Nature meanly did her gifts impart,
 But smiles to see how much is forced by art.

As Boreas keen, who guides their wintry reign,
 All bow to lucre, all are bent on gain.
 In contact close their neat abodes are thrown,
 Its house, each acre ; every mile, its town ;
 With glittering spire the frequent church is seen,
 Where yews and myrtles wave their gloomy green,
 Where fast-day sermons tell the hungry guest
 That a *camelion's dinner* is the best :

There mobs of deacons awe the ungodly wight,
 And hell's black master meets the unequal fight—

Eternal squabbings grease the lawyer's paw,
 All have their suits, and all have studied Law :
 With tongue, that Art and Nature taught to speak,
 Some rave in *Latin*, some dispute in *Greek* :
 Proud of their *parts*, in ancient lore they shine,
 And one month's study makes a learned Divine ;
 Bards of huge fame in every hamlet rise,
 Each (in idea) of Virgilian size :
 Even beardless lads a rhyming knack display—
Iliads begun, and finished in a day !

Rhymes, that of old on Blackmore's wheel were spun,
Come rattling down on *Zion's* reverend son ;
Madly presumed time's vortex to defy !
Things born to live an hour—then squeak and die.

Some, to grow rich, through Indian forests roam,
Some deem it best to stay and thrive at home :
In spite of all the priest and squire can say,
This world—this wicked world—will have its way ;
Honest through fear, religious by constraint,
How hard to tell the sharper from the saint !—
Fond of discourse, with deep designing views
They pump the unwary traveller of his news ;
Fond of that news, but fonder to be paid,
Each house a tavern, claims a tavern's trade,
While he that comes as surely hears them praise
The HOSPITALITY of modern days.

Yet, brave in arms, of enterprising soul,
They tempt old Neptune to the farthest pole,
In learning's walks explore the mazy way,
(For genius there has shed his golden ray)
In war's bold art through many a contest tried
True to themselves, they took the nobler side,
And party feuds forgot, joined to agree
That power alone supreme—that left them free.

THE INVALID :

OCCASIONED BY HIS VISIT TO PACOLET SPRINGS IN
SOUTH-CAROLINA, FOR THE RECOVERY OF HIS
HEALTH.

O'ER barren sands and desert plains
PALADIO made a swift retreat,
Rode day and night through winds and rains,
To escape the doom he feared to meet :
Resolved, he left the cool sea-breeze
In Pacolet Springs to drown disease.

*" And oh ! (he exclaimed) in prime of days
Must I with death my lodging take—
On yonder sun no longer gaze,
Is nature blind—is fate awake ?—*

*What have I done—what shall I say—
To Pacolet Springs I'll haste away !"*

Though death pursued with all his might,
The wasted youth, when he got there,
Drank wine all day, played cards all night,
Hoping the waters would repair

A meagre carcase, doomed to bring
Its funeral from a mineral spring.—

Ye sons of Bacchus, brisk and gay,
Blame not the health-restoring wave ;—
How can those streams prevent decay,
Or better streams from ruin save,

When you mistake those tempting things,
The landlord's flasks—for Pacolet Springs ?—

MERCANTILE CHARITY :

A GENUINE STORY.

FROM southern ports a wandering vessel came,
That from her size or show small note could claim :
Her freight discharged, compelled in port to stay,
Long by the walls this weary vessel lay.
In vain the captain scratched his sapient scull,
And slushed her masts, or furbished up her hull,
No sails to trim, no work but scraping decks,
Well might such luck a stronger head perplex.—
In vain he searched and stopt up every leak,
And advertised his barque from week to week—
All would not do !—the dock was still her fate,
Idle the master, unemployed the mate :
No freight appeared, no charter, no employ,
Deaf were the shippers, and the adventurers coy.—

While with the tide she lay to rise and fall,
The wharfinger, all said, would have her all!

At length, a man who had much wealth in stock,
One May-day morning waddled to the dock,
Addressed the captain, as he pensive sate,
And asked, *what say you, friend, will take a freight?*

"Take it, (said Jonas) take it! that I will—
Take it as quick as patient takes a pill:
This idle life's the very worst disease,
But, let me know your terms, sir—if you please."

"My terms are so and so"—the man replied—
"What! *six pence less than all the world beside!*
What reason can be given, I humbly ask,
That six pence should be clipped from every cask?
Five shillings (trust me) is the accustomed freight,
And given by every shipper in the state."

"That may be so! (the *skin-flint* said, most cool)
And yet there's *one exception* to the rule:
If you are averse, some dozens will agree—
THIS SIX-PENCE SAVED IS MEANT FOR CHARITY:
My terms are good—you can't be angry, sure—
Each six-pence filched from you—shall bless the poor!

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT THE FOOT OF MONT SUFFRIERE,
NEAR THE TOWN OF BASSETTERRE, GUADALOUPE.

THESE Indian isles, so green and gay
In summer seas by nature placed—
Art hardly told us where they lay,
Till tyranny their charms defaced:
Ambition here her efforts made,
And avarice rifled every shade.

Their genius wept, his sons to see
By foreign arms untimely fall,

And some to distant climates flee,
 Where later ruin met them all :
 He saw his sylvan offspring bleed,
 That *envious natures* might succeed.

The CHIEF, who first o'er untried waves
 To these fair islands found his way,
 Departing, left a race of slaves,
 Cortez, your mandate to obey,
 And these again, if fame says true,
 To extirpate the vulgar crew.

No more to Indian coasts confined,
 The PATRON, thus, indulged his grief;
 And to regret his heart resigned,
 To see some proud European chief,
 Pursue the harmless Indian race,
 Torn by his dogs in every chace.—

Ah, what a change ! the ambient deep
 No longer hears the lover's sigh ;
 But wretches meet, to wail and weep
 The loss of their dear liberty :
 Unfeeling hearts possess these isles,
 Man frowns—and only nature smiles.

Proud of the vast extended shores
 The haughty Spaniard calls his own,
 His selfish heart restrains his stores,
 To other climes but scarcely known :
 His Cuba lies a wilderness,
 Where slavery digs what slaves possess.

Jamaica's sweet, romantic vales
 In vain with golden harvests teem ;
 Her endless spring, her fragrant gales
 More than Elysian magic seem :
 Yet what the soil profusely gave
 Is there denied the toiling slave.

Fantastic joy and fond belief
 Through life support the galling chain ;
 Hope's airy prospects banish griefs,
 And bring his native lands again ;

His native groves a heaven display,
The funeral is the *jocund* day.

For man oppressed and made so base,
In vain from Jove fair virtue fell ;
Distress be-glooms the toiling race,
They have no motive to excel :
In death alone their miseries end,
The tyrant's dread—is their best friend.

How great ~~THEIR~~ praise let *truth* declare,
Who touched with honour's sacred flame,
Bade freedom to *some coasts* repair
To urge the slave's neglected claim ;
And scorning interest's *swinish* plan,
Gave to mankind *the rights of man*.

Ascending there, may freedom's sun
In all his force serenely clear,
A long, unclouded circuit run,
Till little tyrants disappear ;
And a new race, not bought or sold,
Rise from the ashes of the old.—



POEMS ON

ON THE PROSPECT

OF

A REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

"Now, at the feast they plan the fall of Troy ;

"The stern debate ATRIDES hears with joy."

Hom. Odyss.

BORNE on the wings of time another year
Sprung from the past, begins its proud career :
From that bright spark which first illumed these
lands,

See Europe kindling, as the blaze expands,
Each gloomy tyrant, sworn to chain the mind,
Presumes no more to trample on mankind :
Even potent LOUIS trembles on his throne,
The generous prince who made our cause his own,
More equal rights his injured subjects claim,
No more a country's strength—that country's shame ;
Fame starts astonished at such prizes won,
And rashness wonders how the work was done.

Flushed with new life, and brightening at the view,
GENIUS, triumphant, moulds the world anew ;
To these far climes in swift succession moves
Each art that Reason owns and sense approves,
What though his age is bounded to a span
Time sheds a conscious dignity on man,
Some happier breath his rising passion swells,
Some kinder genius his bold arm impels,
Dull superstition from the world retires,
Disheartened zealots haste to quench their fires ;
One equal rule o'er twelve* vast STATES extends,
Europe and Asia join to be our friends,

* At this time, Rhode-Island was not a member of the general
Confederation of the American States. [1788]

Our active flag in every clime displayed
 Counts stars on colours that shall never fade ;
 A far famed chief o'er this vast whole presides
 Whose motto HONOR is—whom VIRTUE guides ;
 His walks forsaken in Virginia's groves
 Applauding thousands bow where'er HE moves,
 Who laid the basis of this EMPIRE sure
 Where public faith should public peace secure.

Still may she rise, exalted in her aims,
 And boast to every age her patriot names,
 To distant climes extend her gentle sway,
 While choice—not force—bids every heart obey ;
 Ne'er may she fail when Liberty implores,
 or want true valour to defend her shores,
 'Till Europe, humbled, greets our western wave,
 And owns an equal—whom she wished a slave.

EPISTLE

TO

THE PATRIOTIC FARMER.

THUS, while new laws the stubborn STATES re-
 claim,
 And most for pensions, some for honours aim,
 YOU, who first aimed a shaft at GEORGE'S crown,
 And marked the way to conquest and renown,
 While from the vain, the lofty, and the proud,
 Retiring to your groves, you shun the crowd,—
 Can toils, like your's, in cold oblivion end,
 COLUMBIA'S patriot, and her earliest friend ?

Blest, doubly blest, from public scenes retired,
 Where public welfare all your bosom fired ;
 Your life's best days in studious labours past
 Your deeds of virtue make your bliss at last ;
 When all things fail, the soul must rest on these !—
 May heaven restore you to your favourite trees,

When the day I recall, that deprived me of you,
I find, my dear Sancho, I'm not of their crew.

How oft in the year shall I visit your grave
Amid the long forest, that darkens the wave !
How often lament, when the days' at the close,
That here you must take an eternal repose !

Ah here (I will say) is the path where he run ;
And there stands the tree where a squirrel he won ;
And here, in this spot where the willow trees grow
He dragged out a rabbit that lurked in the snow.

If absent, awhile, on the ocean I strayed,
I still had in view to revisit this shade—
But alas ! you considered the prospect as vain,
Or how could you die, 'till I saw you again ?

A country there is—'tis in vain to deny—
Where monies and puppies are sent when they die,
But you—and old Minos shall grant you a pass,
Must rank with the dogs of the gentleman class.

The boatman of *Styx* shall a passage prepare,
And the *Dog*, at the portal, shall welcome you there ;
With the cynics of hell you shall walk a grave pace,
Where " Doctors with dogs " is no more a disgrace.

On the bark of this beech-tree, that shadows you
bones,

With tears, I inscribe these poetical groans :
If a *tombstone of wood* serves a soldier, 'tis clear
This tree may preserve all your fame—for a year.

For the squirrel you treed, and the duck from the
lake,

These stanzas are all the return I can make :
But these, unaffected, my friendship will shew,
And the world will allow—that I give you your due.

EPITAPH

ON FREDERICK THE SECOND,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

HERE rests a King—his mortal journey done—
 Through life a tyrant to his fellow man :
 Who bloody wreathes in bloody battles won,
 Nature's worst savage since the world began.

Millions were doomed beneath his sword to die :
 No art, no care his blasting breath could shun—
 Did he ONE MAN, for all this waste, supply ?—
 No !—tell the world, HE NEVER GAVE IT ONE !*

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SHADRACH AND WHIFFLE.

SHADRACH !—(said WHIFFLE, eager to re-
 proach)

Why ride you in that ancient crazy coach ?

Hark, how it cracks !—freighted with you and ma-
 dam—

Many suppose it once belonged to *Adam*—

So loose, so weak, your *Driver* makes *Report*,

You risque, each hour, a tumble in the dirt."

* Alluding to his having never married ; and being not even the
 reputed father of a child.

“ WHIFFLE, (said SHADRACH) though it be
wreck,
And threatens oft' the fracture of my neck ;
Yet, to the last, this coach I vow I'll ride in,
Which twenty years my grandsire did confide in :
'Twill also prove—pray, take it in good part—
I had this *coach* when you had scarce a *cart*.”

TO THE

MEMORY OF MRS. BURNET,

OF ELIZABETH-TOWN, N. J.

[*By request.*]

TO the dark grave, where silence reigns,
And death his shadowy host detains,
Of life bereft, and quenched its fires,
MATILDA in her bloom retires.

Inclosed in that obscure abode,
The bosom cold, with life that glowed,
No more we trace its wonted charms,
No more the gentle spirit warms.

Fine form ! tho' mouldering into dust,
This is not all thy doom, we trust ;
To other worlds the active mind
Some new perfection goes to find :

From height to height advancing still,
To HIM who doth creation fill,
The power that measured out our span,
And planted reason—light of man.

Composed of Nature's finest clay,
To *Nature* she her debt did pay,
Who sympathizing, mingles here,
The rising sigh, the melting tear.

In her, whose memory cannot fade,
Each milder virtue was displayed,
The breast of sentiment refined,
And beauties, native to the mind.

To make her image all complete,
How many of her sex must meet !
Virtues in them but thinly sown,
In her conjoined, were all her own :

She (doomed to shine in honour's page,
A model to the coming age)
Was graced with all that could impart
Affection to the coldest heart.

Removed from hence so far away,
What shall a pensive stranger say ?—
By friendship led, and grief sincere,
He drops his pen—and sheds a tear !



TO A DOG :

OCCASIONED BY PUTTING HIM ON SHORE AT THE
ISLAND OF SAPOLA, FOR THEFT.

SINCE Nature taught you, TRAY, to be a thief,
What blame have you, for working at your trade ?
What if you stole a handsome round of beef ;
Theft, in *your* code of laws, no crime was made.

The ten commandments you had never read,
Nor did it ever enter in your head :
But art and Nature, careful to conceal,
Disclosed not even the EIGHTH—*Thou shalt not steal.*

Then to the green wood, caitiff, haste away :
There take your chance to live—for Truth must say,
We have no right, for theft, to hang up Tray.

TO CLARISSA :

A HANDSOME SHOP-KEEPER.

[BY H. SALEM.]

CURSED as a beggar's brat is he,
 The unlucky man, that deals with *thee*,
 Who still behind the counter sit
 To catch our cash, and shew your wit.

Whate'er you praised—with sly design—
 Whate'er you touched—I wished it mine ;
 And homespun trash from Nabby's paws,
 In your fair hands, was English gauze.

'Twas this that ran *Rinaldo* mad
 At times, and made him look so sad :
 For, ere he well could count the cost,
 His cash was gone, his credit lost.

His girls grew vain—their dress and show
 Alas ! soon brought his pockets low :
 With India silks their shoes were bound,
 The news went all the country round :

With constant duns his doors were vex'd,
 His house with sheriffs was perplex'd :
 His barber's bill he could not pay,
 He blundered—broke, and ran away.

TO CYNTHIA.

THE hermit's wish—a cell be mine,
 In sylvan shades to find repose ;
 To please the eye—that task be thine ;
 And hourly kill a thousand beaux,
 Whose easy charms, so like your own,
 With jealousy you gaze upon.

You asked me, CYNTHIA, how I came
 To shun the wild tempestuous deep,
 And disappointing Neptune's aim
 On his cold bosom shun long sleep?—
 'Twas chance, 'twas luck—I scarce can tell
 What genius played my cards so well.

Yes! Neptune frowned—so heaven decreed—
 Yet life might be preserved at least,
 Since cruel must he be, indeed,
 Who robs a church, and kills the priest :
 Then, Cynthia, now some pity shew,
Nor be the storms more kind than you.

TO

A VERY LITTLE MAN,

FOND OF WALKING WITH A VERY LONG CANE.

REASON, in all her works, observes
 A fit proportion, just and true :
 Man, only, from her great example swerves,
 In this we instance you.

Who bade you bear this huge *Cyclopean beam*,
 Yourself an insect at its foot,
Which, if it fell, would end your mortal dream,
 And put your day-light out !

Rival to oaks, no hedgeway shrub we see ;
 No dwarf-like bush with pines is classed ;
 No branch grows greater than the mother tree,
 No shallop wants an admiral's mast.

Goliath's self, that huge unwieldy beast,
 With such a staff had shunned his fate :
 This CANE might be your Liberty-pole, at least,
 And streamers wear on days of state.

Thus, at Honduras, frequent have I seen
 Monkeys, attached to cedars tall :
 There chaced, they climb to shun the hostile train—
 What use to you, who do not climb at all !

A staff, like this, from hickory forests come,
 'Mongst cudgelling lads might rule the roast !
 Might swing the main gate of the Federal Dome,
 Potowmack's democratic—boast !

Ah ! take advice—this lofty stick forego—
 With cooper's hoop-pole rather choose to range ;
 Or, if your pride should deem such canes too low,
 Advance !—and take a pipe-stem in exchange.

THE RURAL BACHELOR.

QUITTING the town, and gay abodes of men,
 Chance led my footsteps to a lonely den,
 Around whose walls no lively flowerets grew,
 Dull was its aspect, and its doors were few :
 The crowing cock was all its morning bell
 Mixed with no pleasant voice of Nan or Nell ;
 No blooming trees, no flowering shrubs were nigh,
 Nothing to cheer the heart or please the eye :
 One weeping-willow raised its baleful head,
 Ivy and mint were through his garden spread—

Disgusted with the scene, when drawn more near,
 I smote my breast, and asked—"What beast lives
 here?"——

No milk-maid here the selfish wight allows,
 But forth he walks himself to milk his cows ;
 (In hand a staff, on either arm a pail,
 Pity he had no dish-clout at his tail)
 Cows, that have given him many a hearty kick,
 And only fear him for his walnut-stick :
 Humbled they stand, a pensive, pining crew,
 And see their calves defrauded of their due.

None but himself the juicy curd may squeeze,
 None like himself can change the milk to cheese :
 Cheese that appears at every slender treat,
 And fate foredoomed that he alone must eat
 The refuse of his store, the very cheese
 That, if to market sent, the clerk would seize.

Tired as I am with travelling this long road,
 Much as I want, this night, some snug abode,
 Something whereon to rest my aching head,
 Something, at least, that bears the name of bed ;
 Tho' many a mile, perhaps, may intervene
 Ere yet again the haunt of man is seen,
 Onward I jog—till Sol the light restores,
 Rather than lodge with him—lodge out of doors.

BALLOONS.

*Perdomita tellus, tumida cesserunt freta,
 Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus :
 Immune celum est, dignus Alcide labor,
 In alta mundi spatia sublimis ferar.*

SENEC. HERC. FURENS.

ASSIST me, ye Muses, (whose harps are in tune)
 To tell of the flight of the gallant BALLOON !
 As high as my subject permit me to soar
 To heights unattempted, unthought of before
 Ye grave learned Doctors, whose trade is to sigh,
 Who labour to chalk out a road to the sky,
 Improve on your plans—or we venture to say,
 A genius of Paris will shew us the way.

The earth, on its surface, has all been surveyed,
 The sea has been travelled—and deep in the shade
 The kingdom of Pluto has heard us at work,
 When we dig for his metals, wherever they lurk :

But who would have thought that invention could rise
To contrive a machine that would soar to the skies,
And pierce the bright regions, which ages assigned
To spirits unbodied, and flights of the mind.

Let the gods of Olympus their revels prepare—
By the aid of some pounds of inflammable air
We'll visit them soon—and forsake this dull ball
With a streamer displayed, and no fear of a fall.

How France is distinguished in LIBERTY'S reign!
What cannot her genius and courage attain?
Throughout the wide world have her *arms* found the
way,

And *art* to the stars is extending her sway.

At sea let the British their neighbours defy—
The French shall have frigates to traverse the sky,
In this navigation *more fortunate prove*,
And cudgel your *Fredericks* and *Brunswicks* above.

If the English should venture to sea with their fleet,
A host of Balloons in a trice they shall meet.
The French from the zenith their wings will display
And souse on these sea-dogs, and bear them away!

Ye sages, who travel on mighty designs,
To measure equators and longitude lines—
Instead of a vessel, to traverse the seas,
Construct a Balloon—and you'll do it with ease:

And ye, who the heavens' broad concave survey,
And, aided by glasses, its secrets betray,
Who gaze, the night through, at the wonderful *sc*
Yet still are complaining of vapours between,

Ah, seize the conveyance, and fearlessly rise
To peep at the *lanthorns* that light up the skies,
And floating above, on our ocean of air,
Inform us, by letter, what people are *there*.

In Saturn, advise us if snow ever melts,
And what are the uses of Jupiter's belts;
And (Mars being willing pray send us word, *gre*
If his people are fonder of fighting than eatin

That Venus has horns we've no reason to doubt,
 (I forget what they call him who first found it out)
 And you'll find, it is said, if you venture too near,
 That the spirits of cuckolds inhabit her sphere.

Our folks of good morals it woefully grieves,
 That Mercury's people are villains and thieves :
 You'll see how it is—but we venture to shew
 For a dozen among them, twelve dozens below.

From long observation one proof may be had
 That the men in the moon are incurably mad ;
 However, compare us, and if they exceed
 They must be surprizingly crazy indeed.

But now, to have done with our planets and moons—
 Come, grant us a *patent* for making balloons—
 For I find that the time is approaching—the day
 When horses shall fail, and the horsemen decay.

Post-riders, at present (called Centaurs of old)
 Who brave all the seasons, hot weather and cold,
 In future, will leave their dull *honeys* behind,
 And travel, like ghosts, on the wings of the wind.

The stagemen, whose gallopers scarce have the
 power

Through the dirt to convey you, eight miles in an
 hour,

When advanced to balloons, shall so furiously drive
 You'll hardly know whether you're dead or alive.

The man who at *Boston* sets out with the sun,
 If the wind should be fair, may be with us at one,
 At *Gunpowder Ferry* drink whiskey at three,
 And by six be at *Edentown*, ready for tea.

The machine shall be ordered, (we hardly need say,)
 To travel in darkness as well as by day—
 At *Charleston* by ten he for sleep may prepare,
 And by twelve the next day be—the devil knows
 where.

When the ladies grow sick of the city in June,
 What a jaunt they will have in the flying balloon !
 Whole mornings will see them at toilets preparing,
 And forty miles high be their afternoon's airing.

Yet more with its fitness for commerce we're
 struck ;
 What loads of tobacco shall come from Kentucke,
 What packs of best beaver——bar-iron and pig,
 What budgets of *buck-skin* from Conococheague ?
 If Britain should ever disturb us again,
 (As they threaten to do in the next George's reign)
 No doubt they will play us a set of new tunes,
 And give us a blast from their navy balloons.
 To market the farmers will shortly repair
 With their hogs and potatoes, wholesale, through the
 air,
 Skim over the water as light as a feather,
 Themselves and their poultry conversing together.
 Such wonders as these from Balloons may arise——
 And the giants of old, who assaulted the skies
 With their Ossa on Pelion, shall freely confess
 That all they attempted was nothing to this.

PESTILENCE.

HOT, dry winds forever blowing,
 Dead men to the grave-yards going :
 Constant hearses,
 Funeral verses ;
 Oh ! what plagues——there is no knowing !
 Priests retreating from their pulpits !——
 Some in hot, and some in cold fits
 In bad temper,
 Off they scamper,
 Leaving us——unhappy culprits !
 Doctors raving and disputing,
 Death's pale army still recruiting——
 What a pothor
 One with t'other !
 Some a-writing, some a-shooting.

Nature's poisons here collected,
Water, earth, and air infected—

O, what pity,

SUCH A CITY

Was in such a place erected !

JEFFERY,

OR, THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

LURED by some corporal's smooth address,

His scarlet coat and roguish face,

One HALF A JOE on drum head laid,

A tavern treat—and reckoning paid ;

See yonder simple lad consigned

To slavery of the meanest kind.

With only skill to drive a plough

A musquet he must handle now ;

Must twirl it here and twirl it there,

Now on the ground, now in the air :

Its every motion by some rule

Of practice, taught in *Frederick's* school,*

Must be directed—nicely true—

Or he be beaten black—and blue.

A sergeant, raised from cleaning shoes,

May now this country lad abuse :—

On meagre fare grown poor and lean,

He treats him like a mere machine,

Directs his look, directs his step,

And kicks him into decent shape,

From awkward habit frees the clown,

Erects his head—or knocks him down.

Last Friday week to *Battery-Green*

The sergeant came with this MACHINE—

* The Prussian manual exercise.

One motion of the firelock missed——
 The TUTOR thumped him with his fist :
 I saw him lift his hickory cane,
 I heard poor *Jeffery's* head complain !——
 Yet this——and more——he's forced to bear :
 And thus goes on from year to year,
 'Till desperate grown, at such a lot,
 He drinks——deserts——and so is shot !

TO

A WRITER OF PANEGRIC:

OCCASIONED BY CERTAIN FULSOME CONGRATULATORY VERSES ON THE ELECTION OF A HIGH COSTABLE.

BE advised by a friend, who advises but rarely,
 Be cautious of praising 'till praise is earned fairly :
 There was a sage *Ancient* this truth did bequeath,
 " *That merit is only determined by death.*"

Panegyric I'm sorry to see you engage in——
 Old *Nero*, at first, was a *Titus*, or *Trajan* :
 The Indians of *Siam* bow down to a LOG,
 And Egypt is said to have worshipped a *Dog*.*

If you will be throwing your *jewels* to swine,
 No wonder they rend you——*whenever they dine*——
 Pray, leave it to puppies to cry up their worth,
 And to dunces, to honour the day of their birth.

Whoever the road to preferment would find,
 With the eyes of a Dutchman must look at *ma*——
 kind ;

From the basest of motives, cry cowards are brave,——
 And laugh in his sleeve——when he flatters a knave.

* ANUBIS—one of the tutelar deities of ancient Egypt.

FANCY'S RAMBLE,

MY power, that over sleep presides,
 And Reason's wakeful reign divides ;
 Fancy, thou, the Muses' queen,
 Mistress of the poet's vein,
 How many charming scenes you paint,
 And traverse the globe, without constraint,
 And visions to the soul disclose
 To entertain her night's repose.

She on her golden pinions brings
 The images of absent things ;
 Through the labyrinth of the brain,
 Night after night, she walks unseen,
 Where fabrics doth she raise
 The woods, or on the seas,
 Or some high, steep pointed rock
 Embleming to the ocean's shock,
 Where the dreary tempests sweep
 Clouds along the uncivil deep.

Now she views *Arcadian* groves
 Where the harmless shepherd roves,
 And while yet her wings she spreads,
 As chrystal streams and flowery meads ;
 The full-moon light doth shew
 The rests of a dusky hue,
 Where, upon some mossy bed,
 Innocence reclines her head.

Swift, she stretches o'er the deep
Hecla's high and smoky steep :
 As on the towering mast
 Could not travel half so fast—
 Swifter than the eagle's flight,
 Instantaneous rays of light—
 ! contemplative she stands
Norwegia's frozen lands :

Lofty mountains, bare and brown,
 Where the rugged winters frown,
 Or impel the ocean surge
 To *Caledonia's* gloomy verge,
 Where the winds tumultuous roar,
 Vext, that *Ossian* sings no more.

Then, she roves to southern isles
 Where the softened winter smiles ;
 To *Grenada's* orange shades,
 Or *Amazonia's* fertile glades—
 To the distant dreary *Cape*,*
 Fatal to many a gallant ship—
 The cape, where mountain billows roll
 Dashing from the southern pole,
 Loaded with eternal snows ;
 Where no pleasant harvest grows,
 But icy cliffs forever rise
 Shrouding their summits in the skies.

Lo ! she leads me wide and far
 O'er the earth and through the air,
 Over rock and over reef
 To the proud *Canarian* cliff, †
 Where the sun-beam loves to abide,
 When set to many a hill beside.—

Thence she takes her roving aim,
 And *BRITAIN* seeks, of ancient fame,
 Stretching far her proud command—
 Shackled by some tyrant band :
 Since to *Cæsar* first she bowed
 Of fetters, vain—of slavery, proud !

Now, she wanders far away
 In the east to meet the day :
 Travels over *Ganges'* streams,
 Visits *China*, in her dreams,
 O'er the vast Pacific strays,
 And a thousand isles surveys
 Where the happy Indian dwells,
 Stranger, yet, to *Europe's* sails—

* *Cape Horn*.

† *Peak of Teneriffe*.

Now, though late, returning home,
 Lead me to *Marcella's* tomb,
 To behold a moment there
 All that once was good and fair—
 Who doth here so soundly sleep—
 Shall we break this prison deep?—
 Fancy can but pierce the shade,
 Haunt the tomb, where thou art laid—
 Gather flowers of pallid hue,
 And quit the world, to dwell with you!—
 But must those eyes in darkness stay
 That once were rivals to the day?—
 Like heaven's bright lamp, beneath the main
 They are but set, to rise again.

ON THE

DEMOLITION OF AN OLD COLLEGE.

ON New-Year's eve, the year was eighty-nine,
 All clad in *black*, a back-woods' college crew
 With crow-bar, sledge, and broad axe did combine
 To level with the dust their antique hall,
 In hopes the President would build a new :
 Yes, yes, (said they,) this ancient pile shall fall,
 And laugh no longer at yon' cobbler's stall.

The clock struck seven—in social compact joined,
 They pledged their sacred honors to proceed :
 The number seventy-five this feat designed :
 And first some oaths they swore by candle light
 On Euclid's Elements—no bible did they need :
 One must be true, they said, the other might—
 Besides, no bible could be found that night.

Now darkness o'er the plain her pinions spread,
 Then rung the bell an unaccustomed peal :
 Out rushed the brave, the cowards went to bed,
 And left the attempt to those who felt full bold
 To pull down halls, where years had seen them kneel :

Where *Wheelock* oft at rakes was wont to scold,
Or sung them many a psalm, in days of old.

Advancing then towards the tottering hall,
(That now at least one hundred years had stood)
They gave due notice that it soon should fall—
Lest there some godly wight might gaping stand ;
(For well they knew the world wants all its good
To fright the sturdy sinners of the land,
And shame old Satan, with his sooty band.)

The reverend man that college gentry awes,
Hearing the bell at this unusual hour,
Vext at the infringement of the college laws,
With Indian stride out-sallied from his den,
And made a speech (as being a man in power)—
Alas ! it was not heard by one in ten—
No time to heed his speeches, or his pen.

“ Ah, rogues, said he, ah, whither do ye run,
“ Bent on the ruin of this antique pile—
“ That, all the war, has braved both sword and gun ?
“ Reflect, dear boys, some reverend rats are there,
“ That now will have to scamper many a mile,
“ For whom past time old Latin books did spare,
“ And Attic Greek, and manuscripts most rare.
“ Relent, relent ! to accomplish such designs
“ Folks bred on college fare are much too weak ;
“ For such attempts men drink your high-proof wines,
“ Not spiritless switchel,* and vile hogo drams,
“ Scarcely sufficient to digest your *Greek*—
“ Come, let the college stand, my dear black lambs—
“ Besides—I see you have no battering rams.”

Thus he—but sighs, and tears, and prayers were
lost—
So, to it they went with broad-axe, spade, and ham-
mer—

One smote a wall, and one dislodged a post,
Tugged at a beam, or pulled down pigeon-holes
Where Indian lads were wont to study grammar—

* A mixture of molasses and water.

Indeed, they took vast pains and dug like moles,
And worked as if they worked to save their souls.

Now to its deep foundation shook the dome :
Farewell to all its learning, fame and honor !
So fell the capitol of heathen Rome,
By Goths and Vandals levelled with the dust—
And so shall die the works of *Neal O'Connor*,
Which he himself will even outlive, we trust :)
But now our story's coming to the worst—

Down fell the Pile !—aghast these rebels stood,
And wondered at the mischiefs they had done
To such a pile, composed of white-oak wood ;
To such a pile, so antique and renowned,
Which many a prayer had heard and many a pun—
So, three huzzas they gave, and fired a round,
Then homeward trudged—half drunk—but safe and
sound.

PENNSYLVANIA.

[A FRAGMENT.]

SPREAD with stupendous hills, far from the main,
Fair Pennsylvania holds her golden reign,
On fertile fields her wheaten harvest grows,
Largely charged with its freights her favorite Delaware flows ;
From ERIE's Lake her soil with plenty teems
No where the Schuylkill rolls his limpid streams—
Sweet stream ! what pencil can thy beauties tell—
Where, wandering downward through the woody vale,
Thy varying scenes to rural bliss invite,
To health and pleasure add a new delight :
Here *Juniata*, too, allures the swain,
And gay *Cadorus* roves along the plain ;
Sweetara, tumbling from the distant hill,
Steals through the waste, to turn the industrious mill—

Where'er those floods through groves or mountains
 stray,
 That God of Nature still directs the way,
 With fondest care has traced each river's bed
 And mighty streams thro' mighty forests led,
 Bade agriculture thus export her freight,
 The strength and glory of this favoured STATE.

She, famed for science, arts, and polished men,
 Admires her FRANKLIN, but adores her PENN,
 Who, wandering here, made barren forests bloom,
 And the new soil a happier robe assume :
 He planned no schemes that virtue disapproves,
 He robbed no Indian of his native groves,
 But, just to all, beheld his tribes increase,
 Did what he could to bind the world in peace,
 And, far retreating from a selfish band,
 Bade Freedom flourish in this foreign land.

Gay towns unnumbered shine through all her
 plains,
 Here every art its happiest height attains :
 The graceful ship, on nice proportions planned,
 Here finds perfection from the builder's hand,
 To distant worlds commercial visits pays,
 Or war's bold thunder o'er the deep conveys.

TO AN AUTHOR.

YOUR leaves bound up compact and fair,
 In neat array at length prepare,
 To pass their hour on learning's stage,
 To meet the surly critic's rage ;
 The statesman's slight, the smatterer's sneer——
 Were these, indeed, your only fear,
 You might be tranquil and resigned :
 What most should touch your fluttering mind ;
 Is that, few critics will be found
 To sift your works, and deal the wound.

Thus, when one fleeting year is past
 A some bye-shelf *your* book is cast——
 Another comes, with *something new*,
 And drives you fairly out of view :

With some to praise, *but more to blame*,
 The mind returns to—whence it came ;
 And some alive, who *scarce could read*
 Will publish satires on the dead.

Thrice happy DRYDEN*, who could meet
 Some rival bard in every street !
 When all were bent on writing well
 Was some credit to excel :——

Thrice happy Dryden, who could find
Milbourne for his sport designed——
 And *Pope*, who saw the harmless rage
 Of *Dennis* bursting o'er his page
 Rightly justly spurn the *critic's aim*,
 Who only helped to swell his fame.

On these bleak climes by Fortune thrown,
 Where rigid *Reason* reigns alone,
 Where lovely *Fancy* has no sway,
 Or magic forms about us play—
 Or nature takes her summer hue
 Tell me, what has the muse to do ?——

In age employed in edging steel
 In no poetic raptures feel ;
 O solitude's attracting power,
 O leisure of the noon day hour,
 O shaded stream, no quiet grove
 In this fantastic century move,

The muse of love in no request——
 O—try your fortune with the rest,
 One of the nine you should engage,
 O meet the follies of the age :——

In *one*, we fear, your choice must fall—
 The least engaging of them all——

* See Johnson's lives of the English Poets.

Her visage stern—an angry style—
 A clouded brow—malicious smile—
 A mind on *murdered victims* placed—
 She, only she, can please the taste !

THE PREPOSTEROUS NUPTIALS :

OR, JANUARY AND JUNE.

THUS winter weds to April's bloom,
 Thus lillies blow beside a tomb ;
 Thus fields of ice on rivers grow
 While melting streams are found below.

How strange a taste was here displayed :
 Yourself all light, and he all shade ;
 Each hour you live you look more gay,
 While he grows uglier every day.

Employed on *undiscovered* things !
 He to the *tune of discord* sings :
 You touch your *keys* to different strains,
 And " May-day morn," attracts the swains !

Dear lady ! in the summer's prime
 Can you expect a Christmas time ?
 If twenty years are scarcely run,
 Hope not for *spring*—without a Sun !

THE DISTREST THEATRE.*

HEALTH to the Muse !—and fill the glass,—
 Heaven grant her soon some better place ;
 Than earthen floor and fabric mean,
 Where disappointment shades the scene :

* Harmony Hall, at Charleston, now demolished.

There as I came, by rumour led,
 I sighed and almost wished her dead ;
 Her visage stained with many a tear,
 No HALLAM and no HENRY here !

But what could all their art attain ?—
When pointed laws the stage restrain
 The prudent Muse obedience pays
 To sleepy squires, that damn all plays.

Like thieves they hang beyond the town,
 They shove her off—to please the gown ;—
 Though Rome and Athens owned it true,
 The stage might mend our morals too.

See, *Mopsus* all the evening sits
 O'er bottled beer, that drowns his wits ;
 Were Plays allowed, he might at least
 Blush—and no longer act the beast.

See, *Marcia*, now from guardian free,
 Retailing scandal with her tea ;—
 Might she not come, nor danger fear
 From *Hamlet's* sigh, or *Juliet's* tear.

The world but acts the player's part—
 So says the motto of their art)—
 That world in vice great lengths is gone
 That fears to see its picture drawn.

Mere vulgar actors cannot please ;
 The streets supply enough of these ;
 And what can wit or beauty gain
 When sleepy dullness joins their train ?

A *State* betrays a homely taste,
 By which the stage is thus disgraced,
 Where, drest in all the flowers of speech,
 Dame virtue might her precepts teach.

Let but a dancing bear arrive,
 A pig, that counts you four, or five—
 And Cato, with his moral strain
 May strive to mend the world in vain.

THE NOVA-SCOTIA MENACE.

FROM **SHELburne's** boasted port, down *Fundy's*
bay

(To put himself in madam Fortune's way)
A **Scotite** came, as hungry as a shark,
Master and owner of a crazy barque :
Fish, and fish only, were her weighty load,
With fish was every hole and cranhy stowed ;
Even in the cabbin, where he made his bed,
Bundles of fish were for his comfort spread,
In every corner heaps on heaps lay slain,
'Twas fish on fish—and cut—and come again.

At length, to Boston's well-known port arrived,
There many a scheme, to run them, he contrived,
For *there*, by law (we hardly need to say)
All foreign fish a heavy impost pay.

To save the **DUTY** was the captain's wish,
To land, unseen, his long imprisoned fish :
Vain were his schemes—no plan could he devise,
To cheat old Argus, with his hundred eyes,
(That hawk who ceaseless waits the coming tides,
Peeps in the hold, or through the cabbin glides)
Vain were his plans, the unlucky sequel shews,
Striving to cheat the customs of their dues,
Ere he was able to complete his wish,

The port-collector seized them——every fish !

'Sblood, death, and wounds ! (the angry captain
cried)

What vile, ungrateful wretches here reside !

May I be d—d (this dreadful oath he swore,

And stamped, indignant, on his cabbin floor)

May I be d—d if at some future day,

When famine marks these Yankees for her prey,

When pinching wants their grumbling guts assail,

No prayers or tears shall o'er my wrath prevail—

Starve and be d—d, shall be the word—that's plain,

Shelburne, nor I, will grant relief again !



HÈRMIT'S VALLEY.

WITH eastern winds, and flowing sail
 To these sequestered haunts we came,
 Where verdant trees and chrystal streams
 Adorn the sloping, winding vale ;
 Where, from the breezy grove we claim,
 Our heaven on earth—poetic dreams.

These simple scenes have pleasures more
 Than all the busy town can show—
 More pleasure here Philanthus took,
 And more he prized this lonely shore,
 His pen, his pencil, and his book,
 Than all the groves Madeira bore :

Here still is seen a Hermit's cell,
 Who, fond the haunts of men to fly,
 Enjoyed his heaven beneath this shade :
 In mouldering caves so blest to dwell,
 He sought not from the flowers that die,
 A verdure, that would never fade.

To crowded courts and would-be kings,
 Where *fawning knaves* are most caressed ;
 Who would, though oft' invited, go—
 When here so many charming things
 By Nature to perfection dressed,
 To please the man of fancy; grow ?

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The native of this happy spot
 No cares of vain ambition haunt :
 Pleased with the partner of his nest,
 Life flows—and when the dream is out,
 The earth, which once supplied each want,
 Receives him—fainting—to her breast.

THE PRUDENT PHILOSOPHER :

(OCCASIONED BY THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE STATE
 HOUSE AT CHARLESTON, 1786.)

WHEN from a Dome, where lawyers *spoke*,
 Issued the mingled flame and smoke,
Florella at her window sate,
 Gazing towards the HOUSE of STATE—
 That cost the labourer many a tear—
 That would not be rebuilt, that's clear—
 And thrice she sighed, and smote her breast
 To see their squireships so distress ;
 To see in such a little while
 To ashes turned so fine a pile !

Meanwhile, avoiding pump and pail,
 (For what could *one man's* help avail ?)
 Fearing to hurt his tender hand
 Should he amongst the *vulgar* stand,
 Where buckets fly and engines play,
 Where slaves *must* work, and masters *may* ;
 Rinaldo to her chamber came,
 Thus comforting the tearful dame :
 “ Behold, (said he) my lady fair,
 How vain these mortal buildings are !
 'Tis madness—madness—all things shew
 To set our hearts on things below ;
 (Thank heaven for all its stores of grace,
 My TREASURE's in a *safer* place :)
 But thus the pride of man shall bend ;
 The *fates* such fabrics only *lend* ;

Whether contrived of brick or stone,
 They hardly can be called our own :
 What time might spare the flame destroys,
 To them such *castles* are but toys ;
 In vain to heaven our spires we raise :
 Sooner or later, all must blaze ;
 And we ourselves, with years oppressed,
 In time, will sink among the rest.

“ Ah ! lovely nymph—no longer sigh—
 ’Tis true, the flames are mounting high—
 But oh !—forbear that trickling tear,
 For thus the world will disappear ;
 And temples of stupendous size,
 In empty vapour thus shall rise,
 When Nature droops her weary wings
 To give a sad account of things ;
 When time has run his idle round,
 And you and I are—under ground.

“ In such a view, Florella fair,
 How beautiful these blazes are !
 From such a view of human things
 Philosophy her comfort brings,
 Instructing us when mischiefs come,
 When folks are burnt from house and home ;
 When public buildings burn, or fall,
 To bear it with—no grief at all !”

“ Kind moralist (the nymph replied)
 Your doctrines shall not be denied ;
 And though you make things mighty clear,
 I’m almost vexed to see you here :
 A fate like this impends o’er all—
 (Even high-heeled shoes at last must fall)
 But, whether preached in prose or rhyme,
 ’Twould better suit another time.

“ How can we justly blame the fire
 That gives us so much to admire !
 If people skulk when temples burn,
 How can they but to ashes turn ?—
 Such fire as this *some water* claims—
 These are, indeed, no common flames—
 So leave me, Love, to sigh and pout—
 You—run—and help to put them out !”

MARYLAND.

LAVED by vast depths that swell on either side
Where Chesapeake intrudes his midway tide,
Gay MARYLAND attracts the admiring eye,
A fertile region with a temperate sky.
In years elapsed, her heroes of renown
From British *Anna* named one favourite town : *
But, lost her commerce, though she guards their laws,
Proud BALTIMORE that envied commerce draws.

Few are the years since there, at random placed,
Some wretched huts her quiet-port disgraced ;
Safe from all winds, and covered from the BAY,
There, at his ease, the thoughtless native lay.
Now, rich and great, no more a slave to sloth,
She claims importance from her towering growth—
High in renown, her streets and domes arranged,
A grouse of cabins to a city changed.

Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,
For foreign trappings trade the wealth away.
Politest manners through their towns prevail,
And pleasure revels, though their funds should fail ;
In each gay dome, soft music charms its lord,
Where female beauty strikes the trembling chord ;
On the fine air with nicest touches dwells,
While from the tongue the according ditty swells :
Proud to be seen, 'tis their's to place delight
In dances measured by the winter's night,
The evening feast, that wine and mirth prolong,
The lamp of splendor, and the midnight song.
Religion here no gloomy garb assumes,
Exchanged her tears for patches and for plumes :
The blooming belle (untaught heaven's beaus to win)
Talks not of seraphs, but the world she's in :
Attached to earth, here born, and to decay,
She leaves to better worlds all finer clay.

In those, whom choice or different fortunes place
On rural scenes, a different mind we trace ;

* ANNAPOLIS.

There solitude, that still to dullness tends,
 To rustic forms no sprightly action lends ;
 Heeds not the garb, mopes o'er the evening fire ;
 And bids the maiden from the man retire.
 On winding floods the lofty mansion stands,
 That casts a mournful view o'er neighbouring lands ;
 There the sad master strays amidst his grounds,
 Directs his negroes, or reviews his hounds ;
 Then home returning, plies his pasteboard play,
 Or dreams o'er wine, that hardly makes him gay :
 If some chance guest arrive in weary plight,
 He more than bids him welcome for the night ;
 Kind to profusion, spares no pains to please,
 Gives him the product of his fields and trees ;
 On his rich board shines plenty from her source,
 —The meanest dish of all his own discourse.

THE HAPPY PROSPECT.

THOUGH clad in winter's gloomy dress all Nature's
 works appear,
 Yet other prospects rise to bless the new returning
 year :
 The active sail again is seen to greet our western
 shore,
 Gay plenty smiles with brow serene, and wars distract
 no more.
 No more the vales, no more the plains an iron harvest
 yield ;
 Peace guards our doors, impels our swains to till the
 grateful field :
 From distant climes, no longer foes (their years of
 misery past)
 Nations arrive, to find repose in these domains at last.
 And, if a more delightful scene attracts the mortal eye,
 Where clouds nor darkness intervene, behold, aspir-
 ing high,

On FREEDOM's soil those FABRICS planned, on *virtue's*
basis laid,
That make secure our native land, and prove our toils
repaid.

AMBITIOUS AIMS and pride severe, would you at dis-
tance keep,

What wanderer would not tarry here, here charm his
cares to sleep !

O, still may health her balmy wings o'er these fair
fields expand,

While commerce from all climates brings the pro-
ducts of each land.

Through toiling care and lengthened views, that share
alike our span,

Gay, smiling hope her heaven pursues, the eternal
friend of man :

The darkness of the days to come she brightens with
her ray,

And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb, when sicken-
ing to decay !

THE ORIGIN OF WARS.

IN early time, when man was blest
With constant spring and summer joined,
Nature his simple banquet drest ;
Long life was his, with health combined.

In innocence (their sole defence)
They spent their days, and passed their nights :
In rural haunts they pitched their tents—
None stole their sweets, or seized their rights.

From such a scene, no care, no pain,
O'er lands, o'er seas, through woods they spread :
No place was found on earth's vast round
Where men were not, by millions, bred.

Jove saw the vast abounding race,
And feared a change in Nature's plan,
That the wide world would find a place,
In one age more, for nought but MAN.

Then thus of gods and men the sire
In Vulcan's ear his mind expressed—

*" Wars must be had—go, fetch that fire
Which kindles rancour in the breast :*

*" This once infused, the seeds of spite,
And rage, and hate, to strength shall grow,
Man shall no more with man unite ;
But each shall be to each a foe.*

*" Yon' oaks, which now their boughs display,
To shield his race from winds and rain,
When touched, shall shrink—make haste away,
And waft his thunders o'er the main.*

*" Those stores of death, which now, at rest,
In caves profound unnoticed lie,
Explored, shall burst, create a blast,
And bid contending nations die !"*

The god supreme then seized the flame
That Vulcan brought, at his command ;

Deep in the breast

This curse impressed,

And slumbering man through all his frame
First felt the fatal, feverish brand !



OCCASIONED BY

A LEGISLATION BILL,

PROPOSING A TAXATION UPON NEWSPAPERS.

- " 'Tis time to tax the News, (Sangrado cries)
" Subjects were never good that were too wise :
" In every hamlet, every trifling town,
" Some sly, designing fellow sits him down,
" On spacious folio prints his weekly mess,
" And spreads around the poison of his Press.
" Hence, to the world the streams of scandal flow,
" Disclosing secrets, that it should not know,
" Hence courtiers strut with libels on their backs ;—
" And shall not news be humbled by a tax !"
- " Once (*'tis most true*) such papers did some good,
" When British chiefs arrived in angry mood :
" By them enkindled, every heart grew warm,
" By them excited, all were taught to arm,
" When *some*, retiring to Britannia's clime,
" Sat brooding o'er the vast events of time ;
" Doubtful which side to take, or what to say,
" Or who would win, or who would lose the day.
- " Those times are past ; (and past experience shews)
" The well-born sort alone, should read the news,
" No common herds should get behind the scene
" To view the movements of the state machine :
" One paper only, filled with courtly stuff,
" One paper, for one country is enough,
" Where incense offered at Pomposo's shrine
" Shall prove his house-dog and himself divine."

THE FOREST BEAU.

[A PICTURE FROM REALITY.]

WHEN first to feel Love's fire JACK STRAW begins,
He combs his hair, and cocks his hat with pins,
Views in some stream, his face, with fond regard,
Plucks from his upper lip the bristly beard,
With soap and sand his homely visage scours
(Rough from the joint attacks of sun and showers)
The sheepskin breeches decorate his thighs—
Next on his back the homespun coat he tries ;
Round his broad breast he wraps the jerkin blue,
And sews a spacious soal on either shoe.
Thus, all prepared, the fond adoring swain
Cuts from his groves of pine a ponderous cane ;
In thought a beau, a savage to the eye,
Forth, from his mighty bosom, heaves the sigh ;
Tabacco is the present for his fair,
This he admires, and this best pleases her—
The bargain struck—few cares his bosom move
How to maintain, or how to lodge his love ;
Close at his hand the piny forest grows,
Thence for his hut a slender frame he hews,
With art, (not copied from *Palladio's* rules,)
A hammer and an axe, his only tools,
By Nature taught, a hasty hut he forms
Safe in the woods, to shelter from the storms ;—
There sees the summer pass and winter come,
Nor envies Britain's king his loftier home.

TO CYNTHIA.

THROUGH Jersey groves, a wandering stream
That still its wonted music keeps,
Inspires no more my evening dream,
Where Cynthia, in retirement, sleeps.

Sweet murmuring stream ! how blest art thou
To kiss the bank where she resides,
Where Nature decks the beechen bough
That trembles o'er your shallow tides.

The cypress-tree on *Hermit's height*,
Where Love his soft addresses paid
By Luna's pale reflected light—
No longer charms me to its shade !

To me, alas ! so far removed,
What raptures, once, that scenery gave,
Ere wandering yet from all I loved,
I sought a deeper, drearier wave.

Your absent charms my thoughts employ :
I sigh to think how sweet you sung,
And half adore the painted toy
That near my careless heart you hung.

Now, fettered fast in icy fields,
In vain we loose the sleeping sail ;
The frozen wave no longer yields,
And useless blows the favouring gale.

Yet, still in hopes of vernal showers,
And breezes, moist with morning dew,
I pass the lingering, lazy hours,
Reflecting on the spring—and you.



THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

[A PICTURE FROM THE LIFE.]

" To serve with love,
And shed your blood,
Approved may be above,
But here below
(Examples shew,)
'Tis dangerous to be good."

LORD OXFORD.

DEEP in a vale, a stranger now to arms,
Too poor to shine in courts, too proud to beg,
He, who once warred on *Saratoga's* plains,
Sits musing o'er his scars, and wooden leg.

Remembering still the toil of former days,
To other hands he sees his earnings paid ;—
They share the due reward—he feeds on praise,
Lost in the abyss of want, misfortune's shade.

Far, far from domes where splendid tapers glare,
'Tis his from dear bought peace no wealth to win,
Removed alike from courtly cringing 'squires,
The great-man's *Levee*, and the proud man's grin.

Sold are those arms which once on Britons blazed,
When, flushed with conquest, to the charge they
came ;

That power repelled, and *Freedom's* fabrick raised,
She leaves her soldier—*famine* and a name ! [1790.]

OLD VIRGINIA.

VAST in extent, VIRGINIA meets our view,
With streams immense, dark groves, and mountains
blue ;

First in provincial rank she long was seen,
Built the first town, and first subdued the plain :

This was her praise—but what can years avail,
 When times succeeding see her efforts fail !
 On northern fields more vigorous arts display,
 Where pleasure holds no universal sway ;
 No herds of slaves parade their sooty band
 From the rough plough to save the fopling's hand,
 Where urgent wants the daily pittance ask,
 Compel to labour, and complete the task.

A race of slaves, throughout their country spread,
 From different soils extort the owner's bread ;
 Averse to toil, the natives still rely
 On the sad negro for the year's supply ;
 He, patient, early quits his poor abode,
 Toils at the hoe, or totes some ponderous load,
 Sweats at the axe, or, pensive and forlorn,
 Sighs for the eve, to parch his stinted corn !
 With watchful eye maintains his much-loved fire,
 Nor even in summer lets its sparks expire—
 At night returns, his evening toils to share,
 Lament his rags, or sleep away his care,
 Bind up the recent wound, with many a groan ;
 Or thank his gods that SUNDAY is his own.

To these far climes the scheming Scotchman flies,
 Quits his bleak hills to court *Virginian* skies ;
 Removed from oat-meal, sour-croute, debts, and duns,
 Prudent, he hastes to bask in kinder suns ;
 Marks well the native—views his weaker side,
 And heaps up wealth from luxury and pride,
 Exports the produce of a thousand plains,
 Nor fears a rival, to divide his gains.

Deep in their beds, as distant to their source
 Here many a river winds its wandering course :
 Proud of her bulky freight, through plains and woods
 Moves the tall ship, majestic, o'er the floods,
 Where *James's* strength the ocean brine repels,
 Or, like a sea, the deep *Potowmack* swells :
 Yet here the sailor views with wondering eye
 Impoverished fields that near their margins lie,
 Mercantile towns, where languor holds her reign,
 And boors inactive, on the exhausted plain.

CONSTANTIA.

(ON A PROJECT OF RETIRING TO BETHLEHEM.)

SICK of the world, in prime of days
 Constantia took a serious fit—
 Resolved to shun all balls and plays,
 And only read what saints had writ—
 To Convent Hall she would repair
 And be a pensive sister there.

“What are they all—this glare of things,
 These insects that around me shine;
 These beaux and belles on silken wings—
 Indeed their pleasures make not mine—
 My happiness is all delayed—
 ‘I’ll go, and find it *in the shade*.”

A sailor, loitering from his crew,
 As chance would have it, passed along—
 She told him what she had in view,
 And he replied—“Fair maid you’re wrong,
 ‘Let faded nymphs to cloisters go,
 ‘Where kisses freeze and love is snow.

‘The druids’ oak and hermits’ pine
 ‘Afford a gloomy, sad delight;
 ‘But why that blush of health resign,
 ‘The mingled tint of red and white?
 ‘In moistening cells the flowers expire
 ‘That, on the plain, all eyes admire.

‘With such a pensive, pious train
 ‘Who, but a hermit, could agree—
 ‘Ah, rather stay to grace the plain,
 ‘Or wander on the wave with me:
 ‘For you the painted barque shall wait
 ‘And I would die for such a freight.”

No wandering stranger (she replied)
 Can tempt me to forego my plan;
 No barque that wafts him o’er the tide,
 Nor many a better looking man:

Go, wanderer, plough your gloomy sea,
Constantia must a sister be.

"To gain so fair a flower as you,
(The Tar returned) who would not plead?
Nor shall you, nymph, to convents go
While love can write what you must read:
Come, to yon' meadow let us stray,
I have some handsome things to say."

Love has his wish when reason fails—
In vain he sighed, in vain he strove:
"Forsake (said she) those swelling sails
If you would have me—think of love:
Great merit has your sailing art,
But absence would distract my heart."

What else was said, we secret keep;—
The Tar, grown fonder of the shore,
Neglects his prospects on the deep,
And she of convents talks no more:—
He slyly quits the coasting trade
She pities her—who *seeks the shade*.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HERE, in vast flocks, the fleecy nation strays,
Here, endless herds the upland meadow graze,
Here smiling plenty crowns the labourer's pain
And blooming beauty weds the industrious swain:
Were this thy ALL, what happier state could be!—
But avarice drives the native to the sea,
Fictitious wants all thoughts of ease controul,
Proud Independence sways the aspiring soul,
'Midst foreign waves, a stranger to repose,
Through the moist world the keen adventurer goes;
Not India's seas restrain his daring sail,
Far to the south he seeks the polar whale:

From those vast *banks* where frequent tempests rave,
 And fogs eternal brood upon the wave,
 There (furled his sail) his daring hold he keeps,
 Drags from their depths the natives of those deeps ;
 Then to some distant clime explores his way,
 Bold avarice spurs him on—he must obey.

Yet from such aims one great effect we trace
 That holds in happier bonds this restless race ;
 Like some deep lake, by circling shores comprést,
 Man's nature tends to universal rest :
 Unfed by springs, that find some secret pass
 To mix their current with the mightier mass,
 Unmoved by moons, that some strange impulse
 guides

To lift its waters, and propel its tides,
 Unvext by winds, that scowl across its waste,
 Tear up the wave, and discompose its breast,
 Soon would that lake (a putrid nuisance grown,)
 Lose all its virtue, praised or prized by none :
 Thus, avarice lends new vigour to mankind,
 Not vainly planted in the unsteady mind ;
 With her, *AMBITION* linked, they proudly drive,
 Rule all our race, and keep the world alive.

Here, first, to quench her once loved Freedom's
 flame,

With their proud fleets, Britannia's warriors came ;
 Here, sure to conquer, she began her fires,
 Here, sent her lords, her admirals, and her squires :
 All, all too weak to effect the vast design
 For which we saw half Europe's arms combine,
 Uncounted navies rove from main to main,
 Threats, bribery, treachery—tried and tried again ;
 Mandate on mandate, edict, and decree,
 To rivet fetters, and enslave the free !

Long, long from Boston's hills shall strangers
 gaze

On those vast mounds that magic seemed to raise ;
 Stupendous piles that hastened Britain's flight,
 Extended hills, the offspring of a night !——
 In that devoted town they hoped to stay
 And, fed by rapine, sleep soft years away.

Vain hopes, vain schemes—the unconquered spirit
rose

That still survived through all succeeding woes ;
Imprisoned crowds, in cruel durance held,
Disarmed, restrained from honour's earliest field ;
Imprisoned thousands, worn with poignant grief,
Now, half adoring, met their guardian chief,*
Whose thundering cannon bade the foe retreat,
Disgrace their portion, and their rout complete.

CONGRESS HALL, N. Y.

WITH eager step and wrinkled brow,
The busy sons of care
(Disgusted with less splendid scenes)
To CONGRESS HALL repair.

In order placed, they patient wait
To seize each word that flies,
From what they hear, they sigh or smile,
Look cheerful, grave, or wise.

Within these walls the doctrines taught
Are of such vast concern,
That all the world, with one consent,
Here strives to live—and learn.

The timorous heart, that cautious shuns
All churches, but its own,
No more observes its wonted rules ;
But ventures here, alone.

Four hours a day each rank alike,
(They that can walk or crawl)
Leave children, business, shop, and wife,
And steer for Congress Hall.

From morning tasks of mending soals
The cobbler hastes away ;
At *three* returns, and tells to Kate
The business of the day.

* Washington.

The debtor, vext with early duns,
 Avoids his hated home ;
 And here and there dejected roves
 'Till hours of CONGRESS come.

The barber, at the well-known time
 Forsakes his bearded man,
 And leaves him with his lathered jaws,
 To trim them as he can.

The tailor, plagued with suits on suits,
 Neglects Sir Fopling's call,
 Throws by his goose—slips from his board,
 And trots to CONGRESS HALL.

THE IMPERTINENT :

ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN EUROPEAN POET.

'TIS nonsense (said I) to be wasting my time,
 When Sawney, as well, may amuse them with
 rhyme,
 Spectators, new poems, and essays sublime :
 His jibes and his jeers, his satires and sneers,
 His tricks, and his fancies are so very fine,
 By the *soul* of *Saint* Andrew, I wish they were mine :

Now, mend me a pen, and I'll shew you some fun :
 'Tis a folly to dance when the music is done ;
 Where nothing is ventured no laurels are won ;
 Though Sawney is dead, as the newspaper said,
 It was folly to pay for his funeral bell,
 For here he returns, to insult us, from hell.

Spectator he gave us, by way of new lecture,
 But it vanished so quick, we are apt to conjecture
 Instead of *Spectator* it should have been *spectre*.
 Its life was a day, and it vanished away
 To those horrid retreats that dishonour the ground,
 Where *Settle* and *Tibbald*, and *Blackmore* are found.

What a splutter he makes with a dash of his quill !
 What a grinding he keeps on his poetry mill !
 From morning to midnight it never stands still :
 Lord bless us—said I (with a sob and a sigh)
 This poet of poets, imported so late,
 Will kill his dear self for the good of our state !

Ye men of assembly his *Lectures* attend,
 Your wisest proceedings he knows how to mend,
 He'll give his advice, like a true-hearted friend ;
Young widows he'll kill, with a stroke of your BILL ;
 For the sake of yourselves, let it never be said
 You slighted his counsels for *three-pence* a head.

Now a war with the Spaniards he threatens—O yes !
 Here ! beat up to arms and relieve his distress,
 In a month we shall end it, *and who knows but less ?*
 By the aid of his song we'll muster so strong
 That Congress shall own their *Remonstrance* is vain,
 And make him their captain to conquer New-SPAIN.

I never would charge my artillery high
 When there's nothing to vex but the buzz of a fly,
 When monkees and puppies are only to die :
 His head and his hand are both at a stand
 What trash to invent that may drive me away,
 What satire to write, or what engine to play.

So often attacked, shall I never reply ?
 Must Sawney forever all satire defy ?
 Away with your comfort, and leave me to sigh !
 The sun's in the west, and I am opprest
 With a creature attempting to blacken my muse
 Who hardly has genius to blacken my shoes.

But when I reflect that I have for foe,
 A shadow departed full twelve days ago,
 With a letter of licence returned from below :
 To his screeches and bawling, and such catterwaul-
 ing

Indeed ! it were madness in me to reply ;
 And so my good Saunders, we bid you—good b'ye.

* A corruption, from the French verb *oyez*, hear ye !

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE :

HUMBLY

DESCRIBED TO MY LORD SNAKE.

ONE Sabbath-day morning said Sampson to Sue
 have thought and have thought that a *TITLE* will do ;
 believe me, my dear, it is sweeter than syrup
 o taste of a *title*, as cooked up in Europe ;
 Your ladyship" here and " your ladyship" there,
 Sir knight," and " your grace," and " his worship
 " the mayor !"

ut *here*, we are nothing but *vulgar* all over,
 nd the wife of a *cobler* scarce thinks you above her :
 /hat a country is this, where *madam* and *miss*
 the highest address from each vulgar-born cur,
 nd I—even I—am but *MISTER* and *SIR* !

our *EQUAL-RIGHT* gentry I ne'er could abide
but all are born equal, by *ME* is denied :
 nd *Barlow* and *Paine* shall preach it in vain ;
 ook even at brutes, and you'll see it confest
 hat some are intended to *manage* the rest ;
 on' *dog of the manger*, how stately he struts !
 ou may swear him *well-born*, from the size of his
 guts ;

ot a better-born whelp ever 'snapped at his foes,
 ll he wants, is a *GLASS TO BE STUCK ON HIS NOSE* :
 nd then, my dear Sue, between *me* and *you*,
 e would look like the gemman whose name I for-
 get,

Who lives in a castle and never pays debt."

My dear (answered Susan) 'tis said, in reproach,
 'hat you climb like a bear when you get in a coach r
 low, your nobles that spring from the nobles of old,
 our earls, and your knights, and your barons, so bold,
 rom Nature inherit so handsome an air
 hey are noblemen born, at first glance we may
 swear :

But you, that have cobbled, and I, that have spun,
 'Tis wrong for our noddles on **TITLES** to run :
 Moreover, you know, that to make a fine show,
 Your people of note, of arms get a coat ;
 A *boot* or a *shoe* would but sneakingly do,
 And would certainly prove our nobility **NEW**."

No matter (said Sampson) a coach shall be bought :
 Though the low-born may chatter, I care not a groat ;
 Around it a group of devices shall shine,
 And mottoes, and emblems—to prove it is mine ;
 Fair liberty's **CAP**, and a **STAR**, and a **STRAP** ;
 A **DAGGER**, that somewhat resembles an **AWL**,
 A pumpkin-faced **GODDESS** *supporting* a **STALL** :
 All these shall be there—how people will stare !
 And **ENVY** herself, that our **TITLE** would blast
 May smile at the motto—*the first shall be LAST*."*

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY LORD BELLAMONT'S, LADY HAY'S,
 AND OTHER SKELETONS, BEING DUG UP IN FORT
 GEORGE, (N. Y.) 1790.

TO sleep in peace when life is fled,
 Where shall our mouldering bones be laid—
 What care can shun—(I ask with tears)
 The shovels of succeeding years !

Some have maintained, when life is gone,
 This frame no longer is our own :
 Hence doctors to our tombs repair,
 And seize death's slumbering victims there.

Alas ! what griefs must **MAN** endure !
 Not even in **FOGTS** he rests secure :—

* *Qui primus fuit nunc ultimus*.—Motto on a certain coach.

Time dims the splendours of a crown,
And brings the loftiest rampart down.

The breath, once gone, no art recalls !
Away we haste to vaulted walls :
Some future whim inverts the plain,
And stars behold our bones again.

Those teeth, dear girls—so much your care—
(With which no ivory can compare)
Like *these* (that once were lady Hay's)
May serve the belles of future days.

Then take advice from yonder scull ;
And, when the flames of life grow dull,
Leave not a roorn in either jaw,
Since dentists steal—and fear no law.

He, that would court a sound repose,
To barren hills and deserts goes :
Where busy hands admit no sun,
Where he may doze, 'till all is done.

Yet there, even there tho' slyly laid,
'Tis folly to defy the spade :
Posterity invades the hill,
And plants our relics where she will.

But O ! forbear the rising sigh !
All care is past with them that die :
Jove gave, when they to fate resigned,
An opiate of the strongest kind :

Death is a sleep, that has no dreams :
In which all time a moment seems—
And skeletons perceive no pain
Till Nature bids them wake again.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY A LAW PASSED BY THE CORPORATION OF NEW-YORK, EARLY IN 1790, FOR CUTTING DOWN THE TREES IN THE STREETS OF THAT CITY PREVIOUS TO JUNE 10, FOLLOWING.

THE CITIZEN'S SOLILOQUY.

A MAN that owned some trees in town,
(And much averse to cut them down)
Finding the *Law* was full and plain,
No trees should in the streets remain,
One evening seated at his door,
Thus gravely talked the matter o'er :

“ The fatal DAY, dear trees, draws nigh,
When you must, like your betters, die,
Must die !—and every leaf will fade
That many a season lent its shade,
To drive from hence the summer's heat,
And make my porch a favourite seat.

“ Thrice happy age, when all was new,
And trees untouched, unenvied grew,
When yet regardless of the axe,
They feared no law, and paid no tax !
The shepherd then at ease was laid,
Or walked beneath their cooling shade ;
From slender twigs a garland wove,
Or traced his god within the grove ;
Alas ! those times are now forgot,
An iron age is all our lot :
Men are not now what once they were,
To hoard up gold is all their care :
The busy tribe old Plutus calls
To pebbled streets and painted walls ;
Trees now to grow, is held a crime,
And THESE must perish in their prime !

“ The trees that once our fathers reared,
And even the plundering Briton spared,

When shivering here full oft he stood,
Or kept his bed for want of wood—
These trees, whose gently bending boughs
Have witnessed many a lover's vows,
When half afraid, and half in jest,
With Nature busy in his breast,
With many a sigh, he did not feign,
Beneath these boughs he told his pain,
Or coaxing here his nymph by night,
Forsook the parlour and the light,
In talking love, his greatest bliss
To squeeze her hand or steal a kiss—
These trees that thus have lent their shade,
And many a happy couple made,
These old companions, thus endeared,
Who never tattled what they heard,
Must these, indeed, be killed so soon—
Be murdered by the tenth of June !

“ But if my harmless trees must fall,
A fortune that awaits us all,
(All, all must yield to Nature's stroke,
And now a man, and now an oak)
Are *those* that round the churches grow
In this decree included too ?
Must these, like common trees, be bled ?
Is it a crime to shade the dead ?
Review the *law*, I pray, at least,
And have some mercy on the priest
Who every Sunday sweats in black
To make us steer the skyward track :
The church has lost enough, God knows,
Plundered alike by friends and foes—
I hate such mean attempts as these—
Come—let the parson keep his trees !

“ Yet things, perhaps, are not so bad—
Perhaps, a *respite* may be had :
The vilest rogues that cut our throats,
Or knaves that counterfeit our *notes*,
When, by the judge their sentence passed,
The gallows proves their doom at last,

Swindlers and pests of every kind,
 For weeks and months a *respite* find ;
 And shall such nuisances as they,
 Who make all honest men their prey——
 Shall they for months avoid their doom,
 And you, my trees, in all your bloom,
 Who never injured small or great,
 Be murdered at so short a date !

“ Ye men of law, the occasion seize,
 And name a counsel for the trees——
 Arrest of judgment, sirs, I pray ;
 Excuse them till some future day :
 These trees that such a nuisance are,
 Next NEW-YEAR we can better spare,
 To warm our shins, or boil the pot——
 The LAW, *by then*, will be forgot.”



ON THE

DEMOLITION OF FORT-GEORGE,

IN NEW-YORK—(1790.)

AS giants once, in hopes to rise,
 Heaped up their mountains to the skies ;
 With Pelion piled on Ossa, strove
 To reach the eternal throne of Jove ;
 So here the hands of ancient days
 Their fortress from the earth did raise,
 On whose proud heights, proud men to please,
 They mounted guns and planted trees.

Those trees to lofty stature grown——
 All is not right !—they must come down,
 Nor longer waste their wonted shade
 Where *Colden* slept, or *Tryon* strayed.

Let *him* be sad that placed them there,—
 We shall a youthful race prepare ;
 Another grove shall bloom, we trust,
 When this lies prostrate in the dust.

Where Dutchmen once, in ages past,
 Huge walls and ramparts round them cast,
 New fabrics raised, on new design,
 Gay *streets* and *palaces* shall shine.

To foreign kings no more a slave
 (Disgrace to Freedom's passing wave)
 No flags we rear, we feign no mirth,
 Nor prize the day that gave them birth.

While time degrades Palmyra low,
 Augusta lifts her lofty brow—
 While Europe falls to wars a prey,
 Her monarchs *here, should have no sway.*

Another GEORGE shall here reside,
 While *Hudson's* bold, unfettered tide
 Well pleased to see this chief so nigh,
 With livelier aspect passes by.

Along his margin, fresh and clean,
 Ere long shall belles and beaux be seen,
 Through moon-light shades, delighted, stray,
 To view the islands and the bay.

Of evening dews no more afraid,
 Reclining in some favourite shade,
 Each nymph, in rapture with her trees,
 Shall sigh to quit the western breeze.

To barren hills far southward shoved,
 These noisy guns shall be removed,
 No longer here a vain expense,
 Where time has proved them no defence.—

Advance, bright days ! make haste to crown
 With such fair scenes this honoured town.—
 Freedom shall find her charter clear,
 And plant her seat of commerce here.

NANNY,
THE PHILADELPHIA HOUSE-KEEPER,
 TO NABBY,

HER FRIEND IN NEW-YORK.*

SIX weeks my dear mistress has been in a fret
 And nothing but CONGRESS will do for her yet :
 She says they must come, or her senses she'll lose,
 From morning till night she is reading the news,
 And loves the dear fellows that vote for *our town*
 (Since no one can relish New-York but a clown,
 Where your beef is as lean, as if fattened on chaff,
 And folks are too haughty to worship—a CALF)
 She tells us as how she has read in her books
 That God gives them meat, but the devil sends cooks;
 And *Grumbleton* told us (who often shoots flying)
 That fish you have plenty—but spoil them in frying;
 That your streets are as crooked, as crooked can be,
 Right forward three perches he never could see
 But his view was cut short with a house or a shop,
 That stood in his way—and obliged him to stop.

Those speakers that wish for New-York to decide,
 —'Tis a pity that talents are so misapplied !
 My mistress declares she is vexed to the heart
 That genius should take such a pitiful part :
 For *the question*, indeed, she is daily distressed,
 And GERRY, I think, she will ever detest,
 Who did all he could, with his tongue and his pen
 To keep the dear Congress shut up in your DEN.

She insists, the expense of removing is small,
 And that *two or three thousands* will answer it all,
 If that is too much, and we're so very poor—
 The passage by water is cheaper; be sure ;

* Occasioned by the intended removal of the Supreme Legislature of the United States from New-York to Philadelphia—a measure much agitated at the time the above was written—1790.

If people object the expence of a team,
Here's *Fitch* with his wherry, will bring them *by*
steam ;

And, Nabby !—if once he should take them on board,
The honour will be a sufficient reward.

But, as to myself, I vow and declare
I wish it would suit them to stay where they are ;
I plainly foresee, that if once they remove
Throughout the long day, we shall drive, and be drove,
My madam's red rag will ring like a bell,
And the hall and the parlour will never look well ;
Such scouring will be as has never been seen,
We shall always be cleaning, and never be clean,
And threats in abundance will work on my fears,
Of blows on the back, and of cuffs on the ears —
Two trifles, at present, discourage her paw,
The fear of the Lord, and the fear of the law—
But if *Congress* arrive, she will have such a sway,
That gospel and law will be both done away ;—
For the sake of a place I must bear all her din,
And if ever so angry, do nothing but grin ;
So Congress, I hope in your town will remain,
And Nanny will thank them again and again.

NABBY,

THE NEW-YORK HOUSE-KEEPER,

TO NANNY,

HER FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

WELL, Nanny, I am sorry to find, since you writ
us,

The Congress at last has determined to quit us ;
You now may begin with your dish-clouts and brooms,
To be scouring your knockers and scrubbing your
rooms ;

As for us, my dear Nanny, we're much in a pet,
 And hundreds of houses will be to be let ;
 Our streets, that were just in a way to look clever,
 Will now be neglected and nasty as ever ;
 Again we must fret at the Dutchified gutters
 And pebble-stone pavements, that wear out our trot-
 ters.—

My master looks dull, and his spirits are sinking,
 From morning till night he is smoking and thinking,
 Laments the expence of destroying the fort,
 And says, your great people are all of a sort—
 He hopes and he prays they may die in a stall,
 If they leave us in debt—for *FEDERAL HALL*—
 And *STRAP* has declared, he has such regards,
 He will go, if they go, *for the sake of their beards*.
 Miss *Letty*, poor lady, is so in the pouts,
 She values no longer our dances and routs,
 And sits in a corner, dejected and pale,
 As dull as a cat, and as lean as a rail !—
 Poor thing, I'm certain she's in a decay,
 And all—because Congress *Resolve*—not to stay !—
 This *Congress unsettled* is, sure, a sad thing,
 Seven years, my dear Nanny, they've been on the
 wing ;

My master would rather saw timber, or dig,
 Than see them removing to *Conegocheague*,
 Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed,
 The trees to be felled, and the streets to be named ;
 Of the two, we had rather your town should receive
 'em—

So here, my dear Nanny, in haste I must leave 'em,
 I'm a dunce at inditing—and as I'm a sinner,
 • The beef is half raw—and the bell rings for dinner !

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THUS, some tall tree that long hath stood
 The glory of its native wood,
 By storms destroyed, or length of years,
 Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise,
 To dust returns by slow decays :
 But, when its destined years are o'er,
 We must regret the loss the more.

So long accustomed to your aid,
 The world laments your exit made ;
 So long befriended by your art,
 Philosopher, 'tis hard to part !——

When monarchs tumble to the ground,
 Successors easily are found :
 But, matchless FRANKLIN ! what a few
 Can hope to rival such as you,
 Who seized from kings their sceptred pride,
 And turned the lightning's darts aside ! *

EPISTLE

FROM *DR. FRANKLIN* (DECEASED) TO HIS POETICAL
 PANEGYRISTS, ON SOME OF THEIR ABSURD COMPLI-
 MENTS.

“ GOOD Poets, why so full of pain,
 Are you sincere—or do you feign ?
 Love for ybur tribe I never had,
 Nor penned three stanzas, good or bad.

* Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis !

At funerals, sometimes, grief appears,
Where legacies have purchased tears :
'Tis folly to be sad for nought,
From me you never gained a groat.

To better trades I turned my views,
And never meddled with the muse ;
Great things I did for rising States,
And kept the lightning from some pates.

This grand discovery, you adore it,
But ne'er will be the better for it :
You still are subject to those fires,
For poets' houses have no spires.

Philosophers are famed for pride ;
But, pray, be modest—when I died,
No " sighs disturbed old ocean's bed,"
No " Nature wept " for Franklin dead !

That day, on which I left the coast,
A beggar-man was also lost :
If " Nature wept," you must agree
She wept for *him*—as well as *me*.

There's reason even in telling lies—
In such profusion of her " sighs,"
She was too sparing of a tear—
In Carolina, all was clear :

And, if there fell some snow and sleet,
Why must it be my winding sheet ?
Snows oft have cloathed the *April* plain,
Have melted, and will melt again.

Poets, I pray you, say no more,
Or say what Nature said before ;
That reason should your pens direct,
Or else you pay me no respect.

Let reason be your constant rule,
And Nature, trust me, 'is no fool—
When to the dust great men she brings,
MAKE HER DO—SOME UNCOMMON THINGS.

THE BERGEN PLANTER.

ATTACHED to lands that ne'er deceived his hopes,
 This rustic sees the seasons come and go,
 His autumn's toils returned in summer's crops,
 While limpid streams, to cool his herbage, flow ;
 And, if some cares intrude upon his mind,
 They are such cares as heaven for man designed.

He to no pompous dome comes, cap in hand,
 Where new-made 'squires affect the courtly smile :
 Nor where Pomposo, 'midst his foreign band,
 Extols the sway of kings, in swelling style,
 With tongue that babbled when it should have hushed,
 A head that never thought—a face that never blushed.

He on no party hangs his hopes or fears,
 Nor seeks the vote that baseness must procure ;
 No stall-fed *Mammon*, for his gold, reveres,
 No splendid offers from his chests allure.
 While showers descend, and suns their beams display,
 The same to him, if Congress go or stay.

He at no levees watches for a glance,
 (Slave to disgusting, distant forms and modes)
 Heeds not the herd at Bufo's midnight dance,
 Dullman's mean rhymes, or *Sawny's* birth-day odes :
 Follies, like these, he deems beneath his care,
 And TITLES leaves for simpletons to wear.

Where wandering brooks from mountain sources roll,
 He seeks at noon the waters of the shade,
 Drinks deep, and fears no poison in the bowl
 That Nature for her happiest children made :
 And from whose clear and gently-passing wave
 All drink alike—the master and the slave.

The scheming statesman shuns his homely door,
 Who, on the miseries of his country fed,
 Ne'er glanced his eye from that base pilfered store,
 To view the sword, suspended by a thread—
 Nor that "hand-writing," graved upon the wall,
 Which tells him—but in vain—"the sword may fall."

He ne'er was made a holiday machine,
 Wheeled here and there by 'squires in livery clad,
 Nor dreads the sons of legislation keen,
 Hard-hearted laws, and penalties most sad—
 In humble hope his little fields were sown,
 A trifle, in your eye—but all his own.

TO THE
 DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY EDITORS,
 ON A CHARGE OF BRIBERY.

YOU, Journalists, are bribed—that's clear,
 And paid French millions by the year ;
 We see it in the coats you wear ;
 Such damning, such convincing proof
 Of such a charge, is strong enough—
 Your suits are made of costly stuff.

Dear boys ! you lodge in mansions grand—
 In time you'll own *six feet of land*,
 Where now the sexton has command.

Your lodging is in garret high ;
 But where your best possessions lie,
 Yourselves know best—and *him* on high.

And have you had a foreign bribe ?—
 Then, why so lean ?—shall we describe
 The leanness of your honest tribe ?

Why did you not with *Tories* join
 To hold the British king divine—
 And all his mandates *very fine* ?

Then had your faces shined with fat—
 Then had you worn the gold-laced hat—
 And—said your *lessons—very fiat*—

Your lives are, *now*, continual trial,
Existence, constant self-denial,
To keep down *some*, who would be *royal*.

For public good you wear out types,
For public good you get *dry wipes*—
For public good you may get—*stripes*.

One half your time in *Federal court*,
On libel charge—you're made a sport—
You pay your fees—nor dare retort.——

All pleasure you are sworn to shun ;
Are always cloistered, like a nun,
And glad to hide from *Ragman's* dun.——

All night you sit by glare of lamp,
Like Will o'Wisp in vapoury swamp,
To write of armies and the camp.——

You write—compile—compile and write,
'Till you have nearly lost your sight—
Then off to jail ; and so, good night.

Turned out as poor as Christ-church rat,
Once more the trade you would be at
Which never yet made lean man fat.

You send your journals far and wide,
And though undone, and though belied ;
You choose to take the patriot side.

Your works are in Kentucky found ;
And there your politics go round—
And there you trust them many a pound.——

At home, to folks residing near,
You grant a credit, *half a year* ;
And pine, mean while, on cakes and beer.

The time elapsed when *friends* should pay,
You urge your dun from day to day ;
And so you must—and so you may.

One customer begins to fret,
And tells the dunner in a pet,
" Plague take the Printer and his debt :

- " Ungrateful man—go hang—go burn—
 " I *read* his paper night and morn,
 " And now experience *this return!*
 " Sir! was I not among the first
 " Who did my name on paper trust,
 " To help this Journalist accursed?
 " Thus am I used for having *signed* :
 " But I have spirit, he shall find——
 " Ah me! the baseness of mankind!"

Thus, on you strive with constant pain,
 The kindest tell you, *call again!*—
 And you their humble dupe remain.

*Who aims to prosper—should be sold—
 If bribes are offered, take the gold,
 Nor live to be forever fooled.*

SALEM.

THE DEPARTURE :

OCCASIONED BY THE REMOVAL OF CONGRESS

FROM NEW-YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.—[1790.]

FROM HUDSON'S banks, in proud array,
 (Too mean to claim a longer stay)
 Their new ideas to improve,
 Behold the *generous* Congress move !

Such thankless conduct much we feared,
 When Timon's coach stood ready geered,
 And HE—the foremost on the floor,
 Stood pointing to the Delaware shore.

So long confined to *little things*,
 They sigh to be where *Bavius* sings,
 Where *Shorus* builds his splendid pile,
 And *Bubo's* tawdry Seasons smile.

New chaplains, now, shall ope their jaws,
 New salaries grease unworthy paws :
 Some reverend man, that turtle carves,
 Will fatten, while the soldier starves.

The YORKER asks—but asks in vain—

“ What demon bids them ‘move again ?

“ Whoever ‘moves must suffer loss,

“ And rolling stones collect no moss.

“ Have we not paid for chaplains’ prayers,

“ That heaven might smile on state affairs ?—

“ Put some things up, pulled others down,

“ And raised our streets through half the town ?

“ Have we not, to our utmost, stroye

“ That Congress might not hence remove—

“ At dull debates no silence broke,

“ And walked on tip-toe while they spoke ?

“ Have we not toiled through cold and heat,

“ To make the FEDERAL PILE complete—

“ Thrown down our FORT, to give them air,

“ And sent our guns, the devil knows where ?

“ Times change ! but Memory still recalls

“ The DAY, when ruffians scaled their walls—

“ Sovereigns besieged by angry men,

“ Mere prisoners in the town of PENN ?

“ Can they forget when, half afraid,

“ The timorous COUNCIL * lent no aid ;

“ But left them to the rogues that rob,

“ The tender mercies of the mob ?

“ Oh ! if they can, their lot is cast ;

“ One hundred miles will soon be passed—

“ THIS DAY the FEDERAL DOME is cleared,

“ To Paulus’-Hook the barge is steered,

“ Where Timon’s coach stands ready geered !”

[1790.]

* See the history of those times.

TO SYLVIVS :

ON THE FOLLY OF WRITING POETRY.

OF all the fools that haunt our coast
The scribbling tribe I pity most :
Their's is a standing scene of woes,
And their's no prospect of repose.

Then, SYLVIVS, why this eager claim
To light your torch at CLIO's flame ?
To few she shews sincere regard,
And none, from her, should hope reward.

A garret high, dark dismal room,
Is still the pensive poets' doom :
Hopes raised to heaven must be their lot,
Yet bear the curse, to be forgot.

Hourly they deal with Grecian Jove,
And draw their bills on *banks* above :
Yet stand abashed, with all their fire,
When brought to face some country 'squire.

To mend the world, is still their aim :
The world, alas ! remains the same,
And so must stand to every age,
Proof to the morals of the page !

The knave that keeps a tippling inn,
The red-nosed boy that deals out gin,
If aided by some paltry skill
May both be statesmen when they will.

The man that mends a beggar's shoes,
The quack that heals your negro's bruise,
The wretch that turns a cutler's stone,
Have wages they can call their own :

The head, that plods in trade's domains,
Gets something to reward its pains ;
But wit—that does the world beguile,
Takes for its pay—an empty smile !

Yet each presumes his works will rise,
And gain a name that never dies ;
From earth, and cold oblivion freed,
Immortal, in the poets' creed !

Can Reason in that bosom reign
Which fondly feeds a hope so vain,
When every age that passes by
Beholds a crowd of poets die !

Poor Sappho's fate shall Milton know—
His scenes of grief and tales of woe
No honours, that all Europe gave,
No merit—shall from ruin save.—

To all that write and all that read
Fate shall, with hasty step, succeed !
Even SHAKESPEARE's page, his mirth, his tears
May sink beneath this weight of years.

Old SPENSER's doom shall POPE, be thine
The music of each moving line
Scarce bribes an age or two to stay,
Admire your strain—then flit away.

The people of old CHAUCER's times
Were once in raptures with his rhymes
But Time—that over verse prevails,
To other ears tells other tales.

Why then so sad, dear rhyming friends—
One common fate on both attends,
The bards, that sooth the statesman's ear,
And him—who finds no audience there.

Mere structures formed of common earth,
Not they from heaven derive their birth,
Or why through life, like vagrants, pass
To mingle with the mouldering mass ?—

Of all the souls, from Jove that came
To animate this mortal frame,
Of all the myriads, on the wing,
How few can taste the Muses' spring !

SEJANUS, of mercantile skill,
Without whose aid the world stands still,

And by whose wonder-working play
The sun goes round—(his flatterers say)

Sejanus has in house declared
 "These States, as yet, can boast no bard,
 And all the sing-song of our clime
 Is merely nonsense, fringed with rhyme."

With such a bold, conceited air
 When such assume the critic's chair,
 Low in the dust is genius laid,
 The muses with the man in trade.

Then, Sylvius, come—let you and I
 On Neptune's aid, once more rely :
 Perhaps the muse may still impart
 Her balm to ease the aching heart.

Though cold might chill and storms dismay,
 Yet *Zoilus* will be far away :
 With us at least, depart and share
 No garret—but resentment there.

ON

A TRAVELLING SPECULATOR.

ON scent of game, from town to town he flew,
 The soldier's curse pursued him on his way ;
 Care in his eye, and anguish on his brow,
 He seemed a sea-hawk, watching for his prey.

With soothing words the widow's mite he gained,
 With piercing glance watched misery's dark abode,
 Filched paper scraps while yet a scrap remained,
 Bought where he must, and cheated where he could.

Vast loads amassed of scrip, and who knows what,
 Potosi's wealth seemed lodged within his clutch—
 But wealth has wings (he knew) and instant bought
 The prancing steed, gay harness, and gilt coach.

One Sunday morn, to church we saw him ride
In glittering state—alack ! and who but he—
The following week, with Madam at his side,
To routes they drove—and drank Imperial tea !

In cards and fun the live-long day they spent,
With songs and smut prolonged the midnight feast,
If plays were had, to plays they constant went
Where Madam's top-knot rose a foot at least.

Three weeks, and more, thus passed in airs of state,
The fourth beheld the mighty bubble fail—
And he, who countless millions *owned* so late
Stopt short—and closed his triumphs in a JAIL.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON

A THEOLOGICAL SCRIP-MONGER.

IN SCRIP* (not SCRIPTURE) he was fond to plod,
Scrit was his prayer-book, *scrit* his word of God :
Scrit was his joy, and *scrit* his dear delight,
Studied by day, and this he read by night :
When dames for *comfort* came, with hanging lip,
Them he *consoled*, and took his text from *scrit* ;
If parties raged, and deacons caught the pip,
He stood secure, and put his trust in *scrit*.—

If he to heaven, by chance, should find his way,
Thus to some sprite, methinks, I hear him say
In hopes his ghostship might be led to dip)
' Come, Mister Gabriel, will you buy some scrip ?'

Now gloomy death confines him, to the dust,
Life he resigns, as all his brethren must,
And priests shall sing (when they entomb old *Grip*)
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies Scrit* !

* Scrit (or script a kind of paper security so called—an object of great speculation at the time the above was written.—1790.

A WARNING TO AMERICA.

REMOVED from Europe's feuds, a hateful scene
 (Thank heaven, such wastes of ocean roll between)
 Where tyrant kings in bloody schemes combine,
 And each forebodes in tears, *Man is no longer mine!*
 Glad we recall the DAY that bade us first
 Spurn at their power, and shun their wars accurst;
 Pitted and gaffed no more for England's glory
 Nor made the tag-rag-bobtail of their story.

Something still wrong in every system lurks,
 Something imperfect haunts all human works—
 Wars must be hatched, unthinking men to fleece,
 Or we, *this day*, had been in perfect peace,
 With double bolts our Janus' temple shut,
 Nor terror reigned through each back-woods-man's
 hut,

No rattling drums assailed the peasant's ear
 Nor Indian yells disturbed our sad frontier,
 Nor *gallant chiefs*, 'gainst Indian hosts combined
 Scaped from the trap—to *leave their tails behind*.

Peace to all feuds!—and come the happier day
 When Reason's sun shall light us on our way;
 When erring man shall all his RIGHTS retrieve,
 No despots rule him, and no priests deceive,
 'Till then, Columbia!—watch each stretch of power;
 Nor sleep too soundly at the midnight hour,
 By flattery won, and lulled by soothing strains,
Silenus took his nap—and waked in chains—
 In a soft dream of smooth delusion led
 Unthinking Gallia bowed her drooping head
 To tyrants' yokes—and met such bruises there,
 As now must take three ages to repair;
 Then keep the paths of dear-bought freedom clear,
 Nor slavish systems grant admittance here. [1792]

TO SYLVIUS,

ON

HIS PREPARING TO LEAVE THE TOWN.

AN love of fame the gentle muse inspire
Where he that hoards the most has all the praise ;
Where avarice, and her tribe, each bosom fire,
All heap the enormous store for rainy days ;
T'roving by such perpetual round of toil
That man was born to grovel on the soil ?

Expect not, in these times of rude renown
That verse, like your's, will have the chance to please :
—No taste for plaintive elegy is known,
Nor lyric ode—none care for things like these—
Gold, only gold, this niggard age delights,
That honours none but *money-catching* wights.

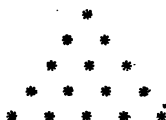
Sink not beneath the mean abusive strain
Of puny wits, dull sycophants in song,
Who, post, or place, or one poor smile to gain,
Besiege Mambrino's door, and round him throng
Like insects creeping to the morning sun
To enjoy his heat—themselves possessing none.

All must applaud your choice, to quit a stage
Where knaves and fools in every scene abound ;
Where modest worth no patron can engage—
But boisterous folly walks her noisy round ;
Some narrow-hearted demi-god adores,
And Fortune's path with servile step explores.

THE PYRAMID

OF THE

FIFTEEN AMERICAN STATES.



*BARBARA Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis ;**
Heu, male servili marmora structa manu !
Libera jam, ruptis, Atlantias ora, catenis,
Jactat opus Phario marmore nobilius ;
Namque Columbiadae, facti monumenta parantes,
Vulgarem spernunt sumere materiam ;
Magnanimi ! coelum scandunt, perituraque saxa
Quod vincat, celsa de Jovis arce fletunt.
Audax inde cohors stellis E PLURIBUS UNUM.
Ardua Pyramidos tollit ad astra caput.
Ergo, Tempus edax, quamvis durissima saxo
Saxa domas morsu, nil ibi juris habes :
Dumque polor solitis cognata nitoribus ardent.
Sidera fulgebit Pyramis illa suis !

[IN IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING LINES.]

NO more let barbarous MEMPHIS boast
 Huge structures reared by servile hands—
 A nation on the Atlantic coast
 Fettered no more in foreign bands,
 A nobler PYRAMID displays
 Than Egypt's tyranny could raise.

* The latin verses were written by Mr. JOHN CAREY, formerly of Philadelphia.

COLUMBIA's sons, to extend the fame
 f their exploits to future years,
 o marble from the quarry claim,
 ut, soaring to the starry spheres,
 aterials seek in Jove's blue-sky
 o endure when brass and marble die !

rrived among the shining host,
 earless, the proud invaders spoil
 rom countless gems, in æther lost,
 HESE STARS, to crown their mighty toil :
 o heaven a PYRAMID they rear
 nd point the summit with a star.

ld wasteful Time ! though still you gain
 ominion o'er the brazen tower,
 n THIS your teeth will gnaw in vain,
 inding its strength beyond their power :
 While kindred stars in æther glow,
 HIS PYRAMID WILL SHINE BELOW !

[1792]

ON THE APPROACHING DISSOLUTION

OF TRANSATLANTIC JURISDICTION IN AMERICA.

ROM Britain's grasp forever freed,
 COLUMBIA glories in the deed :
 rom her rich soil; each tyrant flown,
 he finds this fair estate her own.
 ut still o'er tracts of vast extent
 uropean sway she must resent :
 Whence came their right—what do they here
 ut force old laws, to tyrants dear ?
 ow small a part of that domain
 a yet unbound from Europe's chain !

PERU beneath a monarch sighs,
 And MEXICO in fetters lies !
 Throughout the wide *Canadian* waste
 (In British bondage still embraced)
 The native finds his vigour broke,
 And bends beneath the galling yoke.—

To abridge the sway of foreign lands,
 'TIME, with his years, leads up new bands :
 To annul the power of Europe's kings,
 To life, once more, some WARREN springs !
 Once more, TO ARMS !—Fate's herald cries—
 And other WASHINGTONS may rise !

TO MR. BLANCHARD,

THE CELEBRATED AERONAUT:

ON HIS ASCENT IN A BALLOON

FROM THE JAIL-YARD IN PHILADELPHIA : JANUARY 9TH, 1793.

BY Science taught, on silken wings
 Beyond our grovelling race you rise,
 And, soaring from terrestrial things,
 Explore a passage to the skies—
 Who would not thus exalted sail,
 And rise, with you, beyond the JAIL !

Ah ! when you rose, impelled by fear,
 Each bosom heaved a thousand sighs ;
 To you each female lent a tear,
 And held the 'kerchief to her eyes :
 All hearts still followed, as you flew,
 All eyes admired a sight so new.

Whoe'er shall thus presume to fly,
 While downward with disdain they look,

Will own this journey, through the sky,
 he *dearest* jaunt they ever took ;
 and choose, next time, without reproach,
 humbler seat in *INSKEEP*'s coach.

he birds, that cleave the expanse of air,
 admiring, view your globe full-blown,
 and, chattering round the painted car,
 complain your flight out-does their own :
 beyond their track you proudly swim,
 or fear the loss of life or limb.

he geese, that from Acadia * fly
 to seek some southern warm abode,
 sk, what new brother of the sky
 attempts, with them, the aerial road ?—
 though they gabble, toil, and strain
 to catch you—they will strive—in vain.

How vast the height, how grand the scene,
 that your enraptured eye surveys,
 When, towering in your gay machine,
 you leave the astonished world to gaze,
 and, wandering in the ætherial blue,
 your eyes, in vain, your course pursue.

he ORB OF DAY, how dazzling bright !
 paler radiance gleams the MOON,
 and TERRA, whence you took your flight,
 appears to you—a mere balloon :
 its noisy crew no longer heard,
 towns, cities, forests, disappeared.

et, travelling through the azure road,
 on art's sublimest, noblest plan,
 reflect, our humble, safe abode
 all that Nature meant for man :
 wake in your sails before you freeze,
 and sink again among the trees.

Acadie or Acadia, so called by the French while they possessed
 the Peninsula of Nova Scotia.

ON

DR. SANGRADO'S FLIGHT

FROM PHILADELPHIA, IN THE TIME OF THE YELLOW
FEVER—1793.

ON prancing steed, with sponge at nose,
From town behold Sangrado fly ;
Camphor and Tar where'er he goes
Th' infected shafts of death defy—
Safe in an atmosphere of scents,
He leaves us to our own defence.

'Twas right to fly ! for well, I ween,
In Stygian worlds, all scribes agree,
No blushing blossom e'er was seen,
Or running brook, or budding tree :
No splendid meats, no flowing bowls,
Smile on the meagre feast of souls :

No sprightly songs, to banish grief,
No balls the *Elysian* beaus prepare,
And he that throve on rounds of beef,
On onion shells shall famish *there*—
Monarchs are there of little note,
And Cæsar wears a shabby coat.

Chloes on earth, of air and shape,
Whose eyes destroyed poor love-lorn wights,
There lower their topsails to the cap,
Rig in their booms and furl their kites :—
Where Cupid's bow was never bent,
What lover asks a maid's consent ?

All this, and more, Sangrado knew,
(In Lucian is the story told)
Took horse—clapped spurs—and off he flew,
Leaving his sick to fret and scold ;
Some soldiers, thus, to honour lost,
In day of battle quit their post.

THOUGHTS ON THE
EUROPEAN WAR SYSTEM :

BY H. SALEM.

THE People in Europe are much to be praised,
That in fighting they choose to be passing their days ;
If their wars were abolished, there's room to suppose
Our Printers would growl, for the want of NEW-NEWS.

May our *tidings of warfare* be ever from thence,
Nor *that page* be supplied at COLUMBIA's expence !
No kings shall rise here, at the nod of *a court*,
Ambition, or *Pride*, with men's lives for to sport.

In such a display of the taste of *the times*—
The murder of millions—their quarrels and crimes,
A horrible *system of ruin* we scan,
A history, truly descriptive of man :

A BEING, that Nature designed to be blest—
With abundance around him—yet rarely at rest
A Being, that lives but a moment in years,
Yet wasting his life in contention and wars ;
A Being, sent hither all good to bestow,
Yet filling the world with oppression and woe !

But, consider, ye sages, (and pray be resigned)
What ills would attend a reform of mankind—
Were wars at an end, and no nation made thinner,
My neighbour, the *gun-smith*, would go without dinner ;

The *Printers*, themselves, for employment would fail,
And *soldiers*, by thousands, be starving in jail.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A BLACKSMITH.

WITH the nerves of a Sampson, this son of the
 sledge,
 By the anvil his livelihood got ;
 With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge ;
 And struck—while his iron was hot.

By *forging* he lived, yet never was tried,
 Or condemned by the laws of the land ;
 But still it is certain, and can't be denied,
 He often was *burnt in the hand*.

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claimed,
 With the *last* he had nothing to do ;
 He handled no awl, and yet in his time
 Made many an excellent *shoe*.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
 His bellows was always in blast ;
 And we will acknowledge (deny it who will)
 That one *Vice*, and but *one*, he possessed.

No actor was he, or concerned with the stage,
 No audience, to awe him, appeared ;
 Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)
 The voice of a *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steelling* was certainly part of his cares,
 In thieving he never was found ;
 And, tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,
 No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas and alack ! and what more can I say
 Of Vulcan's unfortunate son ?——
 The priest and the sexton have bore him away,
 And the sound of his hammer is done.

ON THE DEMOLITION OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY.

FROM Bourbon's brow the crown removed,
 Now in the dust is laid ;
 And, parted now from all she loved,
 Maria's* beauties fade :
 What shall relieve her sad distress,
 What power recall that former state
 When drinking deep her seas of bliss,
 She smiled, and looked so sweet !
 With aching heart and haggard eye
 She views the palace,† towering high,
 Where, once, were passed her brightest days,
 And nations stood, in wild amaze,
 To see you eat.

This gaudy vision to restore
 Will fate its laws repeal,
 Or, cruel despots rise once more
 To plan a new BASTILLE !
 Vill, from their sheathes, ten thousand blades‡
 & glittering vengeance start
 To mow down slaves, and slice off heads,
 Making a monarch's part ?—
 Ah no !—the heavens this hope refuse ;
 Despots ! they send you no such news—
 For Conde, fierce, nor Frederick, stout,
 For Catharine brings this work about.
 For Brunswick's warlike art :

For HE,|| that once, with fire and sword,
 This western world alarmed :
 Throughout our lands whose thunders roared,
 Whose legions round us swarmed—

* Maria Antoinette, late queen of France.

† Thuilleries—within view of which the royal family of France were at this time imprisoned.—1792.

‡ Alluding to Mr. Edmund Burke's rant upon this subject.

§ George III.

Once more his tyrant arm invades
 A race* that dare be free :
 His Myrmidons, with murdering blades,
 In one base cause agree !—
 Ill fate attend on every scheme
 That tends to darken Reason's beam :
 And, rising with gigantic might
 In Virtue's cause, I see unite
 Worlds under FREEDOM'S TREE !
 Valour, at length, by Fortune led,
 The Rights of Man restores ;
 And GALLIA, now from bondage freed,
 Her rising sun adores :
 On EQUAL RIGHTS, her fabric planned,
 Storms idly round it rave,
 Nor longer breathes in Gallic land
 A monarch, or a slave !
 At distance far, and self-removed
 From all he owned and all he loved,
 See !—turned his back on Freedom's blaze,
 In foreign lands the emigrant strays,
 Or finds an early grave !
 Enrolled with these—and close immured,
 The gallant chief† is found,
 He, whom admiring crowds adored,
 Through either world renowned,
 Here, bold in arms, and firm in heart,
 He helped to gain our cause,
 Yet could not from a tyrant part,
 But, turned to embrace his laws !—
 Ah ! hadst thou stayed in fair AUVERGNE,‡
 And TRUTH from PAINÉ vouchsafed to learn ;
 There, happy, honoured, and retired,
 Both hemispheres had still admired,
 Still hailed you, all applause !
 See !—doomed to fare on famished steeds,
 The rude Hungarians fly ;
 Brunswick, with drooping courage leads
 Death's meagre family :

* The French Republicans.

† La Fayette ; at this time in the Prussian prison of Spandau.

‡ The province of France, where the Marquis's family-estate

In dismal groups, o'er hosts of dead,
 Their madness they bemoan,
 No friendly hand to give them bread,
 No THIONVILLE their own !
 The Gaul, enraged, as they retire
 Hurls at their heads his blaze of fire—
 What hosts of *Frederick's reeking* crew
 Dying, have bid the world adieu,
 So dogs their flesh been thrown !
 Escaped from death, a mangled train
 In scattered bands retreat :
 Where bounding on Silesia's plain,
 The Despot* holds his seat ;
 With feeble step, I see them go
 The heavy news to tell
 Where *Oder's* lazy waters flow,
 Or glides the swift *Moselle* ;
 Where *Rhine* his various journey moves
 Through marshy lands and ruined groves,
 Or, where the vast *Danubian* flood
 So often stained by Austrian blood)
 Foams with the autumnal swell.
 But will they not some tidings bear
 Of Freedom's sacred flame,
 And will not groaning millions hear
 The long abandoned name ?—
 Through ages past, their spirits broke,
 I see them spurn old laws,
 Indignant, burst the Austrian yoke,
 And clip the Eagle's† claws :
 From shore to shore, from sea to sea
 They join, to set the wretched free,
 And, driving from the servile court
 Each titled slave—they help support
 THE DEMOCRATIC CAUSE !
 O FRANCE ! the world to thee must owe
 A debt they ne'er can pay :
 The RIGHTS OF MAN you bid them know,
 And kindle REASON'S Day !

* The Monarch of Prussia.

† The imperial standard of Germany.

COLUMBIA, in your friendship blest,
 Your gallant deeds will hail —
 On the same ground our fortunes rest,
 Must flourish, or must fail :
 But—should all Europe's slaves combine
 Against a cause so fair as thine,
 And ASIA aid a league so base—
 Defeat would all their aims disgrace,
 AND LIBERTY PREVAIL !

*First published in the National Gazette, Philadelphia,
 December 19, 1792.*

ON

MR. PAINE'S RIGHTS OF MAN.

THUS briefly sketched the sacred RIGHTS OF MAN—
 How inconsistent with the ROYAL PLAN !
 Which for itself exclusive honour craves,
 Where some are masters born, and millions slaves.
 With what contempt must every eye look down
 On that base, childish bauble called a crown,
 The gilded bait, that lures the crowd, to come,
 Bow down their necks, and meet a slavish doom ;
 The source of half the miseries men endure,
 The quack that kills them, while it seems to cure.

Roused by the REASON of his manly page,
 Once more shall PAINE a listening world engage :
 From Reason's source, a bold reform he brings,
 In raising up mankind, he pulls down kings,
 Who, source of discord, patrons of all wrong,
 On blood and murder have been fed too long :
 Hid from the world, and tutored to be base,
 The curse, the scourge, the ruin of our race,
 Their's was the task, a dull designing few,
 To shackle beings that they scarcely knew,
 Who made this globe the residence of slaves,
 And built their thrones on systems formed by knaves
 —Advance, bright years, to work their final fall,
 And haste the period that shall crush them all.

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Who, that has read and scanned the historic page
But glows, at every line, with kindling rage,
To see by them the rights of men aspersed,
Freedom restrained, and Nature's law reversed,
Men, ranked with beasts, by monarchs *willed* away ;
And bound young fools, or madmen to obey :
Now driven to wars, and now oppressed at home,
Compelled in crowds o'er distant seas to roam,
From India's climes the plundered prize to bring
To glad the strumpet, or to glut the king.

COLUMBIA, hail ! immortal be thy reign :
Without a king, we till the smiling plain ;
Without a king, we trace the unbounded sea,
And traffic round the globe, through each degree ;
Each foreign clime our honoured flag reveres,
Which asks no monarch, to support the STARS :
Without a *king*, the laws maintain their sway,
While honour bids each generous heart obey.
Be our's the task the ambitious to restrain,
And this great lesson teach—that kings are vain ;
That warring realms to certain ruin haste,
That kings subsist by war, and wars are waste :
So shall our nation, formed on Virtue's plan,
Remain the guardian of the Rights of Man,
A vast Republic, famed through every clime,
Without a king, to see the end of time. [1792.]

POEMS ON

ON THE MEMORABLE

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

BETWEEN THE REPUBLICAN FRIGATE L'AMBUS-
CADE, CAPTAIN BOMPARD; AND THE BRITISH
ROYAL FRIGATE BOSTON, CAPTAIN COURTNEY,
OFF THE COAST OF NEW-JERSEY.—[1792.]

RESOLVED for a chace,
All Frenchmen to face,
Bold Boston from Halifax sailed,
With a full flowing sheet,
The pride of the fleet,
Not a vessel she saw, but she hailed;
With Courtney, commander, who never did fear,
Nor returned from a fight with "a flea in his ear."

As they steered for the Hook,
Each swore by his book,
"No prayers should their vengeance retard;
"They would plunder and burn,
"They would never return
"Unattended by CAPTAIN BOMPARD!
"No Gaul can resist us, when once we arouse,
"We'll drown the monsieurs in the wash of o
bows!"

A sail now appeared,
When toward her they steered,
Each crowned with his *Liberty-Cap*;
Under colours of France did they boldly advance
And a small privateer did entrap—
The time may have been when their nation was t
But now, their best play is to cheat and deceive.

Arrived at the spot
Where they meant to dispute,
Thus Courtney sent word, in a heat:
"Since fighting's our trade,

“ Their bold AMBUSCADE
“ Must be sunk, or compelled to retreat :
“ Tell captain Bompard, if his stomach’s for war,
“ To advance from his port, and engage a bold tar !”

Brave captain Bompard
When this challenge he heard,
Though his sails were unbent from the yards,
His topmasts struck down,
And his men half in town ;
Yet sent back his humble regards—
The challenge accepted ; all hands warned on board,
Bent, their sails, swore revenge, and the frigate un-
moored.

The Boston, at sea,
Being under their lee,
For windward manœuvred in vain ;
’Till night coming on,
Both lay by ’till dawn,
Then met on the watery plain,
The wind at north-east, and a beautiful day,
And the hearts of the Frenchmen in trim for the fray.

So, to it they went,
With determined intent
The fate of the day to decide
By the virtues of powder ;
(No argument louder
Was e’er to a subject applied).
A Gaul with a Briton in battle contends,
Let them stand to their guns, and we’ll see how it ends.

As the Frenchman sailed past,
Boston gave him a blast,
Glass bottles, case knives, and old nails,
A score of round shot,
And the devil knows what,
To cripple his masts and his sails.
The Boston supposed it the best of her play
To prevent him from chacing—if she ran away.

The Frenchman most cool,
(No hot-headed fool,)

Returned the broadside in a trice ;
 So hot was the blast,
 He disabled one mast,
 And gave them some rigging to splice,
 Some holes for to plug, where the bullets had gone,
 Some yards to replace, and some heads to put on.

Three glasses, and more,
 Their cannons did roar,
 Shot flying in horrible squads ;
 'Midst torrents of smoke,
 The REPUBLICAN spoke,
 And frightened the Anglican gods !
 Their frigate so mauled, they no longer defend her,
 And, Courtney shot down—they bawled out to surren-
 der !

“ O la ! what a blunder
 “ To provoke this French thunder !
 “ We think with the devil he deals—
 “ But since we dislike
 “ To surrender and strike,
 “ Let us try, the success of our heels :
 “ We may save the king's frigate by running away,
 “ The Frenchman will have us—all hands—if we
 “ stay !”

So, squaring their yards,
 On all captain Bompards
 A volley of curses they shed—
 Having got their DISCHARGE,
 They bore away large,
 While the Frenchman pursued, as they fled.
 But vain was his haste—while his sails he repaired,
 He ended the fray in a chase—
 The Gaul got the best of the fight, 'tis declared ;
 The Briton—the best of the race !

LINES,

BY H. SALEM, ON HIS RETURN FROM CALCUTTA.

YOUR men of the land, from the king to Jack Ketch,
 All join in supposing the sailor a wretch,
 That his life is a round of vexation and woe,
 With always too much or too little to do :
 In the dead of the night, when other men sleep,
 He, starboard and larboard, his watches must keep ;
 Imprisoned by Neptune, he lives like a dog,
 And to know where he is, must depend on a LOG,
 Must fret in a calm, and be sad in a storm ;
 In winter much trouble to keep himself warm :
 Through the heat of the summer pursuing his trade,
 No trees, but his topmasts, to yield him a shade :
 Then, add to the list of the mariner's evils, A
 The water corrupted the bread full of weevils,
 Salt junk to be eat, be it better or worse,
 And, often bull beef of an Irishman's horse :
 Whosoever is free, he must still be a slave,
 (Despotic is always the rule on the wave ;)
 Not relished on water, your lords of the main
 Abhor the republican doctrines of PAINE,
 And each, like the despot of Prussia, may say
 That his crew has no right, but the right to obey.
 Such things say the lubbers, and sigh when they've
 said 'em,
 But things are not so bad as their fancies persuade 'em :
 There ne'er was a task but afforded some ease,
 Nor a calling in life, but had something to please.
 If the sea has its storms, it has also its calms,
 A time to sing songs and a time to sing psalms.—
 Yes—give me a vessel well timbered and sound,
 Her bottom good plank, and in rigging well-found,
 If her spars are but staunch, and her oakham swelled
 tight,
 From tempests and storms I'll extract some delight—
 At sea I would rather have Neptune my jailor,
 Than a lubber on shore, that despises a sailor.

Do they ask me what pleasure I find on the sea?—
 Why, absence from land is a pleasure to me :
 A hamper of porter, and plenty of grog,
 A friend, when too sleepy, to give me a jog,
 A coop that will always some poultry afford,
 Some bottles of gin, and no parson on board,
 A crew that is brisk when it happens to blow,
 One compass on deck and another below,
 A girl, with more sense than the girl at the head,
 To read me a novel, or make up my bed—
 The man that has these, has a treasure in store
 That millions possess not, who live upon shore :
 But if it should happen that commerce grew dull,
 Or Neptune, ill-humoured, should batter our hull,
 Should damage my cargo, or heave me aground,
 Or pay me with farthings instead of a pound :
 Should I always be left in the rear of the race,
 And this be forever—forever the case ;
 Why then, if the honest plain truth I may tell,
 I would clew up my topsails, and bid him farewell,

STANZAS,

PUBLISHED AT THE PROCESSION

TO THE TOMB OF THE PATRIOTS,

IN THE VICINITY OF THE FORMER STATIONS OF THE
PRISON SHIPS, AT NEW-YORK.

BENEATH these banks, along this shore,
 And underneath the waters, more
 Forgotten corpses rest ;
 More bones by cruelty consigned
 To death, than shall be told mankind
 To chill the feeling breast :

ore bones of those who, dying here
floating dungeons, anchored near,
A prey to fierce disease,
han fame in her recording page
'ill tell some late enquiring age,
When telling things like these.

h me ! what ills, what sighs, what groans,
'hat spectre forms, what moving moans,
What woes on woes were found ;
'hen here oppressed, insulted, crossed,
he vigour of the soul was lost
In miseries thickening round.

he youths of firm undaunted mind,
o climate nor to coast confined,
All misery taught to bear—
saw them, as the sail they spread,
saw them by misfortune led
To capture, and to care.

hough night and storms were round them cast,
hey climbed the well-supported mast,
And reefed the fluttering sail ;
hough thunders roared and lightnings glared,
hey toil, nor death, nor danger feared,
They braved the loudest gale.—

REAT CAUSE, that brought them all their woe :
hou, Freedom !—bade their spirits glow ;
But forced, at last, to yield,
ied in despair each sickening crew :
hey vanished from the world—but you,
COLUMBIA, kept the field.

hey sunk, unpitied, in their bloom,—
hey scarcely found a shallow tomb
To hide the naked bones :
or, feeble was the nervous hand
hat once could toil, or once command
The force of Neptune's sons.

aid of that immortal cause
'hich spurned at England's tyrant laws,

These passed the troubled main ;
They dared the seas *she called her own*,
To meet the *ruffians* of a throne,
And honour's purpose gain.

All generous—while that power was proved,
To war the brave adventurers moved,
And caught the seaman's art,
Met on their own domain, the crew
Of foreign slaves, that never knew
The *independent* heart.

Thou, INDEPENDENCE, vast design ;
The efforts of the brave were thine,
When doubtful all, and dark ;
It was a chaos to explore ;
It seemed all sea, without a shore,
Nor on that sea an ark.

For you, the young, the firm, the brave,
Too often met an early grave,
Unnoticed and unknown :
On naked shores were seen to lie,
In scorching heats were doomed to die
With agonizing groan.

By strength, or chance, if some survived
Disease, which hosts of life deprived,
That life they should devote,
To venture all in Freedom's cause,
To combat tyrants, and their laws,
So felt near this sad spot.

Yes—and the spirit which began,
(We swear by all that's great in man)
That spirit shall go on,
To brighten and illumine the mind,
'Till tyrants vanish from mankind,
AND TYRANNY IS DONE.

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ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 206, line 24, for *left*, read *lost*.

II. page 178, line 22, for *s*, read *a*.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million.

There are a number of reasons for this. First, the world population has increased by 1.5 billion people since 1980. Second, the world population is ageing, and the elderly are more likely to be undernourished. Third, the world population is becoming more urban, and urban populations are more likely to be undernourished. Fourth, the world population is becoming more mobile, and mobile populations are more likely to be undernourished. Fifth, the world population is becoming more educated, and educated populations are more likely to be undernourished.

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